

Three Weeks in France





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Three Weeks in France

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By

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IN THE PYRENEES

THREE WEEKS
IN
FRANCE

BY
JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM



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CHICAGO

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Three Weeks in France

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PREFACE

EMERSON speaks of the gad-fly of curiosity which animates the traveler. Sewell Ford, equally entomological in his etymology, would probably call it a "bug." Whatever the cause, the effect is as widespread as humanity and the manifestations are as varied as the human beings which it animates.

Some, endowed with health, energy and imagination, seek the north pole and return damaged in health but with energy unimpaired and imagination working overtime. Others seek glory at the lion's mouth or shin up mountain sides in the proud hope that some day a tombstone will be erected over a few shreds of cloth and three or four buttons that once encased their manly forms. At their obsequies, weeping friends are permitted to view remnants instead of remains.

Yet others seek the gay life of the Continental bathing beaches where the seashore is becoming more and more the see-shore.

Whatever form their activity takes, the underlying motive is afterwards to find an audience and tell of their adventures. Few men would accept free transportation to the moon with a

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guarantee of safe and comfortable passage were it coupled with a ban of silence upon their return.

Julius Cæsar, the first man to work five I's into a three word telegram, was also the writer of the first successful travel book on France. His "Three Years in Gaul," less favorably known as his "Commentaries," has been indifferently translated into more different languages than any other travel book ever written. He laid the foundation of the unpopularity of the travel book.

He had two great advantages over most writers. He was a pioneer and an emperor. None of his contemporaries had been over the ground covered by him and if they had, they would not have dared to question his statements. The man who writes of his travels to-day addresses an audience which by means of moving pictures, travel lectures and books has visited most of the world and stands pencil in hand ready to correct any errors.

I am growing prolegomenous. I made up my mind that I would, in order that I might use that word.

France is the most visited and least seen of any country on the globe. Notwithstanding the many excellent books on the subject and the armies of pleasure seekers who land at French seaports every summer, the American who does not take the Paris Express finds himself alone

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at the landing dock and treads his delighted way through the departments of France seeing very few compatriots.

So long as this sin of omission prevails, punishment in the form of travel books is richly merited.

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM.

CHICAGO, January, 1913.

Three Weeks in France

I

Crossing to Havre

IN order to be as French as possible and to be French as soon as possible, we chose the French Line for our crossing.

But a kindly Providence had arranged that our foretaste of France should antedate even a whiff of the ocean, for the manager of our dining car was a Frenchman of Rouen whose friendship was immediately gained when he found that we planned to visit his native city. He told us much that interested us, not only regarding Rouen, but of other parts of France. Herein does the Frenchman differ from, let us say, the Irishman. The Frenchman loves his home-town, but has a greater affection for his country. This enables him to see the beauties of other parts of France.

Nor was our experience on the railway limited to the dining car man. B. with an ear attuned to catch the faintest hint of Gallic accent picked out a neatly dressed gentleman whose intonation betrayed his origin, and insisted that I scrape an

acquaintance with him and bring him to our lair in the sleeping car for conversational purposes. The first part of the assignment was easily accomplished. Yes, he was a Frenchman, a physician. He was returning to France this week. He did not know on what boat, but on one that sailed as soon as possible. Could he not change to our boat? He was uncertain. He gladly accepted my invitation to call on us in our stateroom on the train. After waiting for half an hour after breakfast, unable longer to curb B's impatience, I went into the car and reminded the doctor of his engagement. He was in conversation with a Canadian, a sort of official looking chap, but said he would be in very shortly. I went back and presently the Canadian put his head inside the door and said, "Pardon me, but the doctor is rather sensitive on the subject, and I thought I had better explain that he is being deported to France, and you probably would not care to prolong the acquaintance, in view of that fact."

We did not inquire of what crime or disease the doctor was suspected, but excused him from his engagement. That ended our efforts to anticipate our actual embarkment for French conversational purposes.

We rested briefly at New Rochelle before taking the boat and recalled that this old New York

town was born of the travail following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Later we were reminded of our great debt to France as our taxi whizzed past Union Square in New York City, and we touched our hats to the statue of "Lafayette Arriving in America," presented by the French to the municipality in grateful recognition of her sympathy during the Franco-Prussian war, a loving thought most gracefully expressed. While Louis XVI was actuated by hatred of England and spent \$240,000,000 in assisting us to gain our independence, Lafayette was moved by the love of liberty, and not only fitted out a vessel at his own expense but spent seven years in our wildernesses fighting for us at an age when there must have been much to draw him back to the gay life of the court. Lafayette was a man in the early twenties when he came to us, but in spite of his youth, his counsel was highly prized by that wise leader, Washington.

Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, was a consistent friend of liberty. After his return to France he advocated civil rights for Jews and Protestants. As the French Revolution progressed the madmen of the Convention saw in his sanity only disloyalty, and his popularity declined. Following the unsuccessful flight to Varennes of Louis XVI and family, Lafayette

attempted to escape into Holland. He was arrested on the Luxembourg frontier and was sent a prisoner to Prussia. He was confined in a dungeon at Magdeburg for a year and sent thence to Olmutz in Moravia. In 1795, assisted by Dr. Erick Ballman and Francis Key Huger, he attempted to escape but failed. During all of this time nothing was done for him, and little attempted by the United States. Later it would load him with honors and Florida land, but during his captivity, Congress sat with folded hands.

Finally Napoleon exchanged Marie Therèse for Lafayette and his wife. After Waterloo, it was his fate to be one of those who called on Napoleon to abdicate but he was opposed to surrendering the Emperor to the Allies. After the Restoration Lafayette lived at La Grange. He visited the United States in 1824 and received a continuous ovation. Many hands were blistered in rapturous applause that had not been raised to assist him at Olmutz. In 1825 he came to Boston to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was then that Congress voted him two hundred thousand dollars and two hundred thousand acres of land which he selected in Florida.

In 1830 he refused the crown of Belgium. One pauses to wonder what the effect would have been on Belgium in general, and Ostend in par-

ticular, had the Belgian dynasty been founded by Lafayette instead of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

Lafayette died in 1834 at the ripe age of seventy-seven years, having lived long enough to see most of his ideas ripen into full fruitage on the new soil of America, but not long enough to see some of them rot and drop off the bough. Happy man!

The key to the Bastille in Paris which was given to Lafayette was in turn presented by him to George Washington and is now one of the prized exhibits at Mount Vernon.

That is a very long soliloquy to be started by a statue and in a taxicab with the meter revolving as only a New York taximeter can revolve.

Finally we arrived at the dock and settled with the chauffeur at a rate which, according to Augustus Thomas, accounts for the morality of the American compared with the Frenchman. We have no money with which to support a double life after paying our cab bills.

There were all the usual features of parting, plus a few that are peculiar to French leave-takings. There was a little of added volubility and a fusillade of those strictly sanitary double-cheeked osculations with which the French are so liberal. The last package was swung aboard, the last female was pushed ashore, the band played and we were off! Then came the struggle

for places on deck and at table. The American man was heard explaining to his wife that "boîte fermée" meant mail-box and she trustingly put her letters therein long after the pilot had departed.

Slowly that other tie that binds us to France, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, dwindled into a very diminutive Liberty waving a tiny torch at the end of a short arm; an arm so short that it was hard to realize that it was forty-two feet long, and that if her majesty's four and a half foot nose set to itching she would scratch it with a hand sixteen feet in length; or that forty people can stand in the cavity where her brain should be; or that she weighs two hundred and twenty-five tons and that it is three hundred and one feet from the water line to the top of the monument. The light in her torch—and a whole petit jury could stand in that torch (without seeing a ray of light)—is maintained by the lighthouse service of the United States. She waves her welcoming beacon at an elevation almost two hundred feet higher than the Colusus of Rhodes or the famous statue of Nero.

Frederic Auguste Bartholdi was born in Alsace in 1834, when Alsace was French and before mourning wreaths were piled about the figure of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. During the days of the Commune he visited the

United States and conceived the idea of placing Liberty far enough off-shore in New York harbor to be safe from attack. It required five years to complete the work and Bartholdi impoverished himself in doing it. Not only did he conceive and externalize his grand idea but he attended to raising the popular subscription which paid the cost thereof amounting to \$600,000.

We shall never see Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty without recalling an anecdote given us in a steamer letter. An American whose business had kept him six months in Europe was approaching Bedloe's Island. His experience had been uniformly unfortunate. He had exchanged bad language for bad money and had grown weary of the process. He hailed the statue in these words: "You look mighty good to me, old girl, but if ever you see me again, you will have to turn around."

Our trip across was a disappointment in one large respect! We had chosen this line for gayety and practice in French conversation. We had neither. The French people who made up half the passenger list either did not mix with the Americans or else insisted on talking English. Except for the matter of wine at meals there was nothing hilarious on the boat. Quite the contrary. Our boat, because of the sea-

man's strike, was inefficiently manned by marines and we were a full day late at Havre.

In our enthusiasm at seeing land, we hailed a New York theatrical man and tried to drag him to the starboard side to look at a lighthouse. "Not on your life," he growled, "I've seen nothing but light houses all season!"

Our French conversation was limited to making our wants known to the stewards and even in this we were the victims of an uneven exchange, for we had to give two English substantives in exchange for every French word that we received. The room steward was struggling to acquire English in order to increase his value to his employers and his zeal was proportioned to the incentive. If the same zeal had animated the gentlemen who put into English the menus and the news in our daily paper, *The Journal de l'Atlantique*, the result would have been more correct, but far less amusing. In their zeal to make noun and adjective agree in number, as they must in French, we had "straws berries" and "news potatoes" in the dining room and reports of the "stocks markets" on deck by wireless.

Our trip was slow and eventless. Warned by the fate of the *Titanic* we pointed due east from New York for five or six days in order to be well out of the range of icebergs. Gossip



SAILORS' GAMES

was well nigh exhausted. The warm weather due to our southern course robbed the deck sports of their usual zest. Only the bridge fiends were oblivious to the high temperature.

At last we pointed north and after having the Glorious Fourth celebrated for us with fireworks and sailors' games we commenced to sniff land. We were in the mouth of the English channel, uncommonly placid. The Scilly Islands called forth the usual comments. Almost every solution of the reason for their names was suggested except the most obvious one, viz: that they give rise to innumerable silly puns on the part of passing travelers.

Finally we turned into the most beautiful harbor of France, the bay of Havre. We had been picked up by our pilot the day before, two hundred and fifty-nine miles from land. The business is still competitive in France, and under the rules the first licensed pilot who sees a boat brings it into port.

The bay was rippling in the bright morning sun. Dozens of steamers were lying at anchor, but this alas! was no pleasant sight, for they bore witness to the bitterness of the seamen's strike. From June 9th until July 27th not a big liner left the port of Havre. Over twenty ships of various sizes flying the colors of our line were lying like helpless giants all about us.

A tender steamed alongside us and filled us with an awful presentiment. Were we to be landed by tender? "No," growled the New York man, "They will have to dock us for being a day late."

We steamed slowly past countless small sailboats and watched the shore line roll by like an impossibly brilliant panorama! A large casino, a lighthouse, a wireless station, strips of yellow beach with borders of emerald grass fringed by the greenest trees imaginable; then pink and white villas, surely never made to be mussed up by housekeeping. Every one must certainly live in the big Hotel Frascati and simply look at his villa and flick off a speck of dust here and there with a bit of chamois skin.

Just how a New Yorker can point with pride to a sky line that looks like a broken-toothed comb after seeing the emerald and pearl necklace that encircles the fair throat of Havre, is unaccountable.

What will our reception be? The dock is filled with blue-coated porters and red-legged gendarmes. A whole company of soldiers was drawn up in single file.

We descended to the steerage deck and rested our arms on a rail carved with the names of Jan Gembes 1912 and C. Petrell, and with quaintly designed Arabic and Hebrew characters all now

in the big boiling pot of America being worked up into merchants, writers, politicians and grafters, seeking his own and as a rule finding that for which he looks.

About twenty women and sixty men formed our totally inadequate reception committee. These with the heartlessness of friendship soon detected and waved welcomes to the ones whom they had come to seek, leaving the rest of us no better occupation than to watch the life on the dock.

The three-story landing platform was wheeled along its track. As usual a stump-tailed dog was the busiest animal in sight. He ran from hawser to hawser to inspect the tying and because of his caudal affliction wagged the last one-third of his entire body in approval. He rested for a moment and tried to open a battered tin can with his teeth. He seemed fond of it. What a difference it makes when the dog is attached to the can. Perhaps his brevity before referred to may account for the careless glee with which he tossed it about.

At last we filed out like Indians, into a big room with a counter on three sides of it, past a middle-aged female who put a cabalistic 8 on our suit cases—our first introduction to the universal business woman of France.

The taxicabs were all gone, so we secured a

more prosaic horse-drawn vehicle and drove to the railroad station. Passengers booked to Paris clambered aboard the special express awaiting them at the docks.

Our drive took us past hundreds of pathetic appeals "aux dockers" to assist in the strike then in progress. Having an hour or so at our disposal we dismissed the cab, put our suit cases in the "Consigné" room at an expense of one cent each and trammed it up town.

Havre deserves better than it receives at the hands of tourists. It is a big clean city, of 135,000 people. Its name means "harbor" and travelers are willing to view it solely in that light. It was founded by fishermen, or rather it was deposited on the shore like so much sediment by the widening Seine.

Prior to Francis I there were two small harbors, Honfleur and Harfleur. In 1517 Admiral Chillon laid the first stone of the present harbor and city and named the latter Franciscopolis. But there are some things that cannot be changed by royal decree and the name of Havre or Havre de Grace was one of them. The "de Grace" referred to the little chapel of Our Lady of Grace that once stood there.

Being the port of Paris, Havre is an important strategic point and it has been besieged many times by English, Italians and others.

In 1629 Havre was one of three arsenals selected by Richelieu, the other two being Brest and Brouage. In the latter part of the seventeenth century dock yards were established here as well as at Dunkirk and Rochefort. Still later Vauban had plans for further improving Havre and Cherbourg but these were never carried out.

Our tram deposited us at the Church of Notre Dame near the very fine Museum. We avoided the latter as requiring too much time, but loafed about the streets awhile and photographed the statue of Jacques Augustin Normand of whom we know no more than was told us on the pedestal thereof, viz: that he trod this vale of tears from 1837 until 1906.

Then we visited the dark interior of Notre Dame. It is a sixteenth century building. The windows were new and the stone floor was old. Had these conditions been reversed we would have enjoyed it more. The organ is old and interesting. The candles about the altar were guttered into grotesque shapes. Six or eight old ladies were kneeling in prayer as we tiptoed out past two massive brass-bound shells filled with holy water. A small boy entering, not being sure which shell to use, solved his doubts with the extravagance of youth by helping himself with a liberal dip into each.

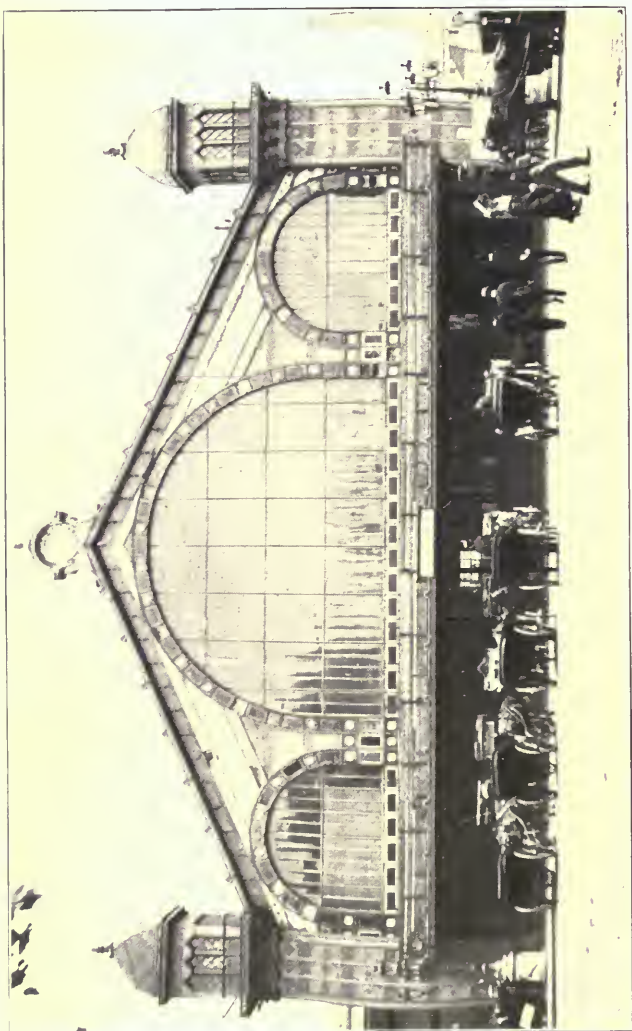
We walked back to Place Gambetta where

two statues show very bad taste by turning their backs on a beautiful river view to face a dismal row of hotels and buildings, including a Grand Theatre which is anything but grand. One of the statues is to the memory of Bernardin de St. Pierre, who was born in Havre in 1737, and died in 1814, having in the interim opened the tear valves of thousands by writing "Paul and Virginia." The other was a tribute to a dramatist, Casimir de Lavigne, born at Havre 1793, died 1843, of whose works we in common with most Americans are ignorant.

At the Hotel Tortoni we sat at a sidewalk table and discussed a good luncheon washed down with Evian water. We had some difficulty in trying to describe a non-sparkling water by sign language. Finally we met on common ground with the phrase "sans gaz" and thereafter those two words became the favorite children in our adopted vocabulary.

We drove down the rue Victor Hugo and there discovered a really wise practice, that of putting the date of the birth and death of the man after the name of the street thus: rue Victor Hugo (1802-1885). All blank walls in France are labeled "Défense d’Afficher," which is French for "Post no Bills" and which is, strangely enough, respected throughout France.

We reached the train four minutes ahead of



RAILROAD STATION AT HAVRE

time and rode in the only first-class coach we entered on our trip. Our excuse for this extravagance was that we would save two hours by taking the 12:43 train to Rouen and that train carried only first-class carriages. The tickets were \$1.90 each. Second-class would have been \$1.35 each and this forty per cent difference we saved thereafter, with no discomfort to ourselves except an occasional crowding of our luggage.

Our compartment was shared by a traveling salesman. We were at a loss to understand his extravagance until he opened up a conversation with us and then later his sample case. Such an array of beautiful watches, necklaces and gold bags! He was carrying fifty thousand dollars worth of jewelry and traveled first-class for safety. Of course, he used a mileage book, thereby effecting a considerable saving.

The railways in France do not depend on mere signatures to identify the user of a mileage book. Each purchaser must be photographed and his picture is pasted on a card bearing other data and exhibited whenever called for by an official either on the train or at the depot turnstile.

Our first station was Harfleur—older than Havre—through which we ran without stopping, showing that disrespect for old age so characteristic of the period. Then we pulled out into the

open country of Normandy, past miles of the most carefully cultivated landscape on the globe. We passed scores of wheat fields whose rich gold was flecked with the flaming red of thousands of poppies; past small patches of grain already cut and lying on the ground or standing in tiny shocks, fifty shocks sometimes being the entire crop of a single field; past little churches and clean villages and into the environs of Rouen almost before we knew it.

II

Rouen

WE whirled into the city, past streets trodden by William the Conqueror as a boy, streets which saw the degradation of France when Joan of Arc was burned.

A transporter bridge was swinging back and forth over the Seine taking on and emptying its freight of men and horses like some huge cash-railway. On the right are the gray towers of St. Ouen. We were thirty minutes late of the two hours which we tried to save, but no matter, we were in the land of "no hurry" and were learning if not to go slow, at least not to worry.

At the hotel, we found our beds provided with those huge mattress-like, downy, near-coverlets so common in France. Posters announced the opening of a race meet on Sunday, July 7th in charge of the Minister of Agriculture, with purses offered by the government, and once more it was impressed upon us that we were abroad. Fancy Secretary Wilson opening the spring meet

at Sheephead or part of a congressional appropriation hung up as prizes for a trotting meet!

Rouen is a museum of antiquities rather than an ancient city. Its relics in the way of squares and buildings have a modern setting, like Roman coins in a glass show case.

Its old belfry is its Birmingham mark of independence. Only in cities where the burghers had power and used it were belfries to be found. No need for a Roland to summon slaves to assemble.

"The privilege of Romain" was one of the ancient usages of Rouen, dropped since 1790. Its origin is wrapped in the mists of antiquity. Its earliest recorded observance was 1210 and either it was based on the legend of St. Romain or else the legend was woven around the practice later. At any rate, once upon a time a "gargouille" lived in a cave and devoured passing citizens. He was old and ugly, ancestor possibly to the stony gargoyles of Notre Dame in Paris. St. Romain used a prisoner for bait to lure him from his den. The dragon was caught without losing the bait and thereafter on each Ascension Day for almost eight centuries a prisoner was liberated amid scenes of great rejoicing in which a large dragon and a long procession cut much figure.

Normandy's greatest son, William the Con-

560.2

queror, was born at Rouen in 1028. His father was the sixth duke, Robert, known as the Magnificent among the courtiers but more widely named Robert the Devil. The mother was a tanner's daughter and William's first title suggested the informality of his birth. Later in his life he insisted on strict rules of marriage in the church among his subjects—but like many travelers, he relaxed in his own behavior when en tour. Else had there never been the family of Peveril of the Peak in England.

The repartee of William when retorting upon those who gibed at his humble origin was forceful rather than humorous and would have been remembered by its victims through a longer life than usually was vouchsafed to them.

When a beseiged city hung tanned skins upon its walls as a delicate reminder of the lowly trade of his maternal grandfather, William's reply was to toss hands, feet and other choice morsels of prisoners over the ramparts. When King Philip at the time of William's illness uttered an untimely jest regarding the number of candles that should be lighted around his sick bed, William's neat little response was a promise to burn one hundred thousand in Philip's honor as soon as he recovered. He kept his word at Mantes and burned the city at the same time.

He died at St. Gervais in Rouen in 1087, be-

queathing Normandy to his son Robert "Short Hose" who fell down for lack of supporters, and giving much treasure for the rebuilding of churches in France and England.

As a sort of codicil he left the throne of England in the hands of God and William Rufus. He was buried at Caen and in 1793 his tomb was destroyed during the Reign of Terror.

Richard Coeur de Lion was another Duke of Normandy who reached the front page frequently. His lion heart is buried in the cathedral at Rouen, the first place visited by us.

Its most beautiful tower is the Tour de la Beurre, built with funds contributed by the people for the privilege of using butter during Lent. Nowadays the butter privilege in France seems to have been surrendered during the entire year. We paused before a memorial tablet to La Salle who died March 19, 1687 "après avoir découvert et exploré les Bassins de l'Ohio et du Mississippi."

Rollo, the first duke of Normandy is buried here, on the south side of the cathedral. His tomb dates from the thirteenth century. It is a long time to have been dead.

A mutilated figure of Richard Coeur de Lion was shown to us. He died in 1199 and the statue was found somewhere about seventy-five years ago and brought to the church.



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC - ROUEN

The most interesting, because the most insincere, tribute in the cathedral is the magnificent tomb of Louis de Brézé, titular husband of Diana of Poitiers whose fondness for Henry II occasioned some remark during the sixteenth century. The grateful widow is depicted kneeling. I could not read the inscription, but it probably anticipated Charles II's remark to his courtiers about "being an unconscionably long time dying."

The most imposing tomb in the cathedral (because Brézé's tomb really imposes upon no one) is the monument to the great Cardinal George d'Amboise and his nephew. High above them near the ceiling are suspended (as is the universal custom) the red hats of their office.

Cardinal d'Amboise was the energetic minister of lazy Louis XII whose motto was "*Laissez Georges le faire*," which put into plain English means "Let George do it."

The misericorde seats in the choir, eighty-eight in number, are beautifully carved and represent the various trades. No two are alike.

The crowning glory of the cathedral is its stained glass. Story after story the windows rise in five divisions, making the most magnificent large display of the kind in France. Of course nothing equals the gem-like beauty of

La Sainte Chapelle in Paris, but the latter is tiny beside the cathedral at Rouen.

The Duke of Bedford is buried near the high altar. During his administration he did a great deal for Rouen but at the same time his councilors by his consent were pursuing Jeanne d'Arc with every legal and religious technicality. No one invoked the Privilege of Romain for her.

We drove past an old flower market redolent with bloom and noted a queer sign for a dry goods store: "Au bon Diable." Our destination was St. Maclou, whose doors are black with age and grotesquely carved. The first Maclou was a Scotchman, Bishop of Aleth. He died in 561. Within, a Gothic staircase leads to the organ loft. The stairs to the organ in Ely cathedral are copied from these. At the doorway an old woman sat rattling a tin cup and begging. This dolorous and regularly repeated noise finally drove us into the street. Beggars follow you everywhere in Rouen, even, or especially, into the churches.

To escape them we felt like reviving the "clameur de haro" (ha Rou) or call of "Haro," the ancient "Hey Rube" of the Rouenese, which still survives in the Channel Islands. It is quoted in Sir Gilbert Parker's "Battle of the Strong" in speaking of Jersey:

“A Norman dead a thousand years cries Haro! Haro! if you tread upon his grave.”

Rolf, or Rou, made Rouen his headquarters in 876. It had disappeared as a city after Charlemagne's death.

Rouen's situation made her a favorite place of assault for ages. Thus to-day she is not so much a relic of Rome as of the Gothic captains who overthrew Rome. There is little extant of Merovingian Rouen except in the cases of the Museum of Antiquities. Bronze axe heads and women's gear survive. Finger rings are more numerous than weapons. Vanity preserves her own more tenaciously than does ambition.

Fredegond made Rouen howl in the sixth century. She was decidedly deadlier than the male of her species. She spared neither relative nor prelate. She ran amuck through the pages of history with poison and dagger. She murdered a bishop and was never punished. We ascertained that she was safely dead or we would have crossed Rouen from our itinerary.

The Palais de Justice next claimed our attention. It is a greater monument to Georges d'Amboise than the one in the cathedral. The driver, as usual, was eloquent regarding the charms of its interior. A cabby dearly loves to make a ten-minute drive to a building, and then wait fifty minutes outside while you inspect the in-

terior. Nevertheless the rascals charge sight-seers more per hour than they do natives who keep them on the move every minute.

The Palais de Justice is the most beautiful courthouse in the world. The ceilings of the Hall of Pas-perdus should be studied.

The Hotel du Bourgtheroulde is partly used as a bank, partly as a residence. It has on its exterior a bas relief representing scenes at the meeting of Francis I and Henry VIII in 1520 on the Field of the Cloth of Gold where Francis tried to impress Henry by the magnificent display of wealth but only aroused his desire to possess it. The bas reliefs are almost worn away but the principal figures are pointed out. Henry IV slept here, but with fine sarcasm they have put up a plate on the wall stating that Jeanne d'Arc never sojourned there.

Near the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde is the Old Market. Meat and fish are still being sold there as they were in 1431 when at its northwest corner occurred the most diabolical act since the Crucifixion: the burning of Joan of Arc. The disgrace is divided between the church and the governments of France and England, and there is enough to go around. France, by adding ingratitude to bigotry and cowardice, is entitled to the larger share.



VEGETABLE PEDDLERS—ROUEN

A tablet marks the spot and it is perpetually covered with mourning wreaths.

Henry V's army was at Rouen when the English bought Joan of the Duke of Burgundy, who bought her of John of Luxembourg who bought her of the Bastard of Vendome who captured her at Compiègne abandoned in the midst of the enemy. The price was ten thousand pieces of gold to the church, the price of an army.

The charges against her were (1) employing magic, (2) disobeying parents in taking up arms, (3) wearing male apparel and (4) asserting revelations without ecclesiastical authority. She was tried by the English to whom she had been sold. Under threats she recanted and was given a life sentence. This did not satisfy her purchasers. They left nothing but men's clothes in her cell. Forced to don these or appear unclothed before her brutal jailers she was re-sentenced, this time to be burned.

Three scaffolds were erected at the Old or Fish Market. On one was Beaufort representing the King of England and the prelates representing the church of God; on the other the preachers, judges and bailli; on the third was Joan. They burned the wrong scaffold!

A great platform was raised beside Joan's scaffold. It was made of plaster and heaped high with wood. The idea was to make her visible

above the lances to the remote parts of the square—so that the smallest lion should not be deprived of his share of Daniel.

She was bound to the stake and crowned with a mitre bearing the inscription "Heretic, relapsed, apostate, idolater." Her murderers forgot that God had learned to distrust human signs since that other day of Calvary.

Some of her replies showed great wisdom. When asked the catch question whether she was sure of the favor of God, she evaded the trap by replying: "If I am not, may God help me to it; if I am, may God preserve me in it."

Soon after her execution Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who pronounced her sentence, died of apoplexy. Nicole Midi, who delivered the sermon at the execution, was struck with leprosy.

No attempt was made by the French to rescue her. The religious crime involved in the burning of Joan of Arc does not worry me. It would take an excellent mathematician to strike a balance between Catholic and Protestant in the matter of crimes. But the disgrace to France in allowing the English to kill this nineteen-year-old girl is ineffaceable. She was the first patriot France ever had and France sold her for gold.

One of the bright rays in the dark dungeon of the Tour Jeanne d'Arc was in February, 1432,



SCENE OF JEANNE'S MARTYRDOM ROUEN

when Ricarville with fewer than one hundred men was let in by Pierre Audeboeuf and killed the entire English garrison except the Earl of Arundel—who has since died. Gallant Ricarville! We searched in vain for your tomb, but we dropped a tear in the neighborhood in honor of the man who did something to the murderers of Joan. For fifty days this handful of men held the entire English garrison at bay and yet nine months before none of them lifted a hand to save her. It was not until 1449 that Charles VII again rode into Rouen.

We dismissed our cabby and spent the rest of the afternoon dodging cabs. The sidewalks vary in width from nothing to two feet. The streets are narrow and crooked and used by pedestrians more than the sidewalks.

The women of Rouen have rosy cheeks, and like most French women are in active charge of business. We soon became accustomed to women at the desks of the hotels and men making the beds.

St. Ouen was named for the saint who was buried in the second church erected on this site in 689. It required one hundred and fifty years and fifty architects to build the present structure. It was started in 1321. The first twenty-one years finished choir and chapels, the huge pillars be-

neath the central tower and part of the transept, and cost five million francs. The church has within it many tombs of architects, of whom the names of all are known except the first and greatest. It was sacked by the Protestants in 1562, was made a museum by the Revolutionists and in 1793 used as a blacksmith shop and armory. It has survived a dozen "restorations" and is still beautiful. In its cemetery Joan both "abjured" and was "rehabilitated."

They showed us where some of the white paint had been removed, showing the ancient paintings beneath. Blue was the most expensive color used. It was made from lapis lazuli and worth its weight in gold. Cobalt blue was discovered in the sixteenth century by a German glass maker. Green was a mixture of blue with yellow ochre. The white was powdered egg shells. The black was lamp black.

The sides of St. Ouen are nearly all glass. It is a long climb to the top of the tower but well worth the effort. The view from clerestory and tower is magnificent.

I sat myself down on a rocky step two hundred feet above the busy streets to jot down my impressions. To the southeast lies a velvet hill with a cemetery at an angle of forty-five degrees, down which long-dormant feet will slip when Gabriel blows his horn. At the foot of the hills winds

the tortuous Seine, as crooked as a hotel bill. Directly south is St. Maclou. West of that rises the spire—with lantern—and two towers of Notre Dame. The north tower is in splints undergoing repairs, but the “butter” tower is in good shape and free from scaffolding. The aerial or “transporter” bridge farther west (a similar one is at Duluth) is conveying passengers across the river. The gray slate roofs with individual chimneys projecting like lemonade straws are bunched in irregular groups by the crooked streets. At our feet is a beautiful park. If you care for them, you are on a hand-shaking level with as homely a lot of gargoyles as ever spat rain water from a church roof.

We moved our camera so as not to disturb the skeleton of a baby bird which must have dropped from some greater height to its death away up among the stones of St. Ouen.

Then we commenced to admire and wonder at the skill and courage which piled this sculptured mountain high in the air centuries before steel, steam and electricity made sky-scraping easy.

To the north lie tree-clad and villa-dotted hills, while below us is the wide pavement of the Hotel de Ville, faced by an equestrian statue of Napoleon I. Here and there on the roof of St. Ouen is an empty pedestal and one wonders when its statue fell and whether any chance passer-by was

hurt thereby. Many of these roof stones are leaded together instead of being held by the early Christian mortars.

Our hotel room boasted two—count 'em, two—incandescent lights and we marveled at the liberality of the management. We attempted to turn both on and discovered that French thrift had anticipated our extravagance and contrived a switch which turned off one light as it turned on the other. This device we found in most of the electric-lighted hotels in France. We had a lot of fun trying to light them both at once but finally owned ourselves defeated.

Our dinner bill was “augmented” ten cents for the privilege of eating at a small table. In spite of the fact that it marked us for extravagant Americans, the segregation was worth the price.

A loaf of bread two feet long and uncut was placed in front of us. The proper practice is to hug the loaf to your bosom, and draw the knife toward you in severing a portion. Butter was brought when demanded and was unsalted, of course. Wine was included in the price of the meal and was in a decanter on the table. Water was more difficult but was secured. Dinner was served in courses with everything changed for each course but napkins and table cloth. The food was well seasoned and properly cooked. That remark will apply to every meal we ate in

France. Coffee is the only unpalatable thing they put on the table. After one or two attempts we surrendered and for breakfast drank chocolate, which was as uniformly excellent as the coffee was poor. The meal ended with strawberries, fat and florid to the eye, but apples of Sodom to the palate.

The large table was filled with men, principally traveling salesmen we judged, and displaying many varieties of French whiskers. Our jewelry friend of the train renewed his acquaintance with us temporarily, but dropped us to start a violent flirtation with a seventeen year old girl at another table. This gave us an opportunity to study the unique ceiling decorations of the dining room, formed by fitting plates and platters of all sizes into the design.

The jewelry salesman who had visited Rouen a hundred times admitted that he had never been inside the Cathedral nor seen the spot where Joan was burned.

A before-breakfast walk revealed the fact that a suit of clothes would be made to measure for eleven to twenty-two dollars and good looking straw hats were fifty-five cents each. Not many straw hats were worn in this part of France. The loudest patterns in clothing were marked "Sport," a word which they have taken over from

the English with a pretty definite idea of its meaning.

Women in mourning abound all through France and especially in Normandy and Brittany. "When they mo'n, they mo'n" in a manner to excite the envy of Ruth McEnergy Stuart's Moriah. We were puzzled at first by the number of seeming widows. France had not had any recent wars nor had she been visited by an epidemic. What then, was the reason for all these trappings of woe? Inquiry developed the information that it is the custom to wear mourning for periods varying from three months to a year for husband, wife, parents, brothers or sisters, and in a country of large families this means almost perpetual black.

At breakfast the waiter asked us something about Kelly, and B. said "Cease." I said, "Don't be so brusque with the young man. Answer his question." She said, "I did. He asked me the number of our room—'Quelle est la numéro de votre chambre?'—and I told him six." But the way he melted all that Quelly stuff into three syllables was marvelous.

An Englishman at breakfast inquired if there was a Thos. Cook & Sons' office in Rouen. He wanted to go to Cannes and there are several depots in town. Apparently he would walk blocks to a Cook's office rather than ask the lady

at the desk. Such is the value of good-will and the force of habit. If there was no Cook's office in Rouen he probably went to the nearest town that has one and from thence to Cannes. Verily, you cannot have too many Cooks.

Our first purchase was a copy of "L'Indicateur Chaix." There are several French time-tables but the Chaix one is the most complete. It is much simpler even to an Englishman than Bradshaw's. It is issued weekly and it is better to have a late copy as French railroads manifest the national trait of volatility and fickleness. When the train guard and the station master can not agree as to the proper time for starting a train they refer the matter to L'Indicateur and abide by its decision.

You are apt to catch cold warming yourself in sections under the feather mattress which forms the bulk of your bed covering. You are warmed very much as French farms are cultivated—in strips. You pull the mattress up to your chin and go to sleep. Presently the perspiration from the upper half of your body trickles down to your toes where it forms icicles. Then you push the cover down to your feet, thaw out the icicles and dream that you are caught by the shoulders under a slowly descending avalanche.

After breakfast we went to the Tower of Joan of Arc and into her cell, not her worst one—that

has been destroyed—but into the better one to which she was removed before her execution. It is about the size of a lower berth. We peered through a narrow slit in the wall, hardly visible from the outside. There are exhibited in the tower many reduced copies of statues erected in Joan's honor all over the world, including the beautiful one at Domremy, her birthplace. We studied the plans of the old prison, bought post cards, petted the cat, tipped the concierge and drove to the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc for a snapshot of the tower. Thence we went down her boulevard past countless souvenir stores and post card shops, for Joan has been capitalized as well as canonized. Then our driver showed us a statue of Joan which he said was put up in the thirteenth century to mark the spot where she was burned but it is on the wrong spot. No wonder they made a mistake two centuries before the event. They should have waited. We tried to move the driver up to the sixteenth century but he would come no farther than the fourteenth and in his own mind was still loyal to the earlier date. Baedeker puts the date as 1755, and makes no mention of the error. It says on the statue, 1456. B. reported that date but my curiosity being by this time thoroughly aroused, I got out and investigated. The date 1456 is given as the date of her vindication—a theological unscrambling



BIRTHPLACE OF CORNEILLE—ROUEN

of eggs that may have rescued Joan's soul from the flames, but did not save her poor tortured body.

Next we went down the rue Grosse Horloge just as the big clock struck ten. It has been keeping fairly accurate time since 1529.

R. L. S. tells us that part of the nineteen months spent by John Knox in the galleys was on the river Seine "where he held stealthy intercourse with other Scottish prisoners in the Castle of Rouen."

Corneille was born in a house in what is now rue Pierre Corneille, June 6, 1606. B. armed with a smile and a single franc stormed the adjacent dwelling and secured a base for her camera in the second story thereof. You can do as much by tipping the hat as by tipping the concierge in France. Always lift it the limit. A mere touch of the brim is a deadlier affront than a nod.

Corneille's best known play "Le Cid" is played in France to-day. He was a great dramatist who fully appreciated himself, being typically French in that respect. When reproached for not cultivating the graces of society, his defense was "I am always Pierre Corneille."

Molière, sixteen years his junior, played in Rouen in 1643 and Pascal lived here and knew and influenced Corneille. From Rouen, René Cavalier de la Salle set out to explore the Missis-

sippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Lord Clarendon died in 1674 at Rouen, an exile from England.

Rouen was only lightly touched by the Reign of Terror. But three hundred and twenty-two persons were guillotined in all of Normandy.

Every tiny house had a tiny bird cage in front of it with a canary in it trying to sing its little head off. A French poodle, barbered à la Sir Isaac, sniffed at a door and whined but was too well bred to scratch and wandered away. He was not so formal with himself as he was with the door.

We went next to St. Gervais where William the Conqueror laid all his trophies at the feet of the universal conqueror, death. Underneath this old church is a really wonderful crypt. Here is buried St. Mellen, first bishop of Rouen. This is the oldest crypt in France, a subterranean cavern that has no parallel except the catacombs of Rome. It is thirty-seven yards long and seventeen yards wide. Low stone seats run around all of the walls except at the altar.

The beautiful windows of St. Vincent are well worth a visit. Those in the south of the church depict scenes in the life of Joan of Arc, and are not badly marred by restoration.

When we returned to the carriage we found the driver engaged in conversation with a shabby servant girl from a sailors' boarding house near

by. She had run out on the chance of hearing some English and being a Londoner, was hungry, poor soul, for a word from home.

Yes, she goes 'ome h'often but 'aving no parents, it mikes little difference ware she is. She 'as dawned a bit on the styge in Paris but that's no life for a gyurl. She likes Rouen. There's more movement 'ere than in 'Avre.

We bade her good-bye and there was a tear in her eye, which organ is, we suspect, always more or less watery.

Finishing our ride, we handed our *pourboire* to the driver who thanked us and said it was "pour manger" and not drink money.

At lunch I almost ate a snail. Later I actually accomplished it. But at Rouen the only novelty that we really ate was stewed sheep's feet, not unlike pig's feet. This is a country where nothing is thrown away. Even the feet of the chicken are not entirely removed before cooking. They are simply pedicured.

The hotel office is usually six by eight and devoted exclusively to the register, ledger and other business records. The loafing must be done either in the cafe or dining room, or else in the gloomy recesses of the parlor.

Another illustration of the odd names for stores: we bought pottery at *Aux Dames de la Maternité*.

From the morning paper we learned of riots at Havre, in which a commissaire de police received two stones, one on the head and one on the cheek. As usual "différentes autres personnes," which is French for Innocent Bystanders, were hurt.

We also read in the American news that "la victoire of M. Wilson in novembre" is considered "comme possible" and that the success of the third party is seriously compromised. From which we feared that the French readers would infer the eternal triangle and confuse American politics and French domestic affairs interminably.

The entire menage, including several total strangers, assembled to bleed the parting guests. There was some thinly-veiled disappointment, as our slogan abroad is "no taxation without representation," no tips without service rendered.

We were not so indiscriminate as an American friend whom we ran across at Marseilles. Happening to see him and his wife in their carriage ready to depart and distributing largesse I rushed forward with outstretched hand to say farewell, and was given fifty centimes.

III

Chartres

OUR train to Chartres took us past miles of quarries where the great hills have been pared away like cheeses, past market gardens with only an occasional fence, through Petit-Couronne where Corneille lived. His residence is now a museum. On every side stretched the perfect roads and symmetrical trees of France; and always the winding Seine. An anecdote is current illustrating the crookedness of this river and the ignorance of some French officers, topographically, during the Franco-Prussian war.

General Ducros was making a sortie from Paris. He crossed the Seine and after a few hours' march came upon the river again. He called an aide to his side. "What river is this?" he asked. "The Seine, General," was the reply. "Great heavens! Then we are retreating."

Our train ran through a tunnel. Shortly afterward we heard the patter or rumble of feet on

the roof of our car and out went our light. More French thrift.

Another instance. The freight cars intended for the rear end of the train have a coupling at one end only and the car is labeled "For the rear end of train."

Thence in and out of Elbeuf with women tending railroad gates and soldiers loafing about the station. The town and river are below the tracks on the left and the hills tower high above on the right.

We crossed the Eure. A river in France might be described as a stream of water running between two banks with a woman washing clothes in it. The river laundry is ever present.

At Louviers many third-class travelers came aboard, including a shovel-hatted priest. We passed through the great Forest of Louviers with the cut wood carefully stacked and the faggots in bundles, ready for kindling or brooms. A new tree is growing for every one cut down. Conservation and conversation are the two leading traits of the French nation. The Republic was born in disorder and confusion, but has outgrown it nobly. Even the stone quarries are orderly and the viaducts under which we passed are capped at top as neatly as a castle wall.

Many freight cars are labeled "32-40 men, 8 horses," indicating that the conveyance of men

and troops is always the ultimate end of these government railways.

Many men and women were cutting grass and wheat with scythes. One sees so few modern mowing machines in riding through France on the railroad that a wrong impression is given. We were told by a representative of the largest American agricultural machinery house that his corporation sold about thirty thousand mowers a year in France but that the larger farms were not close to the railroads. Add to this the fact that the French farmer houses his machinery when not in use instead of leaving it in his fields a l'American, and you can further account for the apparent dearth of modern implements.

At Bueil a company of soldiers clambered aboard bound for Bordeaux, another strike center. The train alongside for Cherbourg was also filled with red epaulets peeping from the car windows like soiled poppies. As long as the strike continued the French army had ample employment.

It was raining when we passed through Ivry-la-Bataille, famous for the White Plume of Navarre and the great victory of Henry IV over the powers of darkness or the army of the Lord, depending on your point of view. Henry's view point shifted, you remember.

The people along the tracks cheered the sol-

diers on the train and the boys responded with bugle calls. The private soldier is much nearer the hearts of the people in France in time of peace than is "the regular army man" at home.

It was still raining as we pulled into Dreux where the Duc de Guise whipped the Protestants and captured Condé in 1562. Henry IV besieged it in 1590 and again in 1593 and destroyed its castle. The Germans took it in 1870 but then the Germans took almost everything in this part of the country.

Speaking of names, the Allez Brothers of Paris furnish the benches at the rural stations. The name "Allez" does not suggest repose. The peasants hereabouts are burned black and are like in complexion but in nothing else the peasant of pre-Revolutionary times.

At Chartres at last, once the granary of Paris. We scorned the advances of the porter of the Grand Hotel de France and insisted upon being driven to the Hotel de Duc de Chartres—nothing less. Our omnibus climbed a short, steep hill and deposited us at the Duke's hostelry. We inquired for dinner and found we must eat at the de France half a block away as our hotel was an annex thereof and under the same management. Our room was on the first floor facing the Place des Epar and looking at a bronze statue of General Marceau, born at Chartres in 1769. He



THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES

was and is Chartres' favorite son. He was the revolutionary officer who whipped the Vendean army at Le Mans, a soldier at sixteen, a general at twenty-three, a corpse at twenty-seven, on the borders of the Rhine. The path of glory led to the grave by a short cut in his case.

Chartres is not so proud of Petion who was also born here in 1753. He was a fierce Jacobin and supporter of Robespierre. It was Petion who personally conducted the return trip of Louis XVI and party from Varennes and was unnecessarily rough about it considering the amiable character of his chief prisoner. He was mayor of Paris in 1791 and voted for the execution of the king. Nevertheless Robespierre, the "sea green," arrested him with the Girondists in 1793. He escaped and perished in a field either by suicide or starvation.

Henry IV was crowned at Chartres. Henry had a way of scattering his activities like a true politician. Every city in France is a witness of something he did in it or to it.

After dinner we retired to Room 4, with one candle each. We found that there were no bathrooms in the hotel and that the public baths in this town of twenty-three thousand people close at six P. M. even on Saturday nights! Which confirmed my theory as to the relative popularity of

bathing and drinking in France, for the Buvettes never close.

After trying to write by the shade of a candle I turned both illuminants over to B. and retreated to the parlor where the gas was burning brightly.

We sighted the cathedral miles before our train reached Chartres. Therein in 1594, Henry IV, finding that it was a case of "No cross, no crown," accepted both.

Within the Cathedral is an effigy of Berengaria who in private life was Mrs. Richard Couer de Lion. The effigy forms a stiff contrast to her glowing picture in Scott's "Tales of the Crusaders."

We arose early on Sunday morning but found many were up ahead of us and crossing the Place in droves on their way to mass at the Cathedral.

A yard or so of bread was delivered at the hotel door which we recognized later at the breakfast table by the Bertillon system. The breakfast table was spread in our room as is the custom in most dining-roomless hotels. As we ate we noticed dozens of nurses in lace caps and here and there a vegetable cart drawn by a burro. As a beast of burden the burro is hard to beat. At least he is hard to beat with any result. There were many cyclists. A little girl all in white attended by her mother drove past from the city

hall to the Cathedral. We suspected that she was going to confirmation. Later we walked over to the church and had our suspicions confirmed.

A great many automobiles honked by. A railroad runs down the west side of the square and a funny little mixed train toddled along ringing what sounded like a subdued dinner bell. It pulled tiny band boxes filled with freight and small bird cages full of people.

Our room viewed from the outside has two shuttered windows. They do not come through. A cavalryman in blue harem skirts walked by leading a fine looking horse. The man looked like a Cossack, so dark was his skin and so red his fez.

In the Cathedral several services were being conducted in the various chapels, so we left our cards for Berengaria and softly walked out. The windows must be magnificent on a brighter day.

As we were leaving, two priests entered. One of them moistened his finger in the font and passed his dampened digits to the other who seemed to obtain from them sufficient unction to satisfy his cravings.

Our driver showed the usual predilection for rural scenes and drove us as far from the hotel as possible. All the time a light rain was falling

and we were insufficiently protected by a rubber hood which permitted us to be gently soaked from the waist up.

We stopped for a minute on a bridge across the Eure and the sun removed five of his seven veils, permitting a picture of some reflections more beautiful than our own. Several fishermen with the tireless patience of their craft were standing on the banks. If it be a sin to catch fish on Sunday we believe the Eure a most sinless stream.

A five-passenger donkey cart passed us, cutting out the muffler as it went, and emitting from the propeller a beautiful nasal bray quite Parisian in its perfection. We caught splendid views of the spires of Notre Dame from several points along the river.

Once when B. was skirmishing for a snapshot our driver calmly halted on the railroad track. I dismounted and made notes from a neighboring bench. I was not afraid of the cars but I did not want to be a party to the wrecking of one of their toy trains.

We stopped at old St. André, seven hundred years of age and now a warehouse, a not unfamiliar sacrilege with less venerable church buildings at home. We climbed several steps to reach the front. Its roof was thickly grown with grass. How much kinder nature is to buildings than to men. Us she strips of even our normal

head covering as the years pass by. The stone balustrade of the stairway was even more worn than the steps and as we paused the reason became obvious. Eighty per cent of the passers-by were children and ninety per cent of the kiddies slid down the banisters.

We killed time on the ominous sounding rue du Massacre for awhile and photographed some picturesque back doors. Many women were keeping the Sabbath by beating the dirt out of some laundry on the rocks.

The sun came out as we drove through Porte Guillaume, a part of the old city walls.

We loafed around, catching here and there glimpses of old timbered houses, notably on the Place de la Poissonerie. We passed the same dark-skinned vender of pottery half a dozen times with what looked like a ton of crated earthenware packed on the back of a diminutive donkey which could almost have crawled into the largest of the vessels he was carrying.

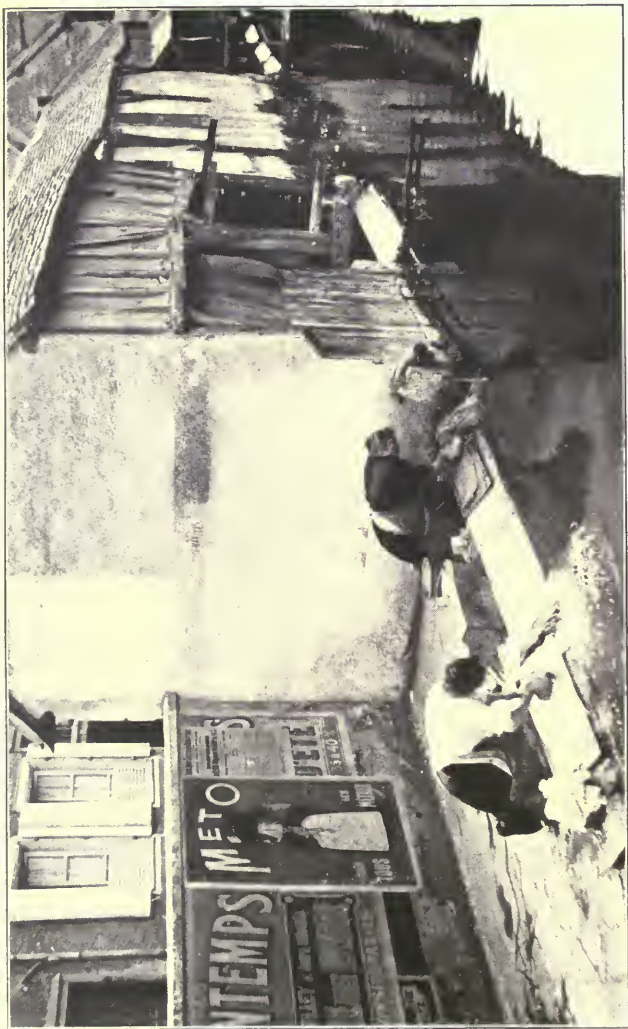
On the rue Noël Ballay is an interesting narrow old house, the Maison du Docteur. Its history we did not learn, but it needs no legend to make it picturesque.

On the corner of a building at the end of the street a large barometer had its arrow pointing to "Variable." That is always a safe bet. The arrow might well be nailed there.

We returned to the hotel and after eating, sat in the hotel parlor. There were many engravings and paintings on the wall. All bad. The table was covered with a mass of literary miscellany which for dullness and antiquity has only one equal in the United States and that is in the waiting room of the average dentist.

Another walk emphasized the weakness of the surface sewer system. We learned quickly to sidestep the yawning spout when it is spouting from the side of a residence, like an inverted gargoyle which has taken to drink and is filled with vain regrets and emptied of all else. We left the sidewalks to the sleeping dogs and walked in the streets.


There are interesting crypts under the Cathedral but we did not visit them. Service was still going on upon the occasion of our second call and we dropped a coin into the box "for heating the church" and came away. One chapel in the Cathedral at Rouen had a box for demands as well as one for offerings, an excellent idea.



WASHERWOMEN ALONG THE EURE—CHARTRES

IV

Mont St. Michel

E left for Vitré, passing through more miles of fenceless France. For the first time we noted snow sheds to the right of the track. It was hot in the afternoon whereas it had been damp and cold in the morning. We stopped at La Loupe until the triple signal was given for starting. First the station master indicated his desire to be rid of us by blowing a tin whistle. The conductor acquiesced by a blast on a small horn. Lastly the engineer tooted his steam whistle either before or just as the train started. This is the usual *modus operandi* except at very small stations, when either the tin whistle or horn frequently is absent.

The beautiful pastures of La Perche through which we passed just out of Chartres are the home of the Percheron draft horse and a magnificent specimen stood proudly near the depot at Condé-sur-Huisne with an equally proud groom astride his back.

We were in Sully's country. This faithful

minister of Henry IV died at the Chateau de Villebon in 1641, having served his king and country without surrendering his beliefs. At our next stop, Nogent-le-Rotrou, he is buried in the Hotel Dieu. His family name is perpetuated in Bethune street in New York.

We passed two soldiers at rest and two women making hay. Thus does France preserve her economic equilibrium. It does not require prophetic vision to foresee the time when women will govern France politically even as she controls her commercially to-day.

Le Mans, our next stop, is fated to appear in these annals several times. It is at a junction of railroads and you change cars for almost everywhere at Le Mans. This fact, however, we learned later.

It was the scene of some pretty hard fighting between the Republicans and the Vendéans. It was here that General Marceau of Chartres won his spurs. The Vendéans were "agin the Revolution." Like Rhode Island in 1860, they were afraid that the rest of the country would secede and leave them to pay the national debt. They increased the complications of an already badly tangled Convention, but were finally subdued. This town was besieged twenty times. Here the Germans defeated the second army of the Loire in 1871, preventing the attempt to relieve Paris.

Here was born Henry II, the first of the Plantagenets. Of course it has a cathedral.

Much of this part of Brittany is pasture land and not so tonsorially cultivated as Normandy, whose landscape is trimmed, singed and pomaded. Nevertheless, there is no waste ground in Brittany. The hedges are not planed off at the top and some of the blades of grass are longer than the others, conditions which would receive immediate attention in the neighborhood of Rouen.

Sablé, our next stop, has a château and castle. There are quarries of black marble which may have given the town its name.

The name did not look right to us. We hauled out our time table. Heavens! Sablé was not on the run from Chartres to Vitré! Fortunately the front compartment of our car was occupied by the postal service, a not infrequent device. We appealed to the mail messenger. He was interested and sympathetic. He told us just what to do and when to do it, and we found we would be none the worse for our carelessness except for the loss of two hours' sleep.

This is what we had done. We had taken the Vitré train but not the Vitré coach. In our zeal to find an unoccupied compartment we had piled into the wrong car. Thereafter we not only studied the signs at the depots, but the cards on the sides of the cars.

We disembarked at Etriché-Châteauneuf for an hour, to await the return train to Le Mans. The station master gave us a long document relieving us of the necessity of paying return fares to Le Mans. He was very kind and went to a good deal of trouble but the paper was never called for and is still one of our prized souvenirs.

The station master asked for our name. We handed it out letter by letter. "Is that all?" he inquired with a twinkle in his eye as we paused. We assured him that we had no other syllables concealed about us and he filled in our passport properly.

Instead of sleeping at Vitré as planned we advanced our lines as near to Pontorson as possible that night. That meant that we must sleep at Fougères, going to bed quite late and arising very early but we reached Mont St. Michel at the time originally planned.

Here is another piece of advice. It will not keep you out of trouble entirely but it will assist and will make some trouble for others. Always inquire when you buy a railroad ticket whether there is a change of cars. Ask the porter who carries your bags the same question. Lay the matter before the station master and the train guard. Repeat the inquiry to each passenger. At every stop get the opinion of the fruit vender.

You will usually be able from these widely divergent sources to form a correct opinion.

Our blunder was more than offset in our experience by the kindness and courtesy which it revealed among postmen, guards and fellow travelers.

On the return train for Le Mans our companions were a prosperous looking gentleman with a red ribbon in his button hole, a young lady who peered anxiously out of the window whenever the engine whistled, and a woman with a moustache that would arouse the wildest envy of the average French soldier. This matter of female beards in France attracted our attention more and more. Can it be possible that by some subtle law of evolution, masculine hirsute adornment is being transferred to the once fair sex along with other male prerogatives?

At Le Mans we had ample time for a good dinner at the depot dining room, after which I asked a gold-braided official to assist me in finding a porter. To my surprise he picked up the two suit cases and carried them to our car. The usual ten cents was tendered and accepted.

The silence which we once commended in French railroad stations has disappeared. Apparently the engineers have discovered the possibility for disturbing the peace that is latent in the boilers, and like the motorman with the new

gong, are utilizing it to the utmost. Engines shriek madly through the train sheds with no provocation whatever.

It was very foggy in the hills out of Le Mans. There were more hedges than in other parts of France.

Our train left Le Mans fifteen minutes late. As there were only eleven minutes between trains at Vitré where we change for Fougères we wondered if we would make the connection. We still had much to learn of French railways. There is never any need to hurry or worry. At Vitré, we carried our luggage across the platform, while a good-natured station master ran into the depot and brought us out two tickets to Fougères where we arrived at eleven at night. We drove in the hotel bus up a dimly lighted street, through a bunch of Sunday revelers to the Hotel des Voyageurs where we were shown to a room lighted by a lamp and candle, and left a call for six in the morning. Two rather timid boys acted as chambermaids and we saw no other employes in the hotel during our brief stay.

Notwithstanding the meager furniture of the inn at Fougères, everything was neat and clean and wherever there was room a vase of wild flowers was standing.

This is a shoe-making town but from the

sounds afoot we judged that most of its citizens wore wooden-soled sabots.

B. argued local railroad management with the station master. It did not alter the methods of the road and afforded her excellent French practice. She could not see why we should be forced to change cars again at Pontorson in order to reach Mont St. Michel. The fact that the railroad becomes a tram at Pontorson was not known to us at the time, and when revealed seemed a good and sufficient reason for the transfer. Anyhow, she had the last word, which was a compound of French, English and gasp. But he had the last smile, so perhaps he was the victor after all.

The train for Pontorson backed in. We walked half its length to meet it and accompanied it back to our starting point. Then it went the other way with us trailing. Finally it occurred to us that it would be the part of wisdom to let the train settle and then go aboard. This was accomplished gradually with our compartment door at our original starting point.

Once aboard B. proceeded to put away her camera.

"Why are you doing that?"

"There is nothing to take at Pontorson."

"Oh, yes there is."

"What?"

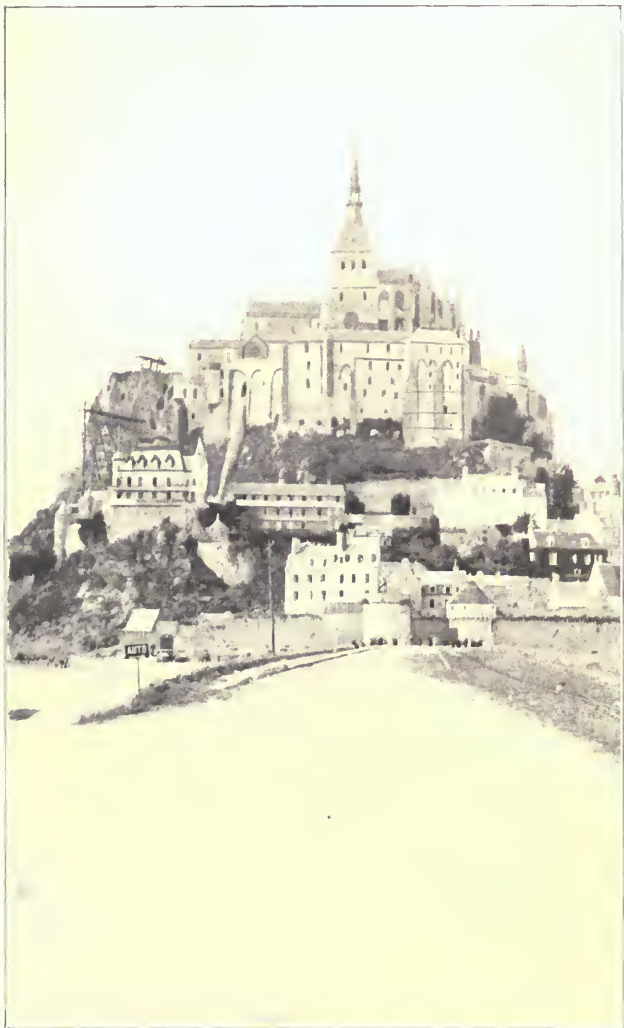
"The tram."

After St. Germain-en-Cogles, a stone-cutting village, our train climbed through a country of grass and orchards with here and there a wheat field and with hundreds of chestnut trees in bloom. Wild birds were singing and poppies, daisies and bluebells marked the landscape with the tri-color of France.

At the small stations flower beds occupied the space that in a village at home would be devoted to returned empties. There were no loafers at the depots. They were all in the army. At St. Brice (also en-Cogles) we dropped our French companion, a traveling man of about thirty, with rosy complexion and unmowed, virgin beard. So many beards in France are of this first growth variety. They follow the same general landscape plans with whiskers as with trees. A group of Frenchmen suggests nothing so much as a forest of inverted Versailles cedars of all shades of red, black and brown.

Our ride took us past small orchards where young, careless trees in their first fruitage nodded coquettishly to the passing train, while matronly old ones with contours made less graceful but more beautiful by long continued maternity indulged in stiffer boughs.

Farmers either with picturesque red sashes or carelessly displayed flannels were wielding big clumsy scythes. The speed of our train, about



MONT ST. MICHEL.

eight miles per hour, made it difficult to determine the exact nature of the decoration.

A French officer makes an uncomfortable traveling companion. Habit keeps him on the march and he tramps up and down the corridor or in and out of the compartment continually. Every time he stumbles over your feet he apologizes and salutes and you feel that you must return the salute or risk a violation of the military code.

When we reached Pontorson we took a carriage at two francs each for the ride to Mont St. Michel. The tram started ten or fifteen minutes later and arrived at the abbey about the same time that we did. The drive was a delight. We stopped for photographs whenever we wished to. We hoped to see the mad, rushing tide and were prepared to stay all night if necessary. Later we discovered that the tide only rushes in March and September. The balance of the year it comes in like a fairly swift river.

Almost as soon as we left Pontorson the spire of St. Michel appeared and from that moment it was a constantly changing and always entrancing picture. Shrouded in haze it was a painter's delight but a photographer's despair.

Each turn of our carriage wheels brought new details into view or sharpened the outlines of those observed before. A heavy wind was blow-

ing across the causeway, increasing the difficulties of photography. The canal to the left of the road is the line between Brittany and Normandy. This canal is called the Couesnon. It formerly changed its bed as frequently as does the Missouri river. Its present course is west of the Mount and hence the saying: "The Couesnon by its folly has placed the Mount in Normandy."

This soil is principally quicksand and when covered by water it engulfs man or horse who enters upon its surface.

We are indebted for much that follows to a little book by the Marquis of Tombelaine, a devoted student of the Mount who lost his life in the sands in 1892.

The town of St. Michel has a population of two hundred and thirty—mostly in the restaurant or souvenir business.

A few centuries ago the forest of Scissy covered most of the land east of the road. In 709 an earthquake occurred, after which the sea rushed in to about its present boundaries. In 1735 a terrific tornado raised part of the sandy bed and exposed a number of oaks as well as some ruins of the lost village of Etienne.

The Abbey was founded by St. Aubert in 708, one year prior to the earthquake. Hugo calls it the Pyramids of France and by some it has

been nominated for that greatly crowded eminence, the eighth wonder of the world.

It is a hollow rock built by a man on a solid rock left by nature on the shore. It is as much a fortress as an abbey. The Benedictines have been in charge since 966. The rock was called Mt. Belenus by the Gauls. Later the name was transferred to the adjacent rock and transformed into Tombelaine.

In the sixth century some hermits moved onto the rock and provisions were sent to them on a donkey's back. A wolf ate the donkey, was converted by the monks and made a donkey of himself and carried the burdens.

St. Michael ordered Aubert to build on the rock. It looked like a pretty large order. After tamping around awhile without finding a good foundation, Aubert waited. A second time St. Michael appeared. Still Aubert procrastinated. Then St. Michael came and put his thumb on the back of Aubert's head and pushed. Aubert was deeply impressed. His skull exhibited in the church of St. Gervais at Avranches has a hole in it where St. Michael's thumb was placed. Either Michael was in a militant mood or Aubert's head must have been softer than we like to believe it.

Anyhow, he got busy. A heavy dew formed one night over all of the rock except the site for

the building. Another hint to Aubert that his work would soon be overdue again. He started the abbey as outlined.

During the Norman raids fugitives fled to the rock and built the town.

In 1017 Abbot Hildebert II began the present structure. Work was carried on with a unity of plan possible only to a religious community. By 1080 they had started the nave. After many other setbacks, in 1203 the town and much of the abbey was burned. It must have resembled a fire in a marble-yard. Work necessarily progressed slowly. A glance at the surroundings makes it difficult to understand how they worked at all. In 1212-18 the Salle des Hôtes and Salle des Chevaliers were completed. In 1228 the cloister was finished. And so step by step this gigantic task progressed.

It was necessary to fortify so rich an abbey. The English besieged it for years in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries but never took it. In 1419 Mont St. Michel was the only spot in Normandy not held by the English. They nearly ruined it in the Hundred Years War. Two English cannon are to the right of the entrance of the fortress, relics of the assault in 1434. The Huguenots took a whack at it in 1591 and fell back to rub their bruises. It was used as a prison during the Revolution and called Mont Libre!



CAPTURED ENGLISH CANNON - MONT ST. MICHEL

Napoleon III discontinued this use of it in 1863 and began its restoration in 1865.

Whatever else may be said regarding Napoleon III, France is filled with monuments to his love for the beautiful old structures of his adored country.

The highest spire of Mont St. Michel is modern. It is the third one and doubtless there will be others. It affords a tempting target for the lightning which has destroyed it twice.

The most prominent feature of the town is the Hotel Poulard. One would think that the Poulard family believes that men toiled through the ages, gnawed at the living rock, fought, bled, prayed and died to give a suitable background for Mother Poulard's famous chicken and more famous omelette.

I do not wish to pose as an iconoclast or disparage the Poulard cuisine. It is quite as good as that of the average French hotel, and no better. Yet so well has it been advertised that every one eats an omelette as a sort of rite when in Mont St. Michel.

B. almost hurt their feelings when out of politeness she asked if Mme. Poulet was to be seen.

"Poulet, madame? You mean Poulard, doubtless?"

And it was a stupid blunder, for Mme. Poulard is no chicken.

After watching the cheerful blaze from the roaring fire of the kitchen whose fireplace is blasted from the solid rock, we walked up the little street to the House of Bertrand du Guesclin and his first wife, Tiphaine Raguene! of Dinan. She was the brains of the family, he was the biceps, a good combination when each recognizes his or her limitations.

Bertrand was born in the days of Philip of Valois who was the sixth Philip that fate gave to France. Bertrand was the oldest and toughest of a family of three children, a terror to the neighbors and a grief to his parents. He commenced to joust as soon as he left the nursery and fought with every boy in the neighborhood.

He was as generous with his clothes as with his blows and frequently stripped himself to dress a needy companion. The clothes probably interfered with his fighting, anyhow.

About the time that his domestic standing had reached its lowest ebb, a soothsayer happened along and foretold that he would one day be a great warrior. Marvelous prescience!

Thereafter his parents took more notice of him.

When he was twelve the nobility held a great tournament at Rennes, the fourteenth century

forerunner of joy-riding as a means for killing off the idle rich. Bertrand borrowed a suit of armor from one of the mail carriers and de-horsed every opponent but lowered his lance before his father.

Some one succeeded in unhelming the lad and disclosed his identity. Papa du Guesclin's heart was filled with pride and gratitude; pride that Bertrand had vanquished all the other entries and gratitude that he had spared his father.

The doting parent at once hired trainers for the boy, allowed him to put up a punching bag in the barn and proudly watched him through a knot-hole.

Bertrand became a soldier first under John, Duke of Brittany, and later with the Count of Blois. He distinguished himself at the siege of Rennes in 1342. By 1351 he was the Frenchman's hope and "Notre Dame du Guesclin" was a war cry that frightened an Englishman worse than does a lady aspirant for the suffrage plus a brick nowadays.

We would like to give Bertrand's biography by rounds but time forbids. The fight which Tiphaine witnessed was at Dinan. Bertrand got the decision and with it, Tiphaine. He died a High Constable of France in 1378.

In this little house on Main street in St. Michel, Tiphaine cast horoscopes in her star foundry

while Bertrand was bringing new constellations within the range of vision of every Englishman whom he thumped on the head. She planned his campaigns and contributed greatly to his success while he by sticking to the seat of his steam roller managed to hold office during most of his life.

We secured a young woman guide who led us up one hundred and twenty-seven steps to the door of the Musée and turned us over to a soldier. Of course, she expected and received a franc for her entirely superfluous services. We would have found the Musée, and the soldier would have found us, without assistance.

The Musée is interesting, being filled chiefly with works left by monks. They give you an idea of the slow centuries that have rolled by while these patient men toiled at labor and at prayer. The museum dates from 1888 and contains, beside the fruits of holy labors, many historical objects found on the Mount or uncovered by the sands. It has also a rich collection of old weapons and ancient watches. Its pride, however, is its curious specimens of ancient watch cocks, more than twenty-five thousand in number.

It is customary to refer to obsolete affairs like watch cocks and leave the research work to the reader. This is a lazy habit and breaks the continuity of the narrative. Besides, it turns the at-

tention from the book in hand to the Encyclopædia, and the Encyclopædia may prove so much more interesting as to be installed in place of the travel book in the reader's affections. Therefore, we will transfer the information to these pages and tell you all about watch cocks or "coqs" as the French spell them.

They do not exist now except as curios but from the end of the fifteenth century until after the Restoration in France, every watch had one of these hand-chiseled pieces of metal which protected the balance wheel suspended from it. The name cock is supposed to be a corruption of the German word *kloben* (hook). If so, it shows how unrecognizably some things are corrupted in France.

The great care exercised in decorating these non-essential accessories is explained by the fact that the early watch was not so much a chronometer as it was a piece of jewelry. The cock was carved with an engraving tool on a plate of copper, chiseled in open work to allow the movement of the balance to be seen. It was then engraved with extraordinary skill by special artists. Sometimes the work on this part of the watch would cost several hundred francs.

There are in the museum some mosaics in straw made by priests or prisoners and they tell a thrilling story of despairing patience. There are

also many of those eloquent arguments against heresy in the shape of iron boots and spiked collars, the latter so far ahead of the modern saw-edged linen collar as to fill the bosom of a laundress with wildest envy.

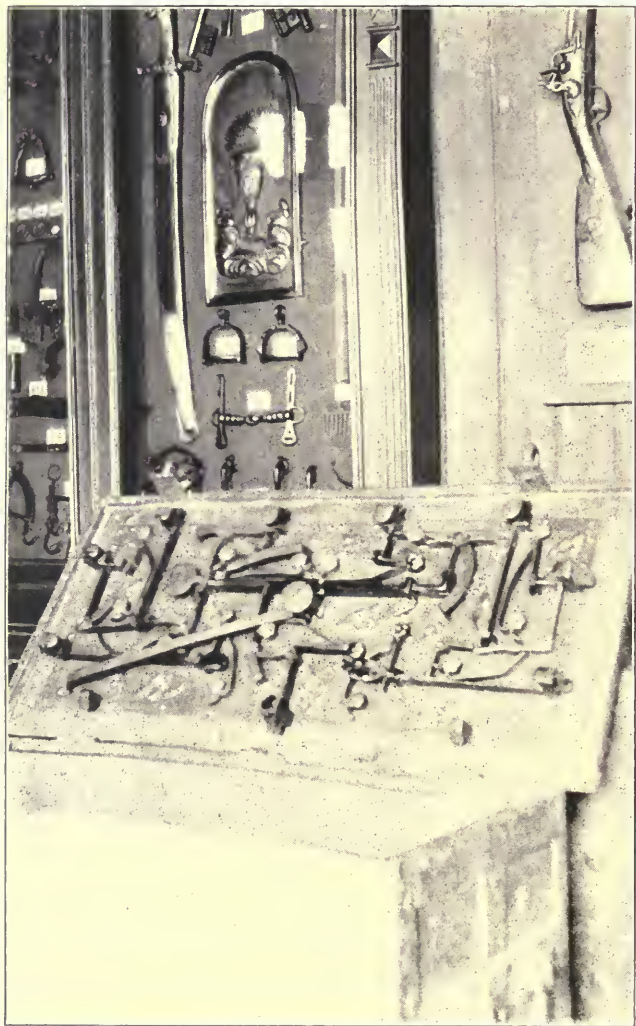
The Chamber of Horrors portion of the museum is a wax-works exhibit that is out of place in such a setting. It certainly gives vivid pictures of historic and legendary events, and the lighting and grouping of the different scenes are worthy of Belasco, but it is a sublimated Mrs. Jarley's just the same.

We were first shown a realistic cyclorama of a thirteenth century battle on the sands. They do not forget to add in the foreground the head of a man sinking into the quicksands.

The various historical scenes and personages are in separate rooms or cells, adequately lighted and realistically posed. The bust of St. Aubert shows the parchment skin, protruding bones and staring eyes of the ascetic. Other abbots are there and one room is given to Bertrand du Guesclin and Tiphaine.

The visit of Louis XI to the Mount is commemorated by a group, the most striking figure of which is the archer peering out of the narrow window.

All was fish that came into this ecclesiastical net, so you are not surprised by the figure of the



AN OLD SEA CHEST — MONT ST. MICHEL

sculptor prisoner Gaultier whose talents were used for the decoration of the abbey. Three times he threw himself from his platform in attempts at suicide. The third time, he succeeded.

We next passed through a bit of outdoors where stone cannon balls were piled and where two domesticated tortoises formed a sluggish contrast to a family of kittens playing around them.

In the next room is shown some ancient pirate coffers. One was dragged into the light for photographic purposes. A single turn of the key shot eleven bolts into place.

On the walls were hung many old weapons and the sword of some paladin, "Never drawn without reason nor returned without glory."

We crossed the platform with its figure of St. Christopher, patron saint of chauffeurs, and entered the Prisoners' Gallery. Again we found well arranged and lighted stage effects but savoring even more of a wax-works exhibition than the room we had just left.

The first is the cell of Barbes, a West Indian, imprisoned from 1839 to 1854. He died in Holland in 1856 and is buried at The Hague. He was a political prisoner. Later we saw a statue of him at Carcassonne.

Blanqui was another victim of his own insurrectionary ideas. He is represented as sitting in his cell.

Bernard and Raspail, also prisoners dating from the troubled period of the second empire, occupied the next two cells.

Then we walked right into the crowning horror, Colombat depicted as swinging from a rope in a well whose bottom was strewn with skeletons. In attempting to escape he lowered himself into this forgotten oubliette, thinking it led to freedom. We were glad to learn that this plucky prisoner later did escape and descended from the lower tower by a rope. He was the only prisoner who ever got away from Mont St. Michel without royal sanction.

By this time our nerves were in condition to stand the cell of Dubourg, a victim of the wrath of Louis XV. He died in prison, and his body was found partly eaten by rats. A very successful attempt has been made to reproduce his appearance at the time.

We were glad to get into the sunlight again and thence into the room where they keep the spectograph. This instrument throws on a polished surface a moving picture of any desired object within several miles of the Abbey. It was marvellous to watch the shell gatherers a mile away and then focus it on the horses and carriages at the entrance to the town. Every stamp of the horses' feet, every switch of their tails was repeated on a surface a yard in diameter. The

spectograph is useful in times of war to enable one behind walls to observe the actions of the enemy. It is a most fascinating thing to watch.

We were finally shown into the salesroom of the museum where are exhibited countless articles of jewelry made from old watch cocks. After investing in one or two souvenirs we ate lunch at the Café Poulard and walked entirely around the rock over sand which is firm when dry but which when wet engulfs its victims and leaves no sign. Fortunately tides run on schedule time and the periods when it is safe to circumnavigate the rock are well known. It was an impressive sight, this dull-gray, damp Sahara stretching for miles all about us. The sand, drying in irregular splotches had the appearance of being flecked with cloud shadows. We encountered three Americans who were invading France without a word of French in the whole party. Their "good-bye, folks" at parting sounded like music in our ears after several days of "bon voyage."

Again we climbed the narrow street of the town, this time bound for the Abbey. When we attained the top we felt that whispered orisons would reach the throne, so near did we seem to heaven. We waited for a long time for a guide through the building, writing post cards the while. The guides are all men of venerable ap-

pearance, usually with white mustaches and imperials.

We registered our names and likewise our protests against the pens provided for visitors. Finally a guide appeared and we trailed along in his wake.

Most of the interior is glaringly new, thanks to the activity of the restorers. Stone masons were working in some of the rooms.

We paused on the Grand Terrace and looked at the relief map of the sands below us. Our guide prattled French with the exquisite modulation and expression of a graphophone. A plan of the original Abbey—the one outlined in dew—is marked in red stone in the floor. The walls are new, the bas reliefs are old. There are fools' names scribbled everywhere. The cloister is high in air and dates from 1225. Each pair of its two hundred and twenty tiny rose-colored granite columns was a labor of love sculptured by a monk in his cell. This explains the variety and individuality of the designs. The guide was very kind and permitted free use of the camera, but while B. was photographing I gleaned very little information.

Here and there as we climbed up and down, a bit of natural rock peeped through the masonry like a rugged elbow through a torn coat. This

part of the Abbey, its foundation, defies both destroyer and restorer.

We visited some of the prison cells and peered through a slit in the sixteen foot walls. Then we were shown the big wheel used for raising supplies into the Abbey. St. Michael after marking the site of the Abbey ran out of water, and such as there is on the rock is in a reservoir and not *real* fresh. Do not drink it.

The Crypt of the Great Pillars rests on twenty immense pillars based on the rock and forming the real foundation of the Abbey.

In the Refectory are two gigantic fireplaces. The Knights' Hall was built about 1220 and so was the big assembly room. Beneath it and connected by a staircase is the cellar or storeroom.

There are many, many more rooms but we would advise you to buy the book by Tombelaine, printed in both French and English, and sold at the souvenir stores. The stores that have only the French editions will insist that there are no English copies but be not deceived. There are.

After all, it is the exterior of the Abbey that thrills. Within, it has been restored to death. The process is doubtless essential, and it will not take more than a century or two to soften the lines of the interior into harmony with the rest. Right now it is neither young nor old, a be-rouged ruin.

After our visit was finished there was the usual hurried whispered consultation as to the size of the tips. The French handed out coppers, the English ten sou pieces while the sole representative of America, who had not understood a word that was told him, again shamed his country with a whole franc. We paid in proportion to what we had not comprehended.

Again outside the walls we found that we could share a motor car with another couple and return to Pontorson immediately and for a trifle less than the tram tariff. As this would enable us to take our choice of seats on the train to Le Mans we availed ourselves of the opportunity and soon were speeding away with many admiring looks backward at Mont St. Michel.

It is not safe to talk to a French chauffeur. He is liable to drop everything else in replying and the effect of rushing along a country road at a thirty mile an hour gait with a gesticulating chauffeur narrating local history is disquieting.

Instead of a horn, many chauffeurs use whistles. This is because of the difficulty of distinguishing between the very loudest horns and a Frenchman or woman blowing his or her nose. In cultivating a decided nasal accent the French have developed the possibilities of the nose as a musical instrument to the most amazing extent. Young and tender maidens will place fine lace



VILLAGE STREET -MONT ST. MICHEL

handkerchiefs to delicately chiseled noses and the resultant blast is astonishing.

The tram fare from Pontorson to the Mont is twenty-three cents. Our motor cost us twenty cents each. The carriage driver charged us forty cents apiece. The slower, the higher. Still we would advise the use of a carriage in one direction, especially if you have a kodak.

V

Vitré

AT Fougères we had an hour and invested in a box lunch. It included roast beef, ham, bread, cheese, cakes, nuts and a bottle of water (by request) for forty-five cents.

Our three Americans who had rejoined us temporarily had each a glass of wine and a plate of cakes, at the conclusion of which feast the shortest one consulted a pocket vocabulary and said gravely, "Combine?"

We shared in the fun they had in settling the bill. Finally, they adopted the dangerous but prevalent custom among American tourists of holding a palm full of small coins in front of the waitress and saying "Help yourself." Is it any wonder that our coming is hailed with joy by the needy of foreign climes? Even then she only took twenty-eight cents, a very modest overcharge for the refreshment provided—not over one hundred per cent.

At Vitré our room was floored with oak boards

eight inches wide and polished with age. It was two blocks from the hotel to the nearest bathing establishment, whose proprietress conducts a laundry in connection therewith. We were not sure of the price of baths but thirty cents each must have included a tip judging from the salaams bestowed upon us.

Vitré was the first Protestant town in which we stopped overnight. It was also the smallest town so distinguished by us.

It has only about ten thousand people but is as neat and clean as any place can be that has surface sewers and deposits its garbage in the middle of the street to await the call of the scavenger.

It was a walled town at one time and our hotel window looked out on a portion of the old wall. In the early morning we watched some farmers who had brought to town a big frightened bull tied in a cart. They drove to the municipal scales and thence to the shipping yards.

A musical peddler with a wooden leg came singing his wares gayly down the boulevard. His stock consisted of half a dozen skinned rabbits, doubtless poached from some one's preserves in the earlier morning. He made no sale in our neighborhood, but bless you! he did not seem to care. He did not sing to sell his wares but seemed rather to use his vocation as an excuse for

pouring forth his joy in song. What had he to sing for? Heaven only knows, but thank God that he had it.

The morning Paris journal printed dispatches from Belgium, Switzerland and Alsace-Lorraine, for the French still dream of the day when they will re-establish their borders beyond that province and rarely include it when referring to Germany.

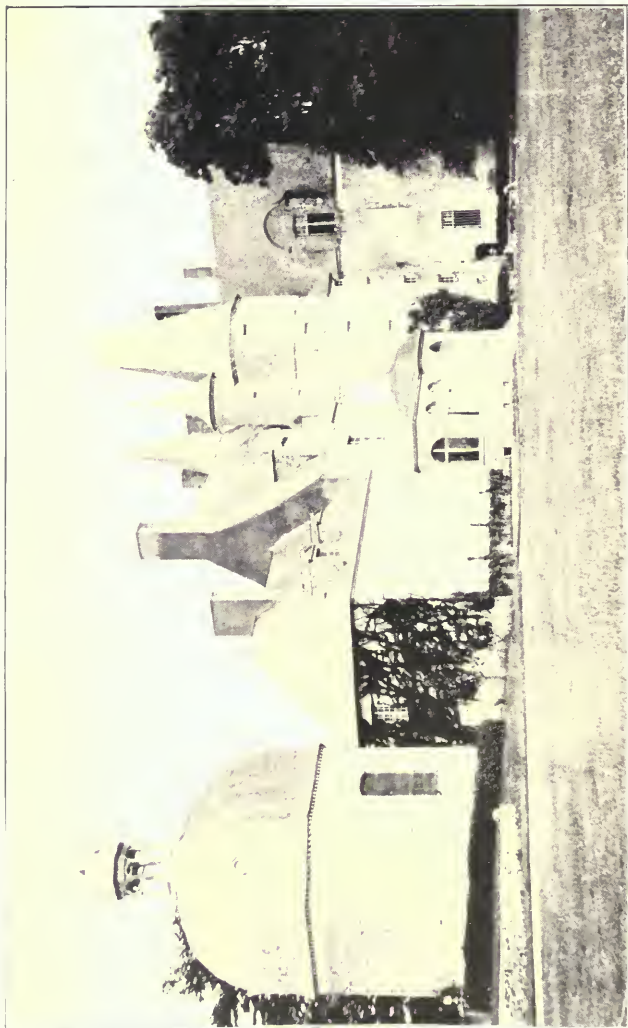
Dogs seem almost as favored in this part of France as in Constantinople. They lie in the sunniest spots and foregather on the most populous corners. We counted fourteen dogs in one short block at Vitré.

Their especial habitat, however, is Mont St. Michel. It is doubtful whether the Mont could have guarded against the surprises of the English in the fifteenth century but for the vigilance of the dogs.

This led to a decree issued in 1475 by Louis XI granting an annuity of twenty-four pounds, Tours weight, for their keep. The act reads in part:

“From the earliest times it has been customary to have and nourish at the said place, a certain number of great dogs, which are tied up by day and at night brought outside the enclosure to keep watch till morning.”

We took a very roundabout way to the rue



HOME OF MME. DE SEVIGNE

Poterie, one of the quaint arcaded streets of Vitré, suggesting according to Baedeker, the Rows of Chester. This is the only instance that we recall of Baedeker giving way to a flight of the imagination, and it is a very wild flight.

A more direct route from the depot to the rue Poterie would be straight out the rue Garengéot. A short block will bring you to what we reached only after a walk of half a mile. There we saw old houses tottering and leaning over like dissolute toppers, their lower stories arcaded but not at all suggesting beautiful Chester.

We drove out to the Château des Rochers where once lived Mme. de Sévigné whose sprightly letters give us the best idea that we have of seventeenth century manners.

Although left a charming widow at the age of twenty-five she never remarried but devoted herself to the rearing of her son and daughter. The published letters were written to the latter and abound in delightful gossip, witty anecdote and keenly discriminating comment on the men and women around her. By turns she was a noted beauty, a brilliant wit, a religious devotee and a woman of business, struggling to make her income meet the demands of an extravagant son. The letters fill fourteen large volumes.

When disposed to grumble at the inconveniences of modern hotels it is a great consolation

to read how this great lady often had to lie on straw in inns when traveling and a room in which she could undress was a luxury. In those days travelers carried their own knives, the landlord furnishing plates, spoons and forks. This latter condition obtained in parts of France within the last forty years, as is witnessed by R. L. S. in his trip through the Cévennes mountains with Modestine.

The Chateau is surrounded by an immense park, part of it highly cultivated but most of it in a state of nature. It forms a fitting setting for the turrets, spires and chimneys of the grand old residence.

We were first admitted to the chapel built in 1671 by an uncle of Mme. de Sévigné, the Abbe of Livre. Its furnishings are exactly as described in her letters, with the original crucifix and the large painting of the Virgin with the words "Sole Deo" above it.

From thence we were conducted by a sweet-voiced woman to that part of the chateau once tenanted by its illustrious owner. We stood in her bedroom and saw the bed in which she slept and by the north window the desk where she wrote most of her charming, sparkling letters. Her portrait by Mignard shows a proud, vivacious beauty with the plump hands so characteristic of French women to this day. The furni-

ture is of oak and badly worm-eaten. The old parquetry floor is of the same material.

The property is occupied all the year round by Count des Nétumiere and family. We walked out into the garden with its four big cedars. An old sun dial told us the hour as faithfully as it did the laughing beauty who has been dust for over two centuries. There were orange trees in boxes and blooming. They had echo stones, on one of which you stand while the party of the second part takes his position on the other. When one shouts the other hears an echo. It is true that you can hear the same echo without standing on the stone, but the spots marked give the sharpest responses.

We had asked in vain for an opportunity to photograph the big cedars. At a certain point behind some bushes our conductress said "Here we are hidden," and told us we might attempt a picture of the chateau. We thanked her and snapped one of the big trees. We had already taken several pictures of the chateau. Then we sat on the grass and changed films amid a perfect chorus of wild birds.

Our courteous old driver passed a pedestrian on the road coming out to the chateau. "Allez-vous loin?" (Are you going far?) he asked, pointing to the seat besides him. The man said

"No," and the incident was closed, but it was characteristic and pleasing.

We inquired the history of a tumble-down stable which had a stump of a steeple surmounted by a cross. We learned that it was a leper's chapel one hundred and fifty years ago and that the property across the road was the hospital and farm. The driver hastened to assure us that it had been a long time since there were any lepers in France.

After luncheon in Vitré we again visited the rue Poterie which by this time had picked up its garbage and was a little more picturesque.

Thence we walked through back streets past a very inhospitable dog, which, fortunately for us, was securely chained, and finally reached the river where were assembled the usual washerwomen beating buttons from shirts. Like death, the French laundress loves a shining mark and a bright pearl button awakens all her energies. She places it carefully on a flat rock, takes a stone in her right hand and cracks the button as if it were a nut. We no longer button our garments. We lace them up.

Walking in Vitré is tiring because it is up-hill in every direction. It is the only town in the world where you seem to walk up-hill most of the way to any given point, and up-hill most of the way back.



OUTSIDE THE RAMPARTS—VITRE

Our laundry was done for us in fifteen hours at about two-thirds United States prices and no extra charge for amputating the buttons.

We had a not unusual experience when leaving the hotel. We could not find the chambermaid to give her a tip. And that reminds me that whenever you wander from the track of the tourist, tips are not sought but are accepted with becoming gratitude. That fact seems to answer the question, "Whose is the fault?"

VI

Le Mans and Tours

THE corridor in a continental passenger coach is its most popular part. There the children play, the smokers smoke, and the sight-seers lean from the windows. Of course there are smoking compartments, but the man who prefers to occupy a non-smoking room, may smoke in the corridors. When circumstances forced us to invade the precincts of My Lady Nicotine, Frenchmen of all conditions invariably would inquire if smoking was disagreeable to B.

The fruit trees of Brittany are heavy with apples. Peaches are being sold at the stations but they are of that emerald hue so fatal to Johnny Jones and his sister Sue. Many vegetable gardens had their plants protected by huge glass jars.

Everywhere in France we found evidence of that marvelous conservation of natural resources that has made France—I almost said, the eighth wonder of the world. When you consider the

millions of dollars that are gleaned annually from an arable area smaller than Texas and when you think that this tribute has been exacted from the soil for a thousand years and that to-day the ground is as rich as ever, you must doff your hat to the French peasant.

This advanced cultivation has gone hand-in-hand with machinery of the most primitive type. It is within a generation that the modern mowers have found a market in France.

The prejudices against better machinery is of long standing. Improved scythes were forbidden in the eighteenth century because they cut the grass too closely and deprived the poor man of the stubble which served as bed and covering in his hut. The solicitude thus shown reminds one of the tender-hearted lady who told the hungry tramp that he would find longer grass in the back yard.

Now that the subject of agriculture has been dragged into this chapter it might be well to remind citizens of our great United States that in 1908 we broke all records by raising 376,537,000 bushels of potatoes. In the same year France, on soil worked for centuries, raised 623,770,000 bushels. In addition thereto she raised 356,000,000 bushels of wheat to our 737,000,000. We raise fifteen bushels to the acre on virgin soil. France raises twenty-two bushels per acre

on land that has been worked for centuries and she does it by the use of unceasing industry and artificial stimulants. France does not figure in the world's wheat markets but she feeds herself. She is the largest wheat grower in Europe outside of Russia.

Besides the things mentioned, France produces millions of dollars worth annually of wine, oil, vegetables, butter and cheese. She raises twice as much beet sugar as we do. Her big agricultural college is at the Sorbonne. The green ribbon, the *Mérite Agricole*, is bestowed for improvements in farming.

With all this ever recurring tide of wealth, provincial prosperity has been apt to manifest itself in statuary rather than sanitation. Museums, schools and boulevards have preceded drainage and sewers.

The peasants are thrifty and well-to-do but not clean in their person nor cultivated in their tastes. They ride in carriages and occasionally go without feet in their stockings.

Henry IV and his minister Sully were great friends of agriculture, the former having introduced the silkworm into France.

Gaillard is the bill-board man of France and glories in his shame. His name is given equal prominence with that of his patron. Quite often

it is difficult to determine whether Gaillard or Menier makes chocolate.

We reached Le Mans and this time we did not forget to change cars. Having an hour we drove to the Place de la Prefecture where there is a statue of Pierre Belon, a sixteenth century botanist. We studied the beautiful west front of Notre Dame-de-la-Couture awhile before going over to the Place de la Republique, really adorned with one of the best war monuments in France, commemorating the soldiers of 1871, with a statue of General Chanzy, who commanded the unfortunate Army of the Loire.

We next visited the cathedral and admired its intricately carved choir screen and beautiful old windows. They showed us the tomb of Berengaria, brought here from its original resting place. In looking for it I asked a reverend father in my very best French for the "tombeau" and he led us the entire length of the church and to an exit to show us the tramway.

The cathedral is restored to the point of distraction to the antiquarian. The interior walls are as spick and span as are those of a newly finished sky-scraper.

We were conducted down forty-six steps to a chapel filled with tombs. One was very recent and covered with fresh flowers. No tips were expected or accepted in this church. The old

choir screen has been utilized for doors to the closets containing the vestments. These wardrobes are well worth looking at, but unless we had made the acquaintance of a hospitable priest we should not have seen them.

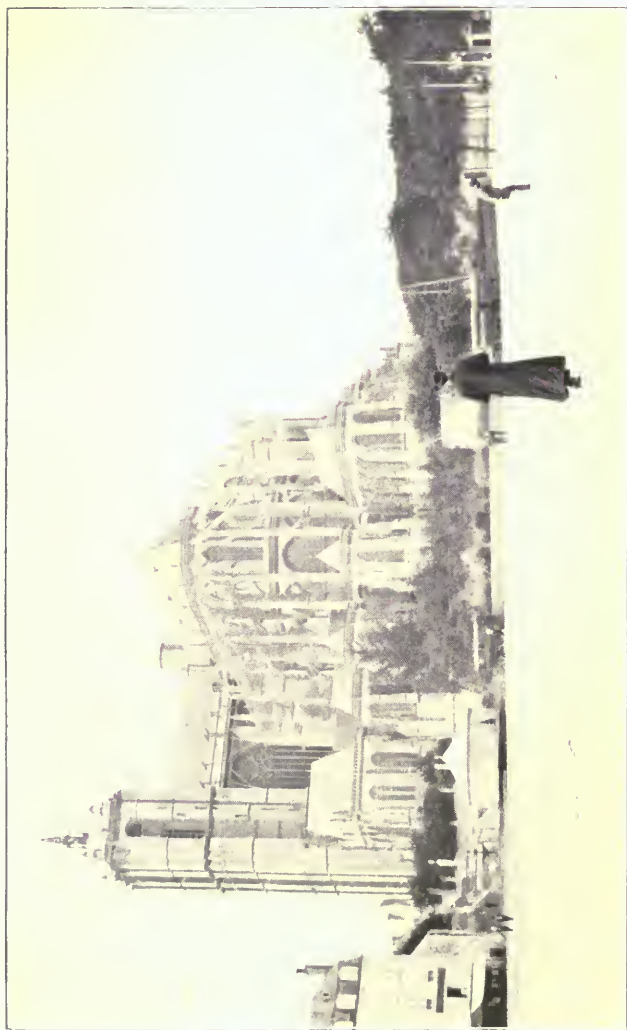
Along the Sarthe, between washerwomen, were countless fishermen, possibly their husbands. As the stone-walled banks are quite steep some had brought ladders which they had lowered from the top, using the rounds for perches.

All the way to Tours our companion was a very pretty and very industrious young lady doing some embroidery work. Fully half the women who travel do needle work of some sort in preference to reading.

We noticed an increased number of refrigerator cars with "Viandes Réfrigérées" on the outside. I trust they are not forerunners of cold storage warehouses. Else the delicious broiled chicken of France will become a memory.

France had made great progress in railroading since our visit of nine years before. They have a large number of full-grown locomotives, and solid-wheeled freight cars are rapidly replacing the band boxes with spoked wheels. We noticed many gigantic flat cars.

At Dissay we commenced to note the wine vaults extending back into the hills. These natural caves vary in embellishment from a simple



CATHEDRAL AT LE MANS

hole in the mountain side to some quite elaborate portals. Some reminded us of swallows' nests and then we remembered that countless swallows do nest here until called for.

We plunged into seas of vineyards and knew we were in the fair country of Touraine. We crossed the broad, placid Loire and entered Tours. The Loire is very wide but has not the swift current of the Rhone. Nevertheless history tells us that the Loire has its fits of bad temper and on such occasions vast territories are inundated.

At Tours we found ourselves at another of those hotels that "augment" their rates a franc a day if you do not eat one meal a day at the hotel in addition to breakfast.

I do not know whether these petty augmentations worry other travelers as they do me, but I had rather pay two franc more per day and have it stated at the outset than to pay one franc in extras.

Tours has a very handsome depot and its modern business buildings face smooth, clean streets. The hotel was crowded and we slept on a top floor for the first time. In place of the usual dog, a cat shared B's table d'hote. Our room was electric lighted.

I arose early in the morning and found my way to the post office. It was a well arranged

office with thoroughly modern equipment. Telegrams as well as mail are handled in the French post offices.

There were six desks for the public, good pens, and all manner of blanks to fill out. Soldiers occupied two desks. It is also a public telephone station, but using the telephone in France is not a matter to be lightly done. When they do call anyone, the greeting is "Allo," an approximation of our own "hello." There are windows at the Tours post office for money orders, general delivery and packages. Parcels post has been a great success in Great Britain and on the continent. Its adoption in the United States has been delayed by opposition from two sources, the large express companies and the local store-keepers. With the altruism which has always distinguished the American voter, who never knows when his own pet industry may be tampered with, the economic problem involved in the parcels post has never received due consideration except at the hands of a few theorists and magazine writers.

A law has finally been passed which goes into effect in 1913 giving citizens of the United States a modified parcels post. While changes may be necessary because of the greater territory covered there can be no doubt as to the desirability of the general plan. Mankind has been prodded or kicked up every round of the ladder of prog-

ress from the time of the first bow and arrow to the natal day of the electric telegraph, and in the case of the parcels post another great service has been forced on reluctant beneficiaries.

It is safe in any town in France where you are marooned for an hour to call a cab, offer the driver a franc less than he asks and request to be driven to the cathedral, only you call it "catedral" with the "h" silent as on West Madison street. Nine times out of ten there will be a cathedral and the tenth time, you will be taken to "something just as good" in the shape of an ancient church.

Tours possesses that indefinable attribute of a town or a woman indicated by Maggie Shand with the word "charm"; picturesque houses, the wide rolling Loire, steeple-crowned islands and richly wooded hills.

We visited first the tomb of St. Martin, enclosed by a new building whose interior is made impressive by fourteen massive marble pillars. The tomb is a few feet below the level of the floor. Facing it is the tomb of Cardinal William Renat-Meignan who died in 1896 within one year of fifteen centuries later than his illustrious forerunner. Above the cardinal's tomb hangs his red hat.

Both the Poitevins and the Tourangeoise claimed the body of St. Martin. Finally the lat-

ter secured the prize and tradition says they floated the body *up* the Loire to Tours without sail or oars. This was considered a miracle in France, but to float up-stream was once a daily occurrence with articles on the surface of the Chicago river and its freight was far from saintly. When the body was beached, it was found that under the rules he could not have a church dedicated to him because he was not a martyr, although he suffered every penalty short of martyrdom for his faith. So he was buried in a cemetery. Then a chapel to St. Stephen was built over his tomb. In 473, on the fourth of July, his body was transferred to its present resting place. It became a shrine and was visited by kings and queens, bishops and popes. A school was established here, the cradle of all French universities. The Chapter was rich. It had the privilege of coining money and the talent for doing it. Hence in 838 the Normans who had a keen nose for surpluses concealed by surplices attacked the town. In order to stampede the besiegers the citizens brought up their biggest gun. They exhumed the body of St. Martin. You cannot keep a good man down. They paraded around the walls with the body and stampeded the enemy with a corpse that had been dead over four hundred years.

Then the relics were shipped around like Lib-

erty Bell. Orléans, Chablis and Auxerre had them in turn. For thirty-four years the tomb was empty. It required a pitched battle between the various holy men before Tours recovered the remains.

In 1562 the Protestants pillaged the edifice and scattered most of the bones. Some parts were recovered and requiescated in peace until the French Revolution, when the tomb was ravished and the edifice ruined. The nave was taken down in 1802.

But shrines are too profitable to be easily lost and in 1860 the exact spot was located. There is no use to tell you how this was done. If you believe in such things, the details would be superfluous and if you do not, you would scoff at them. Anyhow, we do not know.

The shanties in the vicinity were removed and after many masses and several collections, wonder of wonders, the exact spot was found.

While on the subject of ancient customs, I am reminded of an incident at Vitré. Usually the price of a railroad ticket is printed thereon. The station agent wrote the price on our tickets to Tours and instead of drying the ink with a blotter, she sanded it! Anno Domini, 1912! Fact!

We went over very rough cobblestones to what that joy-killer Baedeker calls the "alleged" house of Tristan, the Hermit. He is usually described

as Louis XI's executioner and this title sets the lightly-informed to searching their histories in the vain hope of learning of Louis' execution. Louis XI was not executed. Possibly he should have been on several counts, but he was not. He employed Tristan to execute criminals.

Naturally enough the house is decorated with quaint carvings. It also did not surprise us to find the concierge a little worse or better for liquor. Wisely he did not attempt the winding tower stair but hiccoughed information up to us in boozy French. The house is a pretentious one and evidently Tristan was well paid for his work.

The Loire at the time of our visit only partly filled its wide bed, like a slim tourist in a feather mattress. There was a large island in the center. I remarked to B. that the river was low.

The driver said, "Certainement, c'est l'eau" and was at a loss to know why we smiled.

The front of the old Hotel de Ville on the bank of the river bears an honorable scar left by the Prussian bombardment in October 1870. The enemy's guns were placed on the opposite bank and made a neat little scalp wound directly under the roof of the building. There is a new Hotel de Ville to-day and the old one is used for a public library.

The military road to Paris and Bordeaux crosses the river at this point. Statues of Rabe-



STATUE OF RABELAIS TOURS

lais and Descartes face the library. Tours has a street named for Zola, but there are more translations of Nick Carter in the book stalls than copies of Zola's works. In fact, Nick seems to be the best seller in France to-day.

A glass enclosed hearse with four attendants in plug hats and sombre garb passed us as we paused to photograph one of the narrow streets leading away from the river.

Mass was being celebrated at the cathedral to a congregation of six or eight. The tomb of the children of Charles VIII represents two children lying as if in slumber while angels watch at their heads and feet. The windows are beautiful.

The rest of the cathedral does not live up to the façade of which Henry IV said that it was a jewel to which only the casket was wanting.

Within is a picture of Christ and the Roman soldiers "given by the Emperor, 1855." As the centuries roll on that inscription will need to be made more definite. We stumbled over the rough stones, hollowed by the feet of centuries of worshippers and murmured "This is indeed hollowed ground."

It cost ten cents and a little exertion to ascend the tower, but the view justified both expenditures.

From a photographic standpoint B. objected

to the gargoyles because they were so high. Most people would prefer them still higher.

The Tomb of St. Martin has a dome not unlike that of the Invalides where Napoleon is entombed.

The new Hotel de Ville is white with a black roof. Four large caryatides support it and four figures of heroic size ornament the roof. A bronze statue of Balzac decorates the Place in front. He was born here in 1799. Tours is at once the cradle of the French language in its purity, and of the French novel in its impurity.

Beautiful as is the French language it is not patrician in its origin. It is based on the colloquial Latin of the Roman soldier. The Celtic element, not being written, disappeared. The Germanic tribes contributed little but war terms. The invading Franks deposited about nine hundred words in the great moraine.

Gambetta made Tours the headquarters of his ambulatory government in 1870 until chased out by the Germans. Prior to this, 1138 years to be exact, Charles Martel checked the Saracens at this point.

At the hotel we paid our bill to the smiling manageress and tribute to the man who took care of our room and ransomed our baggage from two porters. The bus driver witnessing the deluge of ten sou pieces resolved to participate so he clung

to our suit cases at the depot at the imminent danger of making us miss our train. Eventually he landed both us and our tip in the proper places.

VII

Chambord and Blois

OUR train stopped at Amboise with its blood-soaked castle. Twelve hundred Protestants were killed here in 1560 to frustrate a plot against the Guises.

The Edict of Amboise in 1563 granted amnesty to the Huguenots. This would seem a safe order of procedure. First massacre your fellow Christians for doctrinal differences, then grant them amnesty.

Abd-el-Kader, an Algerian chief, was a prisoner here from 1847 to 1852 for trying to apply the Monroe doctrine to Africa.

In 1895 the castle reverted from the d'Aumales to the Orléans family by some process as mysterious as stage law and to-day it is an asylum for superannuated servants. Most castles are, but usually the premises are shared during part of the year by the family.

Just then right under our car window an argu-

ment started which for a few minutes put the feud of the Guises and the Condés out of our minds. For a brief space the air seemed full of fight, but we soon discovered, in the language of Mr. Dooley, that the fight was full of air. The question under debate was whether a tardy Frenchman should be permitted to put his bicycle into the baggage car. After delaying us ten minutes the station agent seemed to think he had saved his face and the wheel was put aboard. Our suggestion that he ride the wheel to the next station and await our arrival, apparently was not understood. At any rate it was not adopted.

Beyond Veuves-Monteaux (which must be where the widows come from) we saw the Chateau of Chaumont on the right. Diana of Poitiers lived there. She was the ancient lady who captured the heart of Henry II while he was Dauphin and although twenty years his senior she held the citadel of his affections against all outside assaults until his death.

Some one must have told her that her husband was dead in 1531, and in grateful recognition of his demise she built the splendid tomb that we saw at Rouen. At the death of Henry she established a charitable institution for the care of twelve widows, although she had abundantly

proved that a widow could take care of herself. Her married name was Brézé, and we see no objection to giving both vowels the long sound.

Catherine de Médici, the titular wife of Henry II also lived at Chaumont. She showed she was a pretty lively widow after his death, but under the circumstances you could hardly expect her to mope as much as Diana did. She was the lady who engineered the Bartholomew massacre in 1572 which did so much to correct the proportion of heretics to true believers. As an intriguer she was worthy of her Italian lineage and was one of many outsiders who have altered the history of France for better or worse: Gambetta, Cagliostro, Mazarin, yes even Napoleon Bonaparte, who was always more Italian than French in his vanity, his egotism and his violence. You can not change a man's character by pushing a boundary line past his birthplace a year before he is born.

We rode through miles of vines, green, purple and almost black. They were heavy with tiny green clusters that promised a big harvest. Possibly you have ridden through a wheat country and gazed over a rippling yellow sea of grain, reaching from horizon to horizon. We were just as literally surrounded by vines.

At Blois we had a dusty drive to the hotel and

ordered a motor for Chambord. A carriage could be hired more cheaply but would require a longer time.

Our room window gave a good view of the Chateau of Blois which is really a castle. Its most beautiful portion was built by Francis I, the great builder. We postponed our visit to the interior until the morrow.

Chambord and its twenty square miles of park claimed our first attention. This too was begun by Francis I and was his favorite residence. He originated the fashion of carving your initials on castle walls. His "F" is everywhere, together with a vicious looking salamander endeavoring to make both ends meet—a gigantic task for a king whose fad was castles.

Louis XV gave Chambord to Marshall Saxe in 1748. Saxe was also ambidextrous. He was the left-handed grandpa of George Sand. Stanislaus of Poland lived here an exile from 1725-33 in better quarters than he had ever known at home. Had an attempt been made to rescue him, we have no doubt that Stanislaus would have been found among the chateau's most determined defenders. Napoleon gave it to Marshall Berthier when he was passing castles around. Berthier fought in America under Lafayette, so we felt quite as if we were returning a call.

It now belongs to the Parma family, well known for their excellent cheese.

We whirled rapidly along a smooth but dusty road upon the Loire embankment past two clean little villages and a wayside cross of iron. We turned into the park down a long avenue whose vista of trees is closed by the walls of the chateau. We left the machine and walked to the entrance door where we dropped coins into a slot machine which reluctantly spat two tickets into our hands. The party which had come by bus joined us and waited for the guide. All of the tourists were English or Americans. As usual we were kept in a room devoted to the sale of post cards and souvenirs, for about half an hour. Within the court the famous spiral staircase was visible.

Chambord is not elaborately furnished. Most of the carved panels, wainscots, doors and shutters were used as fuel by the Revolutionists in 1793. There is no doubt but the basic idea of these earnest men was correct, but one cannot help deploring some of their methods. There ought to be some better reason for demolishing a thing than that it is artistic and that it once gladdened the eye of an aristocrat.

The first room we entered looked like an Elk's dream of heaven, a B. P. O. Elk, we mean. The

walls were covered with antlers and heads of stags and elks of all degrees.

There is a new staircase, also spiral. The old one is so constructed that those ascending cannot see the persons coming down. So says Baedeker, but if they came down the same ones that you were ascending we do not see how you could help seeing them unless you were blindfolded or intoxicated. For fear this book may fall into the hands of a serious-minded reviewer it might be well to state that if you select the proper stairway, you can pass any one ascending by the other one without being seen; a very useful arrangement for Francis when the contractors began to bring in their bills. Anyhow, the staircase is closed now.

The big stove in one of the rooms was built there by Marshall Saxe. That man did love to make it warm for people.

There are over four hundred apartments in the chateau, and in case it was crowded, a few guests could be accommodated in the barns where there is room for twelve hundred horses. They were built when France had a stable government.

In the chapel is some lovely tapestry made by a lady when a prisoner here. We did not get her name and we may be tangled on the facts. But we know there was tapestry in one of the rooms and we believe it was in the chapel.

The dining room was built by Louis XIV. That man might overlook a bath room but he never forgot the dining room. He usually started dinner with two or three kinds of soup, just for an appetizer. Louis Philippe was even more royal. He would eat four kinds of soup and call for a fifth plate in which he mixed the remains of all four. No wonder the head that wore a crown lay uneasy. And no wonder that Louis Philippe decorated a room in the Palace at Fontainebleau with plates. He should have been crowned Louis Fillup.

There are many portraits, including one of Mme. Lafayette and a large painting of the Count of Chambord at forty-four. His bed chamber bears the initials M. T. and H. He would have been Henry V of France in 1830 had not France decided otherwise. M. T. did not refer to the throne but were the initials of his wife Maria Theresa of Modena. He died in 1883 after several efforts to ascend the throne of France, the final attempt following Sedan.

We went into the workshop and study of Francis I. Once he scratched his name on a window of this room, but Louis XIV, the Magnificent, because of jealousy, broke out the pane of glass. If you do not believe it they will show you the pane that replaced it, and sure enough, there is no writing on it. Some say he was

jealous of la Vallière's admiration for Francis, but that is a gross injustice to the memory of that lady. Louise was not picking dead ones.

We went up the new circular staircase to the ball room. It was much larger before this big staircase was cut through. In the time of Louis XIV it was gilded and used as a theatre. Molière played here. It is interesting to compare this grand auditorium in which he played three of his "first nights" with that narrow stage in the dark dining room of the Middle Temple in London where Shakespeare played before Elizabeth.

There are four hundreds panels in the ceiling of the Chambord ball room. No two are alike, but each embodies either an ornamental F or a hideous salamander. We were skeptical as to their unlikeness. It may save you trouble to know that we checked them all back. Once we thought we had one on Nepveau, the architect. The eighth panel in the fourth row in the north room looked very similar to the third one in the sixth row in the west room, but after trotting back and forth several times we discovered that the end of the tendril around the middle arm of the F curled in different directions in the two designs. There are some dissimilarities among the others that are even more marked.

We walked out on a roof from which we had a splendid view of the park. From here we could

note that even the chimneys were marked F. R. F. for Francis Roi de France. To the south stretched the large field where Saxe manueuvred his cavalry.

After a twenty-five mile ride we reached the hotel and actually took a nap.

Oh, the joy of running water! I do not mean the babbling brook or the graceful cascade but the humble creation of the modern plumber. The hotel at Blois was the first one we had found that had running water in its rooms. After gazing for hours at fleurs de lis and salamanders and capital F's, we were saved from envy by the thought that when Francis I wanted to wash his royal lineaments he had to have water brought to him in a pail.

Our chauffeur when given two gold pieces, which exceeded his lawful and agreed fare by five francs, tipped his hat and started to climb into his machine. Now five francs was or were too much pourboire. He might overdrink himself. So we said sternly, "The change, please." A plaintive look came into his big brown eyes. We put out a palm hard with honest American labor, and he produced a wallet with a time lock on it from which he slowly dug up a franc. We said "Encore" with more enthusiasm than we ever did at grand opera and he found another franc in an oubliette behind a flap in the pocket

book. Feeling that if we extracted one more coin he would bleed, we let him retain a three franc largesse. It sounds pretty small when you write down the labor involved in settling a sixty cent tip but all things are relative and it had cost us several hundred dollars to be laid down in Blois and we did not mean to be held up.

Henri had saved us the best table in the dining room, which confirmed the theory that a diminishing system of tips to the headwaiter pays. Your first tip, if liberal, impresses him. The second one, a few sous smaller, perplexes him, and he increases his efforts. The third, if further reduced, fills him with despair and he taxes his ingenuity to please. It will not work for a long stay, but is fine for one or two days.

At dinner we noticed a friendless dog on the sidewalk tussling with a piece of tough bread. A big, well-fed canine came along and took the morsel from his unresisting victim. The robber carried his spoil to the middle of the street, worried it awhile in front of its former possessor and left it uneaten and covered with dust.

The puppy, mildly acquiescent in the Divine Right of big dogs, blinked his eyes. We from our seven course abundance selected bits of meat and threw them near him. He did not see us, but sniffed the meat and hungrily devoured it.

We succeeded in remaining undiscovered as he ate course after course.

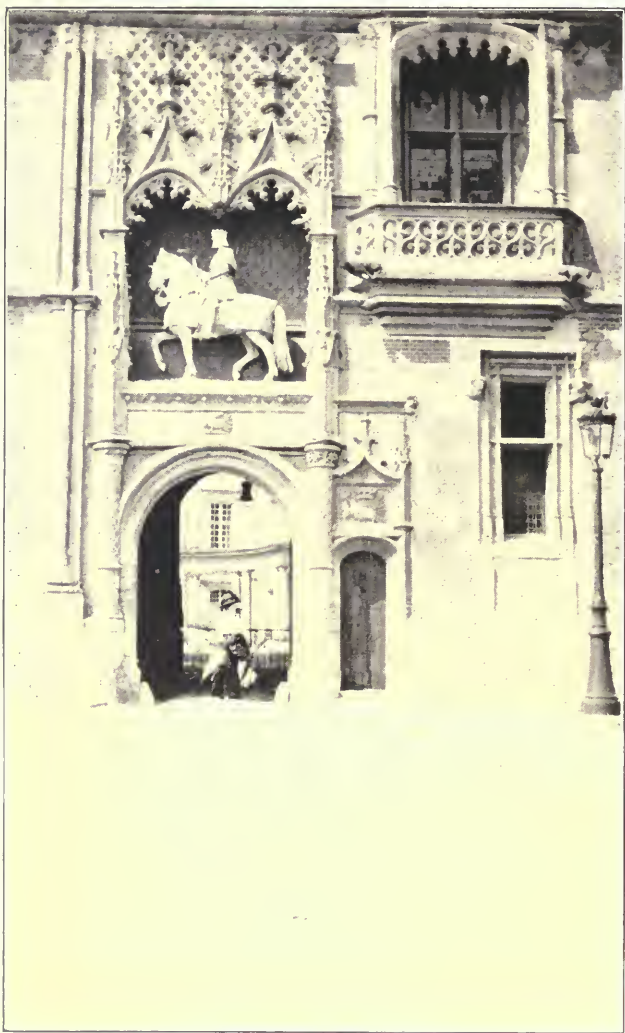
Doubtless he regarded his dinner as a direct gift from heaven, and had he possessed the power he would have erected a large kennel on the spot and lame and hungry dogs from all Christendom would drag themselves hither. For most miracles are only miracles to the ignorant and ignorance is a relative term.

Our apple tart was ornamented with slices of the peel cut in crescents and arranged around the border. It did not add any to the nutriment thereof, but it was pretty to look at and easier to eat and cost nothing but a little care. It was characteristically French.

Friday morning we were awakened at six o'clock by the bell ringing for mass. We peered out at the early worshippers but did not arise until eight. At that hour people were still going into church—mostly women.

After breakfast we walked to the chateau and snapped the equestrian statue of Louis XII over the entrance. Beneath it was the hedgehog or porcupine of the House of Blois. There are good points about such an emblem. In the courtyard is an excellent view of the valley of the Loire. Many fallen gargoyles are strewn about like a stone-mason's nightmare.

We were taken in charge by an intelligent and



ENTRANCE TO CHATEAU—BLOIS

intelligible guide who showed us through the three wings of the castle named after their respective builders, Francis I, Gaston and Louis XII. There are some magnificent fireplaces, particularly in the Louis XII wing. He also built the richly decorated Chapel of St. Calais; his betrothal to Anne of Brittany is depicted in one of the windows. There are three Halls of the Guard. We ascended the beautiful staircase built by Gaston. The Francis I staircase is more magnificent and also more complete, for the sculptor who made the Gaston staircase died before finishing it and it stands as he left it. There are salamanders everywhere, the sign manual of Francis I. The bedroom of Henry II and Catherine de Médici is handsomely furnished and has beautifully carved stone doors. We invaded her toilet room and stood in the apartment where she died, unhappy, wicked, thwarted woman.

There are two hundred and ninety panels in her study and writing room, no two alike. The castle abounds in secret stairways, closets and chambers. In the study, the guide pressed a spring with his foot and the solid wall in front of him opened, disclosing a closet.

We went out on the gallery and thence to the dungeon, with an oubliette in the center of the floor. We were now in the assassination center of the Henry III administration. This vacillating

coward killed the Cardinal de Guise in the dungeon.

On the floor above, his brother, the "scar-faced" François, the second duke, was stabbed to death. He died right where we were standing, but not before he had received a kingly kick in the face from Henry III who was himself to die by the hand of a Dominican friar. That ended the Valois line and opened the way for Henry of Navarre, gay, rollicking soldier of fortune, Protestant or Catholic as the situation demanded and always the typical Gascon, with equal parts of gas and con. The Jesuits were banished for trying to assassinate him in 1595, although he had joined the Catholic church in 1593. They wanted to kill him while he was converted.

He was flat broke when he took the job and even utilized the mourning clothes of his predecessor, cut down to fit him. Armies were as uncertain as Southern delegates in those days. Sometimes a noble would take his gang and go home without giving notice. Navarre was a born leader. He showed great bravery in battle but feared assassins in private. Men loved him. So did women. At least fifty-six are known to have done so. He was a small man. So many heroes and lady killers are. At the Battle of Ivry he wore a white plume on himself and another on his horse. He realized the value of the front

page and had he lived to-day he would have been a constant occupant thereof.

His conversion to Catholicism was due partly to politics, partly to sentiment. Gabrielle de Liancourt, his second mistress, knowing that the Huguenots disapproved their liason urged him to join a church with more catholic views.

Navarre took his degree in Roman Catholicism before Paris would admit him. He wanted to cut out the instruction and take the whole business on faith but he had to go through with it. He accepted purgatory because "through the masses for the souls in purgatory you clergy make such excellent revenues." But having recanted Protestantism, he turned a cold shoulder on the Huguenots. The Edict of Nantes was the sole sop thrown to them.

He gave France thousands of mulberry trees and founded the silk industry. He and Sully did much to improve agricultural methods in France. He built most of the Louvre. His daughter Henriette Maria was the wife of the ill-fated Charles I of England.

Henry IV was assassinated in 1610. From his death the pot of the Revolution began to simmer.

Just why we should have been lured from the Chateau of Blois into a long dissertation regarding Henry of Navarre, we do not know, except

that to us he is the most fascinating figure in history; not the most consistent, nor the most admirable perhaps, but the most human.

The gallery of the throne room is gone but they have left a most remarkable echo wandering through these haunted chambers. There are two figures over the door. One is a piper and the other, to judge from his pained attitude, a listener.

B. could not listen and interpret simultaneously, so we had to look up afterward to see whether the person mentioned was married or murdered in certain rooms. This method insures accuracy to the reader, but renders intelligent and appropriate emotion on the spot difficult.

There are not very many carriages for hire in Blois. The only one near the hotel was taken, so we climbed into a trolley car. Before the car started the carriage was disengaged and we took it. Just as the carriage drove off we had the pleasure of seeing the trolley start.

We drove to the cathedral and down the rue des Orfèvres with its old houses, past rows of garbage in the middle of the street, to the theatre and market place.

As usual, we returned to the hotel out of breath and found the untipped horde awaiting our arrival and trembling lest we be late.



A FALLEN GARGOYLE—BLOIS

VIII

Pau

IT was very hot when we left Blois, and we were booked for eleven hours through the tropical portion of France.

Our destination was Bordeaux, but it would have been folly to stop there on such a day, so we kept right on to Pau and the Pyrenees. There were six of us in an eight place compartment. Each one had considerable baggage and two were somewhat oversize. A large man in a yellow duster sat by B., while my companion was a corpulent lady with a wide hat who had the yielding surface and a good deal of the temperature of a hot water bag. Every one was frankly observant when I read or wrote. Curiosity is a characteristic of the French. Carlyle in his French Revolution quotes J. Caesar who wrote a travel book nineteen centuries ago and remarked on the volatility of the Gauls and their fondness for news.

This abounding curiosity and love of novelty is the basis for another trait, fickleness. Within

fifteen years after the inception of the French Revolution when men committed every atrocity in their frenzy for political liberty, on May 18, 1804, there was only one dissenting voice in the Tribunal against making Napoleon emperor of France. That was the voice of Carnot.

How on earth has even the semblance of a republic been built from such material surrounded on every side by intriguants of the old regime and honeycombed with antagonistic religious influences? There can only be one reply. The opposing outside pressure has given solidity to a mass that left to its own devices could never have taken permanent form.

The pope himself came to Paris to crown the joke and the coronation took place December 2, 1804, year thirteen of the Republic. Bonaparte came late on the scene and reaped what he had not sown, seizing a crown from the hands of a tired, fickle people.

The French are daring innovators. They think logically and execute artistically. The Revolution had its inception in the Encyclopedists and its culmination in the Code Napoleon. In the Theatre Français, the price of the seats is cut in marble but the monogram of the government is detachable.

They evolve brilliantly along all lines. Bicycles, automobiles, aeroplanes, the gas engine, the

mitrailleuse, submarines, photography and pyrometry find their highest development in France. Here originated the decimal system, or rather here it first took root after its invention by Stevin, a Belgian. Berthelot developed modern chemistry and Pasteur and Curie in their respective fields made revolutionary discoveries. Stearine candles, Argand burners, storage batteries, all are French. A Frenchman deciphered the hieroglyphics. The French after bringing silk manufacture to its highest point, invented artificial silk.

They love new ideas. Franklin received prompter recognition in France than in England or America. We repeat, they are brilliant innovators, working in an orderly, logical, artistic manner.

And while most of our fellow passengers are hanging out the corridor windows, gulping in hot air we will try to maintain nature's equilibrium by adding a few more words about France, based largely on reading and confirmed by observation.

Since ever there has been a France she has embodied the social instinct. The absence of individual spirit, the absence of the sense of personal responsibility, the social interdependence of the people, one associates at once with the influence of the Catholic church.

The great work of the Reformation was to

quicken the sense of personal responsibility by awakening the conscience. It did away with middlemen and put a man face to face with God without benefit of saint or clergy. But the Reformation never made any headway in France.

A man's conscience should be moved from within and not from without. It should be propelled by springs, not spurs. Renunciation and asceticism are virtues of the Catholic church—but not of a Catholic community.

The church has organized its renunciation, and sold the indulgence earned thereby to society. Like citizens who desire to evade military duty, the layman pays a substitute to do his spiritual fighting and doubtless feels that he has obtained full value. We have no quarrel with him if he is satisfied.

The result is a splendid army of fighters and a very much relaxed society. Thus we find in French cities a condition of immorality which is harmoniously evolved without spiritual restraint.

The French are the most homogeneous people in the world. They are truly a nation. What one notes in an individual is, more than in any other country, a national trait.

Character counts less than capacity. They worship intelligence. They become ennuied of each other and are political epicureans. They pay the penalty of the *bon vivant* to whom the

most highly spiced viands taste flat, hence they must have an occasional revolution.

There are few intellectual giants among the French, but this is due to the high general level. France is not a plain with here and there a cloud piercing peak. It is a plateau.

As remarked before, the great French are apt to be Italians, but Italians who would never have been great in Italy.

This plateau is great en masse. Great individuals like Mirabeau or Danton are apt to be incomplete, to lack a balance wheel. They are not illuminants, they are pyrotechnics. They are not candles, they are Roman candles.

Solider building has been done by the entire nation acting under the Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Genoese, Gambetta. The man who planted the seed of the Revolution, Rousseau, was a Swiss.

Because of their boiling at such a low temperature there is a great deal of scolding in France but no fighting. The landlady scolds the servants and they scold back. The driver scolds his horse and hands him a lump of sugar. The policeman scolds the driver but does not arrest him.

The sensation that the French produce on an impressionable foreigner is mental exhilaration. All France is electric. Paris is shocking. Noth-

ing stagnates. Vivacity is universal and contagious. This is what France stands for. Paris will stand for anything.

This alert intelligence is unhampered by moral restraint. Sam Small once remarked to the writer, "If I had money and no moral sense, I would rather live in Paris than anywhere else." He who goes there with one soon loses the other.

Nowhere outside of France could an aviation meet at which a Minister of War was killed be continued and a record broken on the same day, as occurred in 1911.

To admit a thing after it has been proved; to adopt it after it has been admitted: this is French, and with them traditions, whether political or religious, have very little weight.

There is little emigration from France and that little always hopes to return.

The contrast between the peasants and the aristocracy is as remarkable now as it always has been. The peasants are thrifty and conservative. Only the wine growers are spendthrifts. Fertile soil, admirably conserved, industry and economy have made France rich. They are not colonists, nor enterprising merchants, nor large manufacturers. One-third of the land in France is owned by peasants whose individual holdings are less than twenty acres. There are over three and a

half million proprietors cultivating their own land. In 1792 Arthur Young wrote "The magic of property (ownership) turns sand to gold." Contrast this result with the effect of the tenant system in Great Britain and Ireland where they are even losing their sand at present.

Taxes are about as high now as under Louis XV but they are equally distributed and it costs less to collect them. Napoleon did efficiently with six thousand collectors the work that it required two hundred thousand to do badly under Louis XV. The cost of collecting is now less than five per cent. Under the old regime not half the money collected reached the royal coffers. The rest was graft.

In addition thereto the church was entitled to its tithe but it was lenient and probably did not get more than seven per cent. There were feudal dues also. Quite often these three, king, church and overlord, took one-half the earnings of a land owner.

Some sections fared better. Languedoc, Provence and Dauphiny were usually prosperous. Orléans, Brittany and Limousin were as a rule starving.

That is enough for a hot day, so I will return to actual experiences. And the word "return" reminds me that in France as in Holland and other continental countries, round trip tickets

are so much used that the first question a ticket seller asks you after learning your class and destination is "Retour?" You say "Aller," which means "to go," unless you desire a return ticket.

Smoking is permitted in compartments marked "Fumeurs" and in the corridor. Cigarettes are universal. We rarely saw a cigar or pipe. Straw hats are rare among the men.

Two women each with an infant in arms took the two remaining seats in our compartment. We are now "complet" plus two. We had an opportunity to learn French baby talk, which does not differ greatly from what we hear at home. If there is a universal language it is the cooings and murmurings of a young mother the world over. The boy baby was learning to say "Vive la France" with a droll baby salute.

Our car had nine compartments of eight places each, so that seventy-two persons might ride in it comfortably.

Once you take a seat, you can hold it by leaving your hat or the morning paper therein. Your rights are sacred even in the most crowded train.

We waited too long before going to the diner and missed the table d'hôte. For fifty cents each we were served with omelette, meat, potatoes, peas, cheese and plums. Everything that was cooked was well cooked and seasoned perfectly.

The water was too warm to drink and too cold for shaving purposes.

Dogs are admitted to second-class compartments if their owners provide tickets for them. Two shared our corridor to Poitiers. They were not friendly.

Mail is handled in France at a minimum of expense in the provinces. The mail messenger has no other uniform or badge of office than a hat band with the word "Postes" on it. There are no mail cars but a card is hung up in a second class compartment window and that compartment becomes the mail car *pro tem*.

At Poitiers we unwrapped our Baedeker of Southern France. We were in the neighborhood of Charlemagne's great victory over the Moors. Coligny unsuccessfully besieged Poitiers in 1569. The spires of Angouleme, St. Martial and the Hotel de Ville form a beautiful sky line. It was a Roman town and is now the center of the paper industry.

It grew hotter as we neared Spain. We noted many preparations for July 14th, Bastille Day. Rural Maypoles were decked with the tri-color and with straw decorations.

At Bordeaux we first noticed the tax of two cents levied on each railroad ticket which costs more than two dollars.

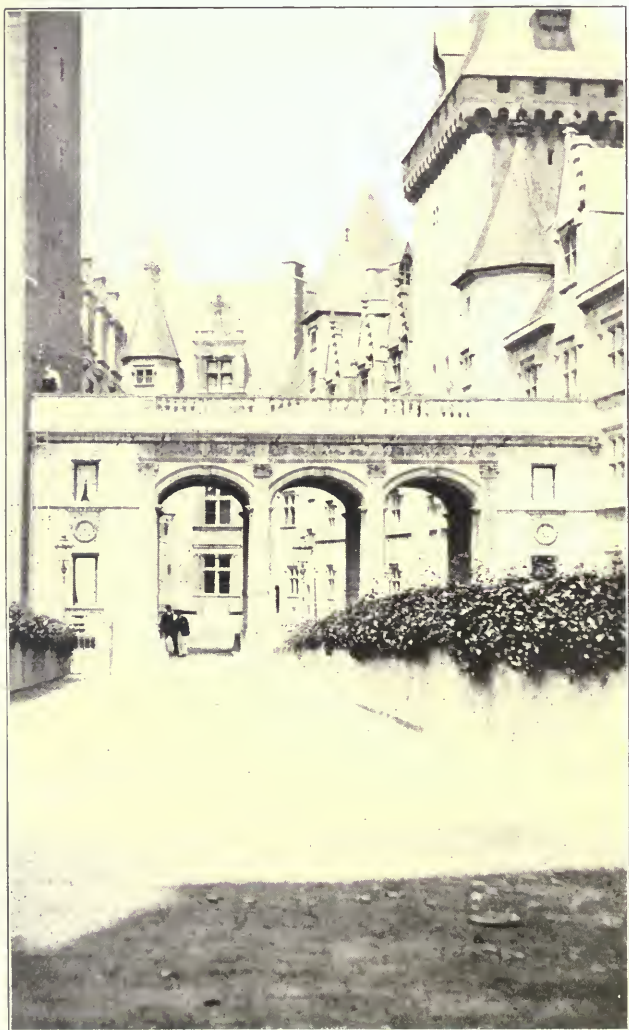
We put our baggage in a compartment on the

Pau train, feeling safe because the other occupants were two nuns. Our car was not a corridor car, so we walked along the Bordeaux platform to the "Restaurant Wagon" where we ate dinner with more or less uneasiness, clambering down the wrong side of the car and running the length of the train at Morcenx where we reclaimed our baggage. The gentle little nuns were quite worried about us, being sure we had been left at Bordeaux. Although we have never had any mischances connected with these dining car episodes we are glad that the corridor compartment car is replacing the other sort, making it possible for one to pass to the diner without leaving the train.

The two sisters are going to Lourdes. They are a mixture of attractiveness and repulsiveness. With gentle eyes, kindly faces and voices that might win forgiveness for a sin-sick soul, assuage the pain of the sick room, or allay the terrors of the grim messenger, they combine shaven heads and horrible teeth.

They no longer have the right to teach in France, a drastic bit of remedy which one who does not know the disease has no right to pass upon.

We passed miles of pines being cupped and bled for a peculiar resin used in making celluloid. The market for celluloid collars is very wide in



ENTRANCE TO CASTLE—PAU

France. Well dressed traveling salesmen wear them.

At Dax we took a breather on the platform while the diner was being detached. Then "En voiture," which means "all aboard," and "Prenez garde" as the door bangs shut and we sizzled southward again.

Soon we approached Pau, where the foothills of the Pyrenees commence to stain the map a pale yellow. The city is six hundred and seventy feet above the sea and we hoped for cool weather. We did not get it. Our day in Pau was the hottest of our journey and it was also our last hot day in France.

B. selected a hotel that Baedeker says "overlooks the Pyrenees." That sounds as careless to me as the man who lost his bass drum. An examination of our bill at parting showed that the hotel overlooked nothing but the Pyrenees in making it out.

This is the country of Henry of Navarre, who was born at Pau. His mother Jeanne d'Albret was a remarkable woman. She was a Calvinist and reared her son in that faith. She sang a Béarnaise song when giving birth to the lusty young infant whose father, Antoine de Bourbon, carried him off to rub his lips with a clove of garlic in order to give him a taste of the local Jurançon wine.

The boy was raised among peasants and allowed to run barefoot over the hills.

Our bus drove up a zig-zag street through the sleeping city. It was smelly around the depot and it was not the odor of sanctity, although most of the people in the waiting room were en route to Lourdes. If the water from the Grotto could be piped into bath tubs it would fill a longer felt want than in any other way.

Pau was the noisiest city of our trip. Our hotel was on the public square, with a cafe that was sufficiently turbulent when in operation, but when it closed it was a bedlam. Then a few carts rattled over the stone pavement. Many of the horses had bells on. An auto tooted past and at 5:30 A. M. a troop of horsemen in white uniforms went galloping by.

All of this was particularly distressing because we had chosen Pau as a haven of rest after an eleven hours' ride on a hot day.

Bordeaux was at the boiling point. We would not have stopped at Bordeaux if it had had four cathedrals. No, not if it had not had a single cathedral.

Bordeaux is the Battle Creek of the low-priced wine industry. It gives the name to wine bottled all over western and southern France. The Garonne, passing through it, looks like a real river with excellent docks and crowded with shipping.

Like all French ports it was having its troubles on account of the strike of "les dockers."

Pau is a modern town dating from the tenth century. She only had two celebrated sons and one of them, Bernadotte, grew up a Swede, or at least Napoleon handed him the crown of Sweden. Neither Henry IV nor Bernadotte, however, decks the square in front of our hotel, but a statue of Bosquet who distinguished himself in Algeria and the Crimea and was wounded at the siege of Sebastopol.

A whole family on burros with turbans and sashes of fiery red riding by, gave our street for the moment an Andalusian tinge. We are not far from Spain.

We rode on a tram to the castle and walked two or three blocks, passing a school where we were arrested by a chorus of several hundred children shouting the Marseillaise at the tops of their young voices. They were rehearsing for Bastille Day.

This grand song of de Lisle's was born of the Revolution and has been taken into the hearts of the people very much as Dixie has been adopted; the former, the white ingot of a soul inspired, the latter the simple melody of African slaves. Verily the pedigree of a national air is as unaccountable as is that of a national hero. For while Dixie has never received legislative

sanction it is the one tune, north or south, that is always greeted with shouts and followed by applause.

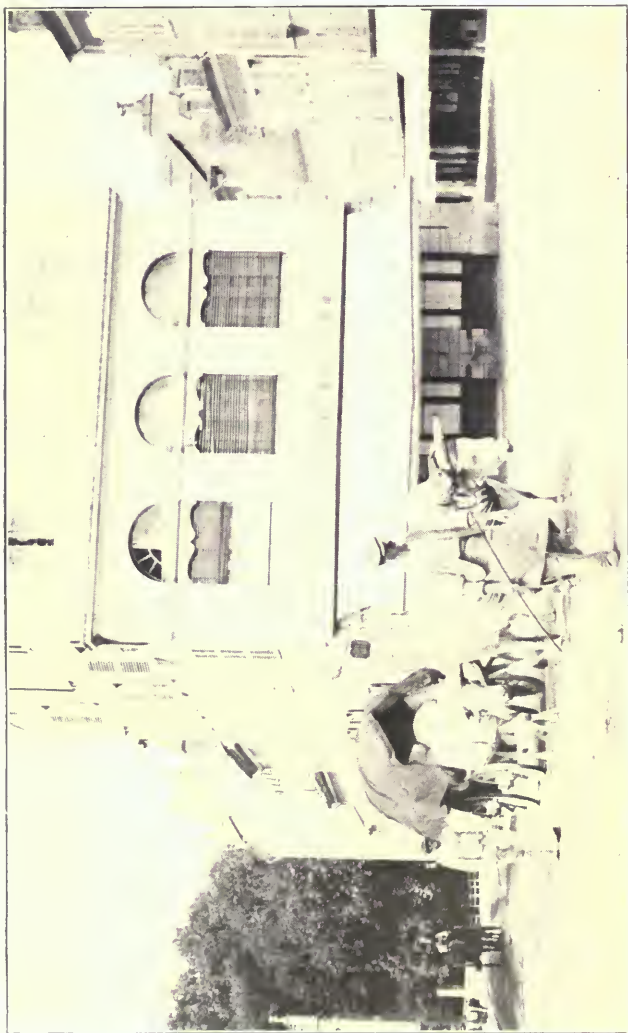
A four-ox team, all blindfolded, picked its way past us as we listened to the children shouting "March on." The custom of blindfolding draught cattle is almost universal on the continent.

At the castle we sat for awhile on a bench under a massive sycamore and listened to the Gave du Pau as its waters rushed under the new stone bridge a few hundred yards down stream from the moss-covered piers of its predecessor. The hills across the river were clothed in every shade of green from a pale yellow to a darkness almost black.

There are many grand old towers around the castle with interesting histories and poetic names. The Bird Tower was so called because it could only be entered by means of a ladder which in case of siege was drawn up into the tower.

Within the castle we found many interesting rooms. The Hall of the Guards contains two pictures of Henry IV, one in the Tower of St. Germaine, the other showing his assassination in Paris. In the Officers' Dining Room are statues of Henry IV and Sully to whom he owed much of his solid and enduring fame. The rooms are

STREET SCENE IN PAU



hung with Gobelins tapestries representing Francis I riding to the chase.

The magnificent staircase is covered with M's oft-repeated, the initial of Margaret of Valois, to remind Henry to remove his shoes before going up stairs. After his divorce in 1599 he married Marie de Médici, so he did not need to change the marking.

At the top of the stairs was the waiting room with more tapestry and a beautiful marble-topped table left here by Francis I when he moved.

In the Reception Room six Catholic nobles were murdered by order of Montgomery, an officer of Henry's mother. It has a fine fireplace and contains several Sevres vases of very odd design. Birds are painted on the china and enclosed behind wires. There is also a magnificent rose porphyry table in this room.

Rather than make this chapter read like the catalogue of a second hand furniture dealer I will refrain from telling of all the beautiful things we saw.

Of course we visited the room in which Henry IV was born and looked at the cradle in which he was rocked. The latter is an immense tortoise shell.

In the corridors is some Brussels tapestry representing scenes from the life of John the Bap-

tist, including a very much overdressed Salome, according to modern standards.

At the hotel, after dinner, we poked three billiard balls around for awhile. If I could describe that layout and that game I would ask no other reward than to be permitted to do it. In the first place there was no charge for billiards to guests. That alone speaks volumes for the worthlessness of the game. All of the balls were white. Two of them had been "restored." You distinguished them by the shapes. In playing for position, you must take into consideration the flat side of the ball and the depressions in the table. The rails were dead, and after striking them with a dull thud, the balls rolled listlessly down the patched cloth with the gentle purr of a cog wheel. The counters were of metal and affixed to the sides of the table so that casual passers could not see how shamefully low the score was. The cues were fishing rods with tips on the small ends. The chalk was blue with the blue of approaching dissolution, for it was about gone. Two triangular fragments the size of dimes were all that remained. These had to be rubbed carefully over the tips lest we lose them under our finger nails. Nevertheless each of us had a lot of fun whenever the other one shot.

There were many flies in the dining room and this was true of all French dining rooms. A

“swat the fly” campaign is badly needed. The street was unbearably hot but our closed bedroom was cool.

We concluded to drive about the baking city. Madame took a horn from its hook, went to the hotel door and blew. The very Methuselah of drivers with a horse that must have known him in youth responded to the call. He wanted three francs an hour. No. He dropped to two and a half. No. Finally he came down to two, the legal rate, but in the interval we had spied a sprightlier looking horse, signaled its driver who readily closed with our two franc offer and we drove out along the river.

I hope I am making it clear that in these struggles over twenty cents I was fighting your battle, if you intend ever to travel abroad. I do not object to five francs an hour if that is the tariff. My platform is, “No discrimination without expostulation,” and I will not pay more than the resident Frenchman pays if I can help it.

The Pyrenees, forty or fifty miles away were shrouded in haze. We drove past the Place Royale decorated with a statue of—guess! Right! Henry IV! We entered the Park Beaumont where the White Plume of Ivry instantly was eclipsed by some swans floating lazily and gracefully over the surface of a pond.

At the entrance to the Park stands the Winter Palace where summer vaudeville is given. We visited it in the evening and will tell you about it a page or two farther on.

We were proud to see that United States Avenue was beautiful with a double row of magnolia trees, young but like our own republic, full of promise.

Everywhere they were stringing flags, electric lights and Japanese lanterns for the 14th of July, now only two days away.

I went into the Museum. B. returned to her swans while I loafed through the small but interesting collection of painting and sculptures. One of the pictures illustrates an ancient French joke and is called "Le Concierge est Tailleur." Quite often the concierge is a tailor but more often he is "ailleurs" (elsewhere) and by carrying over the final "t" of the "est" you get a very fair pun and one that Frenchmen cursed by absenteeism among the concierges chuckle over frequently.

One large painting represents the birth of Henry IV, with his mother in a magnificent ball dress singing the Béarnaise song. There are also a "Henry IV at Notre Dame" and a "Henry IV Assassination."

There are some good marbles on the first floor. There is a real Bacchante swagger to the female



IN THE PARK - PAU

figure of "The Vine" and the bas relief "Philosophy and Life" is full of humor and keen irony. Hero has pulled Leander out of the water as usual, and he, damp from the Hellespont, is reclining in her arms.

A bull fight was advertised at Bayonne for July 28th. The Spanish proximity has resulted in a considerable following for this form of cowardly butchery in much of southwestern France.

After leaving the Museum I awaited B's return, sitting in a dusty and grassless square under a dense shade. The tri-color hung from every branch. The Museum did not look any better after longer acquaintance. It is a rectangular barn of a building, but its collection of paintings would make an American curator's mouth water.

We drank a citron pressé, which was a lemonade. If you ask for lemonade you are handed, not a lemon, but a bottle of lemon pop.

While wringing the last drop from the lemon my mind reverted to our first cabby of the day, and at the risk of protesting too much, I hastily jotted down a few words. The town was asleep, the blinds of the shops were drawn and I felt safe in writing what I thought.

It affords me no particular joy to witness the groveling of a sixty year old man, underfed and over-drunk, but I am actuated by purely patriotic

motives in emphasizing to these drivers the fact that Americans are not the legitimate prey of crude extortions. In doing this I must not only work against the stream of past history, but of present practice. This practice is due more to ignorance of the language and fear of being thought "cheap" than to any overwhelming liberality on our part. At least, let us demand a little finesse on the part of the extortioner and not submit to crude efforts to increase a plainly printed tariff without explanation or apology. True, the tariff when doubled is not high compared to prices at home, but it is not fair to put us on an American basis unless the cost of our steamer passage is deducted. As to the admiration excited by the lavish tipping of "those rich Americans" we can only draw attention to the fact that the Frenchman of the hotel-servant class is one of the best actors in the world and can prostrate himself before the guest whom he may be deriding five minutes afterwards.

This is no reflection on French sincerity. It is a tribute to their art. It does not take many days in France to tell which trait is more highly cultivated. Tell a Frenchman that he is artistic but insincere and he will smile and shrug his shoulders. Tell him that he is sincere but in-artistic and you have started something.

In other words, the social instinct is the French

motive power. Externals count for everything. Their conscience is extraneous. Like the mirrors in Dutch windows it is used to detect what is going on outside.

Public opinion, custom, is everything. The French are ruled by honor more than duty. Hence their code of morals while broader is less liable to be stretched beyond the lines. Whether this is a cause or effect of Catholicism is difficult to determine. At any rate it conforms to the idea of putting your spiritual affairs into the hands of proxies.

Americans have individual standards which vary not only in individuals but in the same individual. Hence the American away from home behaves worse than when at home. The Parisian does not. He cannot. He has not the facilities.

He falls into sin easier but it worries him less, and he gets out of it more quickly. His main consideration, like the sailor sweetheart of Poll, is to have his heart right.

It is a dangerous doctrine and one not for export, although it would pass the custom house easily. It has no duties attached.

Brownell in "French Traits" says: "What would be vice among us remains in France social irregularity induced by sentiment. * * *

The irregularity may be very great, and the sentiment very dilute, but between these and such

vice as social irregularity of the kind generally means with us, the distance is very great and the distinction very radical."

In other words, the French can balance themselves more nicely—are more Blondin-like—on ropes which would form an insufficient footing to an American.

They must not be judged by our standards. The complete absence of divorce in a Catholic society in France has a tendency to substitute a *de facto* evil for one *de legis*. They are shocked by our divorces without sufficient reasons. We are shocked by their sufficient reasons without divorces.

If marriage is understood by an entire community not to be a contrivance to "bind love to last forever," the principal objection to binding marriage to last forever disappears.

In other words, if you can dissolve the obligations of matrimony, the permanence of the tie becomes less important. Thus anti-divorce laws make inevitable in France the evils which are the frequent cause of divorce in the United States.

The above soliloquy was started at a sidewalk cafe and finished in our cooler quarters at the hotel. We then rolled up the curtain, opened the window and found the temperature much lower outside and arranged to attend a vaude-

ville performance at the Winter Palace, tickets ten cents, reserved seats, five cents extra.

While on the subject of prices, I will mention that our laundry bill at Pau was seventy cents for what would have cost us one dollar and ten cents at home. Even after replacing the buttons we were ahead. At that, the hotel made money, for the average daily pay of a laundress is about thirty cents.

The Winter Palace is a glass-enclosed amphitheatre with a temperature conducive to the growth of almost anything except audiences. It has a large concert room in the center of which is a table for playing "Little Horses," the real *raison d'être* for the Palace, as we discovered later in the evening. The theater is at one side of the room and a few people sat down in front of a stage of fair proportions where a good sized orchestra played popular airs. There were fourteen musicians and they were better drilled than dressed. In fact, they were almost shabby. The men in the audience kept their hats on until the performance started. A man passing in front of a seated lady would remove his hat with an inimitable Gallic sweep and replace it on his head after sitting down beside her.

By nine o'clock the thermometer had dropped thirty degrees and the roof was creaking with contracting glass. At nine-thirty the men of the

orchestra went out for ten minutes and thirteen drinks, leaving the lady high—and dry—at the piano. Then a bell rang long and loud and the musicians accompanied the audience into the auditorium, with the audience only slightly in the majority.

Three knocks and the curtain went up. They always do their knocking before the show in France. The first performer gave a “graphologue,” a talk on penmanship, and read the characters of several who sent up their signatures. Then three child acrobats did a turn. They will be tumblers some day. At present they are little more than wine glasses. Then there was an extended entr’acte to give the gamblers a chance.

Afterwards, part of the audience strolled reluctantly back to listen to an amateurish young woman try to gesticulate with her collar bone while singing an amorous ditty or two. She made two unsolicited returns to the stage amid deep silences. Finally a Spanish team, a man and a woman, did a tabloid opera. The husband left his wife to visit the city. The tempter came and smothered her in jewels. The husband returned and enraged by the character of the jewelry—you could see from the back row that it was paste—denounced her. She begged him to kill her. Instead he sang a tenor solo to her, the coward! And the curtain descended between the

afflicted woman and an innocent audience forced to share her punishment.

The game of Little Horses has a lay-out similar to roulette, but with nine numbers. The one who strikes the right number is paid seven for one, a percentage that makes cheating absolutely unnecessary.

The bets were single francs as a rule and the patrons seemed to be clerks and shop girls.

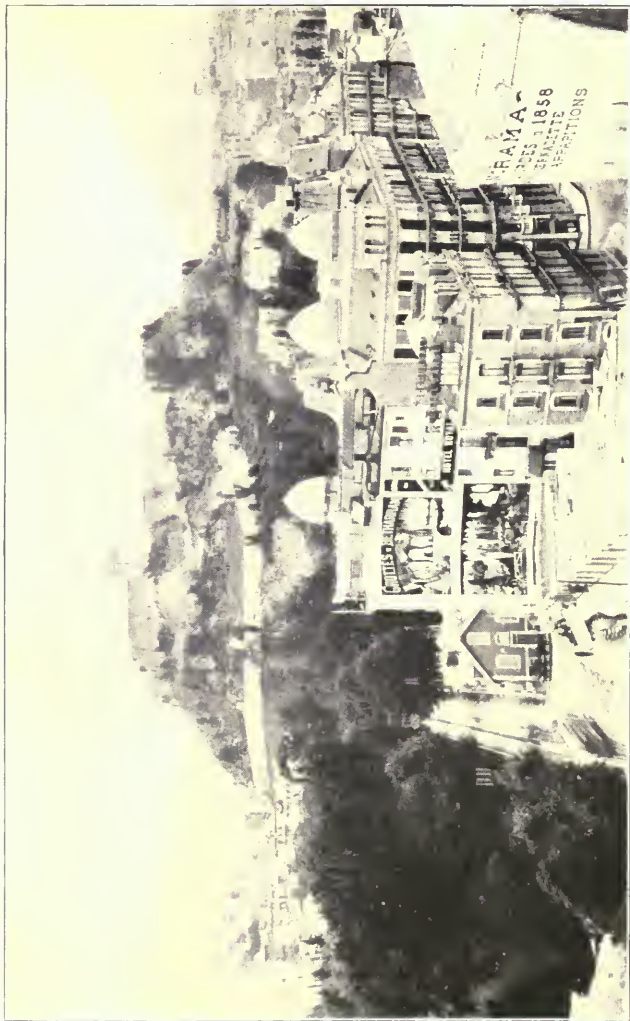
We listened awhile to the monotone of the man who rolled the ball. "Marquez vos jeux" followed by "s'en fait" as the ball was rolled and "ne va plus" a contraction of "rien ne va plus" as a signal to stop betting on that turn. There were two croupiers and an intoxicated proprietor. It all looked very wicked to us but we had not yet seen Monte Carlo.

IX

Lourdes

AN hour and ten minutes from the busy, commercial city of Pau is Lourdes, the most popular of modern shrines. Its discovery was as accidental as that of Cripple Creek or buried Pompeii. Just who learned of the medicinal qualities of the spring, if it has any, is not known, but Bernadette Soubirous was the instrument chosen to reveal them to a suffering world. This occurred as recently as 1858. She was a shepherdess, fourteen years of age, when she saw the visions which led to the establishment of the shrine. It was a success from the beginning. It seemed to heal every one but Bernadette, who saw it first. She was a lifelong sufferer from asthma and died after twenty-one years of invalidism in 1879. Mean way to treat a press agent.

Once Lourdes had a bastille. Prisoners were sent here by letters de cachet before the Revolution. By the way, these letters while bad enough



THE CASTLE AT LOURDES

in principle were not such frequent implements of tyranny as popular writers would lead us to believe. Not one in a thousand was issued for political reasons. They were principally used by parents to control vicious or disobedient sons. Much capital has been made of the fact that Mirabeau was arrested by this process. He was. Twice. Both times his father requested it and we imagine there are fathers in the free republic of the United States who would like to revive the custom. Men of low degree, mere bourgeoisie, frequently controlled wayward sons and daughters by their means. Husbands had wives arrested in their evil courses and vice versa. Most of the cases have much of the intimacy of detail found in modern divorce courts. One cobbler refused to be released saying that he was happier than with his wife, so he cobbled his life away in prison.

We were a month ahead of the grand rush at Lourdes which starts on Assumption Day, August 15th, and is participated in by people from all over the world. It keeps up for a month. Still there were plenty of people there, many of whom did not lean on miraculous power for sustenance, judging by the numerous signs warning the public against pick-pockets. Isn't it a shame, right here where you can buy candles at not over five hundred per cent profit and receptacles for

healing water at a similar rate, that pickpockets should try to start a little game of their own?

Modern plumbing assists in the miracles at Lourdes by conveying water to basins in which the sick bathe. The water is very cold.

In going to Lourdes we passed through Coaraze where Henry IV was brought up barefooted and bareheaded, after the manner of the peasant's children. We were skirting Spain. We saw occasional corn fields and many fences, rail, stone and hedge. By the time we reached Defau the clouds were lifting from the mountains on our right. After Montant-Betharrum, the scenery became beautiful. The gorges were black with mist. At St. Pé, B. startled me by saying "Isn't that dam pretty?" It was only a little cascade harnessed to a millwheel. We grew gaspy and rushed from side to side of our cage devouring snatches of scenery with our eyes.

The approach to Lourdes was picturesque. We could see hundreds toiling up the Way of the Cross. The old castle is a ruin. We took a street car to the church. Here we had our first encounter with the highly developed commercial sense which pervades this shrine village. Car-fare which is two cents in winter is three cents from April to October. The foreigner pays the tax. Our conductor smoked a cigarette as he

took our fare. The signal to start the car is one ring and three rings stop it.

We were broke, and feeling that we had better be healed financially before seeking other aid we stopped at the local shrine of the Crédit Lyonnais to have an express order cashed. We were courteously accommodated after signing the order twice and a receipt twice, once on each of the revenue stamps affixed thereto. The price of the stamps, six cents, was the only charge made.

We trammed to the Church of the Rosary, very beautiful and very new. Several fine statues decorate the Place in front, including one of the Virgin in blue robes. The interior of the church is built largely of "merci" tablets.

They were still working on the massive stone staircase. Fourteen men by actual count were in consultation over the raising of a ladder. It was evident that the work would continue for some time.

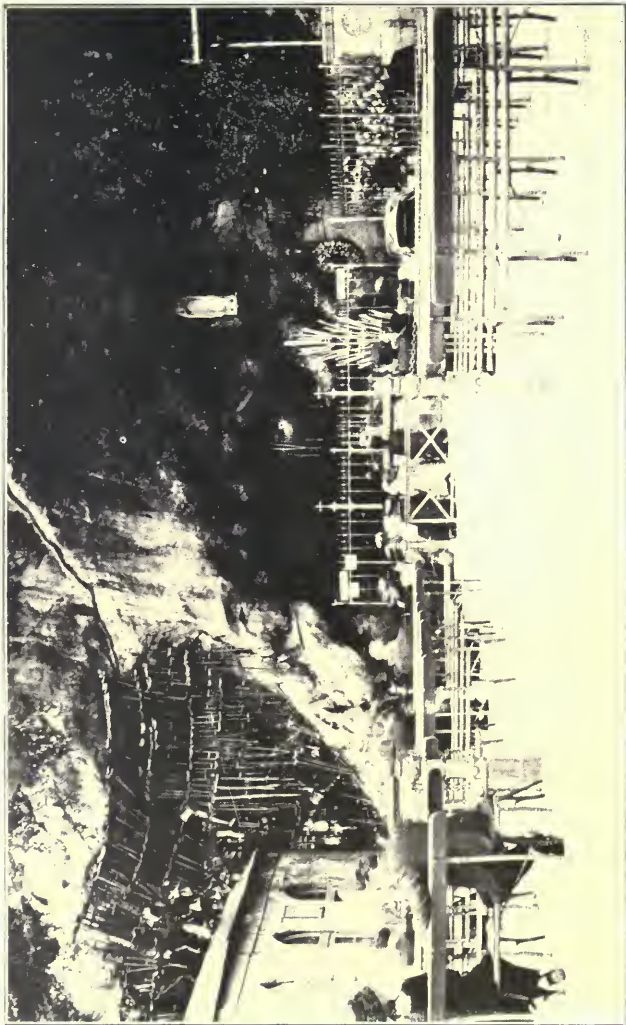
There were no 14th of July decorations in Lourdes. Probably the local administration would be glad to re-build the bastille if they could put a few heretical deputies therein.

We returned to the station where we had eight minutes in which to reclaim our baggage and get on the train. Nevertheless our porter obtained a light for his cigarette before sauntering slowly to the check room.

We visited Gavarnie before completing our inspection of Lourdes, whither we returned two days later.

Lourdes needs no station signs. The dismal array of wheeled chairs at the depot tells you that you are at some place that promises help to the afflicted.

On our second visit we rode through the narrow streets banked in on both sides by objects of piety on the shelves and objects of pity in front of the counters trying to appease a wrathful Deity with gewgaws. We walked to the foot of Scala Sancta. It is forbidden to mount these steps except on your knees. At the top is the first Station on the Way to the Cross. The figures are of bronze and more than life-size. They tell their story eloquently. Each of the seventeen Stations is a highly dramatic group in bronze. You can obtain a nine years' indulgence if you confess, climb up the steps on your knees and "prier aux intentions du Pape." If I misinterpret the sign I do so in all reverence. It is too profound a mystery to my benighted intellect even for comment. The tenth station was given by the Catholics of Hungary and erected in 1912. The Calvary groups are especially impressive. There are women praying at the foot of the Cross to-day as every day at some cross for almost nineteen centuries.



THE GROTTO AT LOURDES

We did not intend to make the Stations. We were looking for the Grotto. In order to prevent your doing a similar penance, which when unintentional cannot do you any good, we will tell you how to reach the Grotto from in front of the church. Simply walk around to the right of the foot of the stairs and it is only a minute or two away. There are no signs and during the dull season there is not enough of a procession headed that way to indicate its location.

In front of the Grotto with its impressive statue of the Virgin, many were bathing hands and temples in the water. They buy small flasks, fill them at the taps and use the healing fluid to their heart's content. There is no charge for the water so used. All pray as they let the tiny stream trickle from the flasks onto their hands. All use their rosaries.

The Grotto is framed in canes, crutches and trusses left or sent there by the lame who were healed. No one could fail to be impressed by the scene. No normal minded man could scoff at their faith whatever his own. If one-tenth of the discarded crutches represent even temporary relief, little Bernadette's visions were blessed ones. Perhaps they were only fooled into being well, but the illusion which fools you into being well is a great deal better than the hallucination that sometimes says you are sick.

X

Gavarnie and Luz

IN traveling from Lourdes to Pierrefitte we required forty-nine minutes to go thirteen miles. Clearly we were out of the miracle zone.

At Soum on our left is a steep railway which B. in her excitement called a "vernacular." A train of tiny light blue cars was just entering a tunnel, so high up that they might have received their tint from rubbing against the sky. Again we resumed our trotting back and forth from one side of the car to the other. First a mountain on our right attracted us by its bold shading and then the Gave on our left, made jealous by our neglect, would change from a placid stream to a foaming torrent as it jumped from rock to rock, kicking its feet in the air like a spoiled child.

On one side were foothills framed in mountains; on the other were picturesque washer-women wherever the stream leveled up for ten yards pounding away at unusually tough buttons with unbounded zeal. Just who wears these

clothes when they are clean is a mystery. As Mark Twain remarked of the southern Italians, they seem to have two sets of clothes, one to wear and the other to wash.

We sat down and pitied the thousands who visit Paris every year and ignore the "provinces." The mist softened everything except the task of taking pictures. The cloud factories were all at work turning out unlimited draperies for the bare hills—and not so bare either, for they were cultivated to the limit.

We had to wait at Angelis to let our schedule catch up with us. Try as he might, our engineer could not keep from gaining on it. We left Lourdes five minutes late, had been back pedaling all the way and still had nine minutes in which to make a three-mile dash. We probably gained in speeding through the towns. The engineer seemed to have adopted the practice of the stagecoach driver in quickening his pace when entering a village.

There were no snow-clad mountains as yet and no water-falls, but whole forests of chestnut trees.

At Pierrefitte we changed to a tram for Luz. This was a forty-six minute climb. The second-class section was filled with passengers who got off at the first village, but in the meanwhile we had paid fourteen cents each on the tram for

seats in the first-class. Here we were alone. Our compartment was the front one and we had a splendid view of the unfolding scenery from the platform. We crept along beside the Gave for miles. This stream not only furnishes most of the scenery which drew us to Luz but the power which drew us through the scenery. Many of these streams have been tapped for power and the mountain sides are striped with titanic exposed plumbing, the pipes which harness this great force and bend it to the will of man. How many tons of sparkling water does that undersized motorman turn on and off with the pressure of a hand? He is as indifferent to the power he controls as he is to the beautiful scenery which to him is a daily grind, widening and diminishing the distance between him and his fire-side as he is passed back and forth like a shuttle. It is a single track road. It is rarely crossed by the wagon road, so he rolled a cigarette and smoked it as he read a letter from his sweetheart.

The name Gave means "torrent."

Finally we began our descent into the valley. We crossed a bridge and five minutes before we reached Luz, we both said "Oh!" It was our first glimpse of snow on the trip.

At Luz we hired a two-horse carriage for two days for six dollars. This included the feed of the horses and it is safe to assume that the meals

and lodging of the driver were included in the rate made us at Gavarnie, our destination. Our faultless French which had never failed us before failed to make this smiling jehu comprehend the hotel we desired to patronize, but while nodding acquiescence he took us to the one that he considered best for us. But I am getting ahead of my story.

We drove first to St. Sauveur. The owner of the carriage rode part way with us, sometimes beside the driver, sometimes on the step, sometimes on foot, but always spouting voluble French and arguing the rate question. The word "spouting" must have originated in France, for the French cabby when excited is the dampest talker imaginable. Whenever a driver starts to argue with me, I involuntarily mutter "Let us spray," and turn up my coat collar.

We stopped at St. Sauveur, high up in the mountains, a beautifully located health resort patronized by old ladies of both sexes. Nothing could be more enchanting than to sit in this glass-enclosed dining room, eat a bountiful and well cooked dinner and talk of the wonderful Cirque and Cascade of Gavarnie. Our hopes were high, naturally, being raised under glass, but they never even hinted at the grandeur of the reality.

It started to rain as we finished our dinner

but the driver with an optimism worthy of a Dublin jarvie (the best weather liars on earth outside the government prognosticators), assured us that it would soon stop.

If you drive to Gavarnie, do not fail to break your journey at St. Sauveur and eat at the Hotel des Bains to the music of the torrent hundreds of feet below you, and maybe the pretty waitress will give you a big purple fleur de lis. Mind you, we do not promise the latter, but one was given to us.

The women of the Béarne region wear black stockings and low cut white cloth shoes often with white tapes crossed and re-crossed around the ankle.

Leaving St. Sauveur we soon crossed the Pont Napoleon III, dating from 1860, another monument to that ill-starred monarch whose permanent and practical benefits of this sort are scattered all over France.

We took a photograph of it. The driver said, "Wait, This is nothing. After while, magnifique!"

At the Gate of Spain, the thrifty coachman again begged us to conserve our films. We told him we had five hundred. He tossed both hands in the air in well-simulated amazement.

Four little mills like over-grown coffee grinders levy passing tribute from a diminutive



NAPOLÉON'S BRIDGE NEAR ST. SAUVÉUR

mountain brook. We drove through twelve miles of these delightful scenes on a smooth, hard road with a spirited team. Our course lay between green hills and beside sparkling waters. Fortunately, it began to rain hard as my stock of adjectives ran low. We put up the top, drew the rubber apron over us and drove along, peering from under our hood like a two-headed tortoise.

Our driver was old, our horses were fractious and we passed many automobiles going into Luz. The road is barely wide enough for two vehicles and ours was on the outside. A wall three feet high protected us from a plunge of several hundred feet into the Gave. In many places the wall had been washed away or, cheering thought, demolished by caroming carriages.

At Gèdre we paused to let our steaming horses breathe. We were invited into the inn but preferred to bear the ills we had than fly to others that we could judge of by glimpses into a crowded lounging room. The driver intimated that he would not mind being so wet if he were not so dry and we attended to his necessities.

Then he donned the universal raincoat of the Pyrenees—cape and hood—and we drove on. The cape varies in length from shoulder to the waist or the heels, and the hood is cone-shaped. We passed many road supervisors similarly at-

tired. Their business is to keep open the channels alongside the road, thus preventing wash-outs and overflows. Usually this duty is performed by women, or very old men. They wear wooden shoes and no stockings.

At Gèdre our driver borrowed an umbrella of the innkeeper. It was an easy umbrella to borrow. The stick had been amputated midway of the ribs and the puzzle was to insert the fractured end into the point of juncture of the ribs and then hoist the umbrella. A young and active man sitting on a bench in a quiet park on a perfectly calm day might have accomplished it in an hour. For an old man, tremulous with age, exposure and dissipation, driving two skittish horses on a narrow road in a blinding rain and past tooting automobiles, it was an impossibility. But that did not keep him from trying. Frequently he would put the slippery reins under his soggy right leg and go to work on his forlorn hope just as we were in the narrowest part of the road. At other times he would lean as far back as he could and try to penetrate our retreat and expectorate information at us while the team was jogging along at a five-minute gait. But notwithstanding several pirouettes right up to the retaining wall we finally reached Gavarnie in black darkness and amid a pouring rain. That

was why we accepted the hotel forced on us by circumstances and the driver.

We were four miles from the Cirque. The balance of the journey must be made on the morrow on the backs of mules. Doleful visions of Killarney and the Gap of Dunloe filled our dreams, but like so many troubles they vanished when approached.

The Cirque is a natural amphitheatre two and a quarter miles wide, the setting for the cascade of Gavarnie, thirteen hundred and eighty-five feet high, the highest in Europe except two in Norway.

In the morning the mists had raised and there within a mile of us, as though it had been brought by the clouds of last night, we discovered a snow-clad mountain just making its toilet and combing back its mists. You could almost hear it declare that it had washed its clouds the night before and could not do a thing with them.

We were over four thousand feet above sea level. The drivers call this a two hours' drive from St. Sauveur. Be not deceived. It took us three hours and our team was not a slow one.

We woke up on the Glorious Fourteenth. *Vive la Republique!* The first celebrants were the wild birds. They tuned up at five twenty. At five thirty the French National bird, the chantrelle began to chant. At five forty-five a real Rocky Mountain canary brayed soulfully under

our window. That ended the inarticulate chorus. At six the chambermaids took up the refrain. At six thirty the guests commenced fantasias on the electric bells and by seven every one was awake but the Boots.

This region is very like South Cheyenne Canyon. The murmur of distant cascades sounds like rain on forest leaves and lulls you into deep slumber.

I walked to the point where the Cascade can be seen. I am not emotional, but my eyes filled with tears at the grandeur of the sight. The early mist had broken away from the falls and formed a frame about them. Above, the solid masses of white snow lying against the black rocks, constitute an inexhaustible water supply. The air was clear and later the mists rose and the sun shone brightly.

Yesterday's barometer pointed to "Very dry" as we alighted from our dripping carriage, and we scoffed at it. To-day we apologize.

The Cirque looked a scant half mile away. It was in reality four miles. The magnificent proportions dwarfed everything.

The village of Gavarnie was going about its duties. The children were preparing to celebrate, unmoved by what to them is a daily view. But the colossal impertinence of fireworks in the

presence of the Cascade and Cirque of Gavarnie struck us.

The Gave, itself a dream picture in its white foam and green pools, was neglected in the presence of grander things. Every hillside was threaded with cascades as a result of the rains of the day before. Two burros stood immovable at the side of a torrent and at another point where the angle softens to say thirty degrees, women were washing clothes in the stream. Profanation!

A life-size, death-like crucifix guards the street to our hotel. This is a center for mountain climbers and many such are buried in the little cemetery in Gavanie. The hotel hat rack had several alpenstocks reposing in it.

Our driver was up, bright and early, dried without, but still boiling within. We told him we would not need him until after lunch.

We slept under two blankets, a quilt and our rain coats. They wisely put heavy mattresses under you in this climate. Thus far, we had not slept in an uncomfortable bed in France.

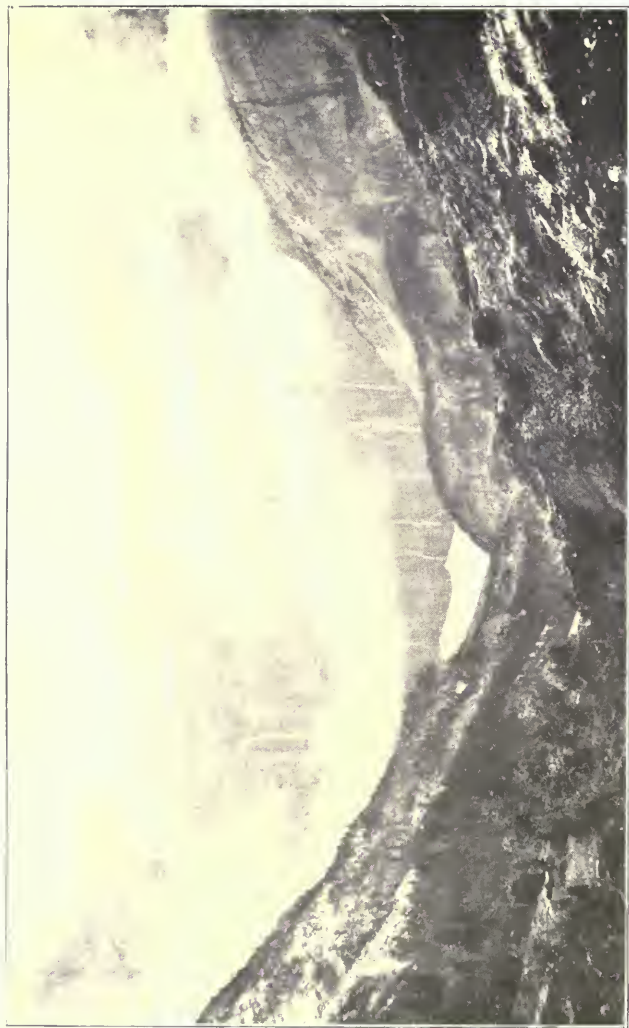
If you have binoculars or field glasses, take them to Gavarnie. You will have more need for them there than on shipboard.

After breakfast we bargained for two burros, Navarré and Baptiste by name. We rode out along a bridle path and followed the dry bed of

a torrent to the Cirque. The ride was indescribable. You simply must see it. We rode toward the Cascade all the time. Never for a minute was it out of our sight. It dwarfed what would otherwise be magnificent waterfalls. Many which dropped four or five hundred feet and dissolved into rainbows, scarcely wetting the ground, were almost unnoticed.

Baptiste, my bird of passage, went around corners and past rocks with a reckless "sauve qui peut" which utterly disregarded my presence on his back. Consequently I was emblazoned with the tri-color on several parts of my anatomy. Navarré was the pacemaker. Instead of a white plume she bore aloft two saffron ears, easily visible from any point in the procession. Each had a driver. B. had requested a slow beast, and it would be a happy world did every one get what he wanted as completely as B. did. Most of Navarré's hair had been pushed off her hind quarters by the donkey-boy.

What with shouting, beating and pushing we finally reached our destination, the Hotel du Cirque, and ordered drinks all around, except for Baptiste. That intelligent beast was well named for he loitered amid-stream every time we crossed a brook and drank at every opportunity. He also cropped grass in places where a sheep would starve, whenever we stopped to take a photo-



CIRQUE DE GAVARNIE

graph. Altogether he was a selfish beast and as I inventory my fading tri-colors I cannot regret the termination of our association.

After lemonade, I sat down beside a fat, black snail four inches long which must have passed us on our way to the Cirque, and watched the long-horned yellow cows grazing on steeps that would puzzle a burro to negotiate. These cows wear iron shoes like horse-shoes that help them cling to the sloping pastures.

We returned to Gavarnie more rapidly than we left it. Going home the burros needed brakes rather than goads. The drivers call "sto" when they mean "stop," and "harree" for "hurry," two obvious adaptations from the English. They hastened to explain that the words were not French but patois.

The grandeur of our surroundings and the fact that it was the holy Sabbath made us neglect to confirm the price made by the hotel porter for the mules. Consequently our four franc ride cost us five francs each. It was worth all it cost but one hates to be "had" as the English say.

The farmhouses about Gavarnie are quite like those in Switzerland except that abundant grass makes thatched roofs more the rule. The whole landscape is a Burbanking of Switzerland and Killarney. It has the green of Ireland set in the snows of the Pyrenees.

The Cirque is a stream of grandeur and color. You have to force yourself to accept the statement that it is over two miles wide. The mountains over which is draped the Grand Cascade are strongly reminiscent of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado but without the overwhelming colors of the latter. You get more of that coloring on the sides of the mountain north of Gavarnie as you return to the village.

Large ladies or old ones or unskillful equestriennes should ask for a "fauteuil" in place of a sidesaddle. That is a box which transforms the donkey into a jaunting car on stilts. It is suspended from the side of the tiny beast and a small burro with a fat lady barnacled on one side of him looks like an ant taking home a lump of sugar. No creature less sinewy and shameless than a burro would carry such a burden.

It was the fête day of the son and heir of the proprietor of the Hotel du Cirque. He was three years old and will probably cherish the illusion for some time that all France is celebrating his birthday on each recurring 14th of July. He looked a little soldier as he stood erect for his picture.

After lunch and a musical "bon voyage" from the women running the Gavarnie hotel, we started on our drive back to Luz. Of course,

we dodged two or three servants whom we had never seen before, after tipping every one who had been of the slightest service to us.

We drove past a magnificent bronze figure of Count Henry Russell, seated on the unquarried rock of the mountain side. He was born at Toulouse in 1834 and died at Biarritz in 1909, a traveler, explorer and scientist. The memorial was erected by the Alpine Club and is a magnificent conception by Leroux.

Nothing could surpass the sparkling perfection of our return to Luz. The sun was bright and the mountain air was tonic in its effects. The clearer light brought out new beauties in the Gave which romped and gamboled at our side all the way.

The natural formations in this region are marvelous, culminating in one grand sweep of rocks, covering acres of mountain side and splendidly named "Chaos." Here, like clods turned up by a plowshare, are gigantic boulders, larger than cottages, leaning against each other in all sorts of fantastic attitudes.

Our road zig-zagged in a triple terrace down into the valley to Gèdre, where our driver returned the umbrella with as profuse thanks as though it had saved him from a drenching.

Near St. Sauveur a slender cross at the top of a mountain caught our eye. It marks the spot

where a few years ago a seventeen year old shepherdess fell from the cliffs and was killed. She is buried near where she fell.

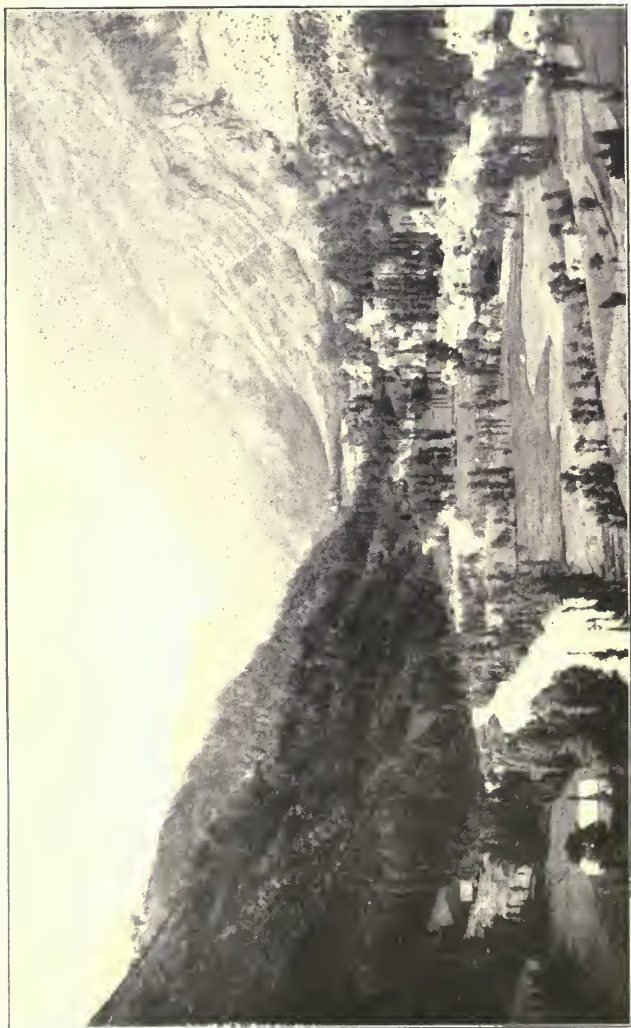
We stayed all night in Luz and before dinner walked out to the old church founded by Templars and having portions dating from the twelfth century. The sacristan (early Victorian) showed us the tiny museum with fragments of old crucifixes and ancient statuettes. Two old paintings are shown but time and a leaky roof have almost obliterated their outlines. Part of one of the old doors is Roman.

When one looks down the main street in Luz, the mountain which closes the prospect is so steep that it looks like a drop curtain. We planned to use it as a guide when returning to the hotel but found that there were mountains on every side. We were not lost, just "bewildered," and eventually found the hotel.

In the meanwhile, the mist was creeping down the valley like an army with banners and softening the landscape before obliterating it.

On the main street a small booth was being hung with lanterns and the tri-color in preparation for speeches and music in the evening.

We sat on the balcony of our hotel and watched the scenes in the street. A fight started in the cafe opposite between a waiter and a guest. A bunch of boys ran out. The two men



VILLAGE OF GEIDRE

scuffled. Neither attempted to strike the other. Both screamed at the tops of their voices. Each seemed anxious to quit. Finally they let go, the guest resumed his seat, and the fight was over.

All Luz was celebrating the day. How? By walking up and down the main street arm in arm from two to five abreast. Here and there a quiet party sat at a table on the sidewalk drinking wine. A flock of sheep created a temporary diversion. Occasionally an individual firecracker was exploded. Fearing that if we watched the scene of gayety too long we would not sleep a wink we drew the blinds and retired to dreamless slumber.

We were up at six the next morning just to enjoy the clear air. There was not a shred of vapor on the mountain side. Sometimes the sun in hurriedly gathering up a mist overlooks a piece hiding in a hollow or tears off a fragment and leaves it hanging on a bush. Not so this morning. The valley shone as if scoured.

The old practice of sticking extras into a hotel bill seems to have disappeared in France, or else our perfect accent deceived them. For the first town or two when told the price of a room we would ask if the rate included light and service. They were so evidently pained and surprised by our caution that we dropped the practice. There were no extras added at any place except Cham-

onix, other than legitimate ones such as mineral water. Wine was free at all hotels and served in a carafe which was kept filled and no questions asked.

We shattered another tradition of French travelers. With two exceptions we have drunk the city water and found it excellent. We ordered mineral water at Havre unnecessarily and simply because we were new to the country. The second exception was at Luz, of all places. With mountain torrents clear and cold roaring in our ears we were given what tasted like stale well water. When in doubt, we ordered Evian water, or if we wanted it charged (not in the bill but in the bottle), we asked for Apollonaris, which is standard the world over.

We returned to Pierrefitte by the same little trolley. This time the second-class compartment was in front and empty, so we took it. We waited an hour for our train to Lourdes and watched the stream of people passing through the station. Pierrefitte is quite a trolley center. The majority of travelers went to Cauterets but a good many climbed into the train we had just left and went to Luz.

Away up in the mountains, a thousand feet in the air, is a tiny chapel, built very near headquarters. We discussed the relative probabilities

of its being Catholic or Protestant and finally agreed that whatever it is, it is high church.

We took a ride through the narrow winding streets of the town, trusting to luck to see something, and, as usual, having our faith rewarded. Chained in the yard of a hotel, B. spied a magnificent white dog of the Pyrenees. We stopped. The driver cracked his whip three times. A smiling girl came out and at our request led the massive brute into a sunny place for his picture. Mademoiselle refused a tip but said she would prize a copy of the photograph if it came out well. You may judge for yourselves. It is the frontispiece.

At the station we tried in vain to buy a ticket. We had to wait until twenty minutes before train time. The driver who wanted five dollars to take us to Lourdes in a carriage an hour before dropped to three dollars as train time approached but he was too late. The Cascade of Gavarnie has nothing on these drivers when it comes to quick drops.

The station agent tried to short-change us by a dodge that has grown familiar. They coin in France a lead five cent piece—25 centimes—about the size of a franc and try to pass it on strangers for a franc.

XI

Toulouse

BETWEEN Luz and Lourdes and between Lourdes and Toulouse farming is like cultivating a steep awning. Where it is terraced it resembles cutting wheat on broad steps. Single strips are like shelves. Wheat is not piled up in shocks but laid flat on the ground and, I imagine, spiked there. Of this last detail I am not certain.

Leaving Lourdes we had a box lunch consisting of ham, chicken, a tin of paté de fois gras, bread, butter, salt, vichy, wine, two apricots and a small bottle of brandy, with a glass, plate, knife, fork, and cork-screw—all for seventy cents.

Tarbes, our first stop, was occupied by the English from 1360 to 1406. During the religious wars of the sixteenth century it was occupied by other troubles.

After leaving Tarbes our long train with two engines toiled up a very steep grade and over a viaduct one hundred and fifty feet high. All

the way to Capvern we stood in the corridor to catch a glimpse of the peaks which Baedeker says are on our right, but they were obscured by mists. Many passengers alighted at Capvern for the baths. Baths are very popular in France in case of sickness.

After Lannemezan—sounds like a college yell—we began to catch glimpses of snow-clad mountains on our right and the scenery grew more beautiful. We crossed the Garonne and entered Montrejeau. Our narrative here threatened to become a succession of adjectives as we followed the river.

As a diversion, the Frenchman and his wife, our fellow passengers, lost an important part of their luggage. The cork came out. We started to salvage our suit cases which were under the seats but figured that there was enough dust on the floor to dike the rising tide; so we sat fascinated and watched its advance and wondered how long it would be before the owners would note their loss. They finally did, but beyond a philosophic shrug of the shoulders, they showed no sign of disturbance.

St. Gaudens is a clean little station. Beyond it six or seven miles we saw on the right the ruins of Chateau Montespan. Then we crossed the river again and passed the ruins of Chateau de Montpezat. The scenery became less inter-

esting as we turned north and the train seemed eager to hurry through it. We went at the rate of a mile a minute.

At Muret, Marshal Niel was born in 1802. He was chief of engineers at the siege of Sebastopol and had a rose named for him.

When we reached Toulouse, a cab took us promptly to the Grand Hotel des Bains which looked cheaper than we really wanted. However they gave us a room on the garden which promised well, but shortly after our arrival the garden blossomed out into laundry.

Toulouse is a good sized city with about 150,000 people. It was an important center centuries before Rome invaded Gaul. It became Christian in the third century and French in the thirteenth. It has been the boiling point of much of the religious trouble. After Bartholomew's in 1572, Charles IX ordered the killing extended to other cities, including Toulouse.

We visited the church of St. Sernin, a beautiful Romanesque edifice with rounded arches. Within it is a Byzantine figure of Christ on the Cross. It is of wood, but time has made it as hard and black as iron. It was rather difficult to find but we finally located it in one of the north chapels. Then we enjoyed the misericordes. They were not made for enjoyment but we could not help it. Those old wood carvers



CHURCH OF ST. SERVIN TOULOUSE

were the cartoonists of their age and so long as they were graphic and forcible they did not care whether they were polite or not. One carving represents a pig in a pulpit and is labeled "Calvin porc." They also showed us the crucifix of St. Dominique, the founder of the great order of Dominicans. It has an authentic history back to 1213. The church has a fine organ and beautiful chimes.

We walked down the rue du Taur to the Place du Capitole, resplendent in bunting. The Hôtel de Ville faces the Place on one side. It has been almost entirely rebuilt and the effect is that of a modern building.

The Church of the Jacobins was undergoing restoration. Its floor was up and we walked about on Mother Earth. This gave an appearance of added height to its really high nave. There were benches grouped around the pulpit and service is "uninterrupted during alterations."

A few old windows remain, giving one a hint of its former magnificence. The tower of St. Sernin suggests the belfry at Pisa. The tower of the Jacobins is more ornate. It is octagonal and bristles with gargoyles.

The cloister and chapel are shown in connection with the church. The old frescoes in the Salle Capitulaire have nearly faded away.

Our hotel did not serve meals, so we dined at a sidewalk cafe and had a good dinner at fifty-five cents each. The return ride to the hotel on a tram cost two cents each.

The only theater open in this modern, busy city was a moving picture show. In honor of the Fourteenth, tickets to-night are half price. The Fourteenth fell on Sunday, hence a two days' celebration. The performance starts at eight forty-five.

The ladies of Toulouse dress in the latest modes, including a hobble skirt that is all Parisian and not a bit Toulouse.

We slept very little in the Hotel des Bains. Hotels in France render a dictagraph unnecessary. Every sound is transmitted through their thin partitions with startling clearness. The man in Number 8 had a bad cough and an alarm clock. The latter would be useful to Gabriel if there are any heavy sleepers on Resurrection Morn. It went off at five and from that until seven the old man paddled around in creaky slippers, loose at the heel, over a bare floor.

Wouldst find our hotel, or mayhap avoid it? Follow the Allée Lafayette, which is not an alley at all, but a regular boulevard with trees shading the lovely gravel where the grass ought to be. Gravel is not so soft as grass nor so green, but it is easier to keep trimmed and does not re-

quire so much water. It is the dandruff on Dame Nature's scalp. After you cross the Boulevard Strasburg you come to a widening of the Allée into the Place Lafayette. This a circle. Follow its circumference until you reach the Street of Five Days—so called because they gather the garbage therefrom every five days. Watch carefully the slight angle of departure made by the rue Labeda, for it is on the latter that our hostelry faces. There is nothing the matter with the hotel, except the man in Number 8 and he probably will not live long. If his cough does not carry him off, some one in Number 9 (our room) unrestrained by softening wifely influence will assassinate him. Then peace will reign again at the Hotel des Baines et des Bains Detemps Reunis. It has a large second and third floor frontage on the Place Lafayette. It needs it in order to hold its full name. It serves no meals except breakfasts and those in your room.

We trammed to the rue Alsace Lorraine, using it as a point of departure. We asked a gentleman to tell us the proper car for the Museum. He pointed out the building four or five blocks away and suggested that we walk. We said that half a mile looked larger than four sous to us and he shrugged his shoulders at our extravagance.

Glory be! They would let us into the Museum

at nine. We had been told that it did not open until noon. It still lacked half an hour of the opening time so we jumped on a trolley at random and rode to the end of the line. We passed a police station and a monument to Dupuy and plunged into the frayed selvage of the city. We crossed the Garonne with a string of washerwomen gazing, Psyche-like, into the water. The river here has no visible current. Our street is temporarily lifted above its neighbors by a viaduct. We passed a horse butcher shop displaying the usual sign of a horse's head and near by—conveniently near—a cavalry parade ground and field gymnasium for soldiers; out past the octroi and into the country. Returning, the octroi man looked at a basket carried by an old lady and accepted her statement that it contained nothing contraband.

We had no key to the street car fares in Toulouse. Sometimes we paid two cents each and sometimes two and a half cents. Possibly there are two classes. We had not enough invested to warrant an investigation.

We sat for awhile in the garden of the Museum. There is a jolly statue of a fat man in an apron standing beside a half overturned chair. The guard said he was a poet. Perhaps, but he looked too well fed.

At my right as I sat facing the Museum is

the square tower of the badly damaged church of St. Etienne. The rose window dates from 1230 and was transplanted to the present tower in 1444. The rest of the building is too new to mention, dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the museum, we walked straight from the front door through to the cloister, for this building was erected by the Augustines for a convent. The cloister has beautiful double columns. Around the walls are thirteen apostles and saints rendered coy looking by a curious tilting of their heads.

There are many exhumed and ancient sarcophagi lying about. Lying about what? Their age, I imagine.

The Grand Gallery is filled with antique fragments. We climbed the stairs to the picture gallery. It is well lighted. Oudry's representation of a hunting scene which includes Oudry at an easel painting the picture, is at least unique. There is also a terrific "Christ between the Thieves" by Rubens.

In Room 2, "The Last Dryad" would have been starred if Rubens had painted it. The warm flesh tints and the glistening bronze gold hair would have been as far beyond him as a normal infant was. It is by Guay.

Also notice Number 1619, a church interior

by de Pibrac, with a young girl in white taking the collection. In Room 1, look at Rigaud's portrait of Philippe when duke of Chartres.

It is not a large museum, but it is large enough. When we were there, it housed a tame pigeon which is probably pot pie long ere this, but which made our visit memorable by permitting us to stroke its back as it perched on the fat finger of the doorkeeper.

In the *Crédit Lyonnais* we thought the man who took my express order had made a mistake of forty francs in our favor. But the seventh man through whom the document passed caught the error before it reached the paying teller. Then the whole thing had to be done over again. The messenger carried the paper to each window, showed it to all the tellers and book-keepers, then took it up stairs where a board meeting was in session. The directors looked it over carefully. Then the janitor was called in and said it looked all right to him. After taking the name of my hotel (I gave them a good hotel) I received my money less ten cents to apply on the French national debt. Getting through an Illinois Central turnstile is a simple operation compared to cashing an express order in the *Crédit Lyonnais*.

XII

Carcassonne

WE had confidence enough in ourselves and the railroad system of France by this time to put our baggage into a compartment and go into the diner. At these table d'hote meals, all must start even whether in hotel, restaurant, or dining car.

We noted an illustration of the French love for dainty appearances. Our waiter took the bread from the basket, placed it on the dirty cushion of the car seat while he artistically arranged the napkin lining the basket. Then he replaced the bread.

Avignonet has a picturesque fourteenth century church that looked dignified with its more than five centuries.

At Ségala we crossed the watershed. A rain-drop that falls on this side of Ségala will find its way to the Mediterranean.

Our train stopped at Carcassonne, not the real Carcassonne, but the Lower Town, the new town

laid out by St. Louis in his efforts to lay out the truly old town.

The carriages at the depot are built for a hot, sunny climate. Light colored canopy tops tied down by strings protect the occupants. We bargained as usual before getting into one. The drivers get almost as much pleasure from the bargaining as from the money paid them. To accept their first offer would spoil the drive for them. They would not only regret the lost debate, but would be harassed by the idea that they might have asked more.

Fortified by a good luncheon on the train, we prepared to enjoy our drive to La Cité, the greatest wonder in the world, of its kind. Here to-day is a town which, except for the inhabitants, is as it was, not in the tenth, eleventh or twelfth century, but as it was in the fifth century. There are fragments dating from the second century, but the town as a whole is a walled city of say 450 A. D. Rome built it. The Visigoths held it. It suffered great vicissitudes during the Albigensian War. These forerunners of the Reformation were finally exterminated or subdued or converted by Simon of Montfort whose cruel life was ended at the siege of Toulouse in 1218. But pounded, battered and besieged, Carcassonne was never destroyed and to-

day is to the student of early warfare what the fossil is to the geologist.

Our drive took us through the Lower Town, thoroughly modern, between two rows of giant sycamores and out onto the dusty road where we blessed the canopy top, for while the air was cool, the sun was very hot.

Here and there a beggar reminded us that we were in a Mecca of sight-seers, for tourists support beggary and vice wherever they go. We crossed the new bridge and took a picture of the old one.

We tried to create something romantic out of a round tower near the road, but the driver smiled at our enthusiasm and said it was a mill and in active operation.

We drove away from La Cité for a half mile in order to obtain a bird's-eye view of it in its entirety. Nothing could surpass the impressiveness of the scene. The outer walls are sixteen hundred yards in circumference and are topped by fifty towers.

We drove into the Porte de l'Aude and through the narrow streets to the former Chateau, now used as a barracks and closed to the public.

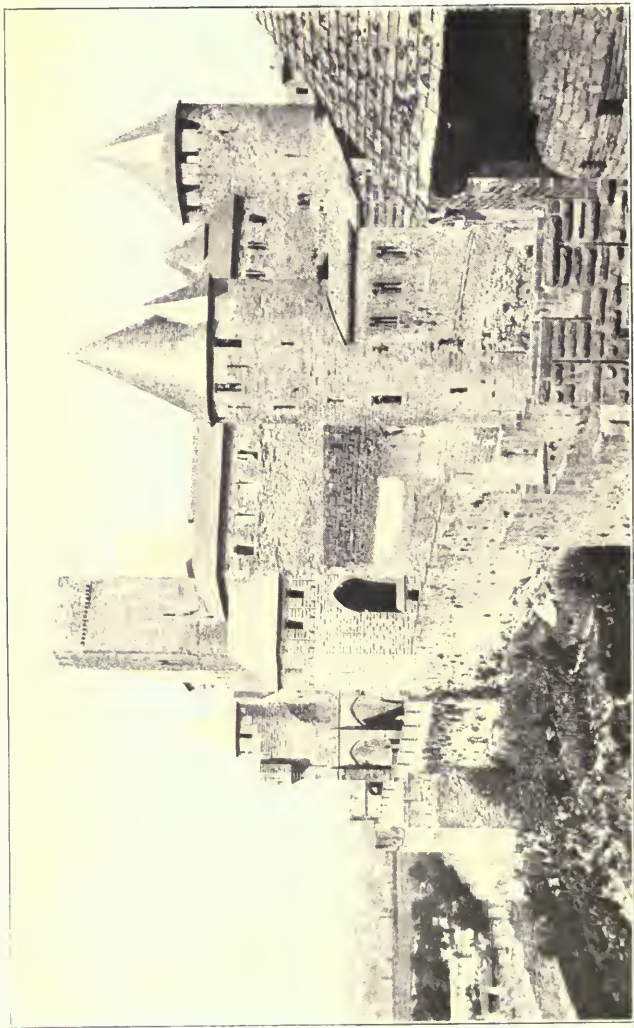
We have viewed with awe the Grand Place at Brussels, dating from the sixteenth century. When they laid the foundations for those old guild houses, the citizens of Carcassonne were fighting behind walls over a thousand years old

and those were the walls surrounding us, perfectly preserved. Prior to the invention of gun powder they were impregnable to assault.

The cathedral (now a cathedral no longer) suggests a fortress more than a church, but a fortress with beautiful windows. Its foundation runs back to the fifth century but it was rebuilt between 1050 and 1350 and very carefully restored in 1840.

We were shown through by a whispering sacristan, greatly in contrast to the roaring soldier who took us over the city walls later. The tomb of Simon de Montfort is here. We dropped no tears upon it. We have no quarrel with Simon's religion, but his methods were not such as we care to endorse. They were, however, the methods of his age rather than his church. Neither side had anything on the other in that respect. There are many quaint carvings in the old church, of pigs, salamanders and monks. An alabaster tomb, once gilded, of an archbishop who died in 1575, is carved with painful exactness even to the official ring on his finger.

A thirteenth century Station, the Descent from the Cross, is particularly fine, and a colored statue of John the Baptist is interesting. The font dates from the fifth century. A bas relief of the siege of Toulouse in 1218 gives one an idea of early military tactics.



TOWER OF INQUISITION—CARCASSONNE

We were conducted around the walls by a soldier whose enthusiasm was not tempered by the heat nor by his obesity. We started with the west wall, fifth century, and entered the Tower of Justice, twelfth century, supported in part by some second century columns. Some stones are mossy with age. These columns were as wrinkled as lava. We peered at old machicolations, projecting from the walls, through which the defenders could drop things on the heads of the besiegers if they came too close. St. Louis came in through this gate and because the citizens were not in favor of being absorbed by France, tried to build up a new town outside the walls. Thus a king's petulance aided in preserving as in amber this old dead city. We passed through tower after tower, each worthy of study. The Tower of the Visigoths, and the Tower of the Inquisition have their histories written in their names.

A modern chord, jangling and out of tune with the soft, rich music of the ages, was struck by the preparations being made for a grand pageant on July 28th, representing scenes from the history of Carcassonne. A tinsel stage and a flimsy pine grand stand was being erected near the church and they looked like a string of glass beads on the neck of a beautiful old statue.

The highest tower is the one with the highest

mission. It protected the church in the days of assaults. We climbed to the top in a wind even higher than the tower and were rewarded by a grand view of the town and its outer and inner fortifications.

The Touring Club de France, with unconscious humor has placed a round table with a road map of France on the topmost level of the tower. Any motorist who happens to wander with his car to this high tower would have no difficulty in knowing just where he was.

The Porte de Narbonnaise is the other gate to the city. Our walk terminated there. It is a double gate with two portcullises and many machicolations. Our guide in his efforts to explain to our benighted intellects the operation of opening the outer portcullis and letting in the invaders and then dropping the gate and throwing things down on them, danced back and forth and perspired and fought a whole battle. B. understood him the first time, but I was not sure, so at my request he alternately besieged and defended us again, almost throwing himself through a crack in his effort to make his explanation clear.

XIII

The Gorge of the Tarn

THERE were good views of the old city as we pulled out for Béziers on our way to the Cévennes regions for some more of the remarkable natural scenery of France. There were vineyards on every side of us. Men and women were cultivating the ground between the vines. Here and there the plants were being sprayed, sometimes with sulphur, sometimes with a blue solution.

The long battle with the phylloxera, a vine parasite, has been fought and won. America has the unenviable distinction of having sent this scourge to France. In 1860, in seeking to engraft vines upon younger roots, hundreds of thousands of plants were brought over from California. The roots of these plants were infested with insects which multiplied rapidly and spread all over Europe. They attack the leaf but their principal damage is to the roots. In twenty-five years they destroyed over a billion dollars worth of vines, equal to Bismarck's war indemnity,

minus the bloodshed. Just whether a Frenchman would prefer to shed his blood or his wine is an open question.

It is gratifying to state that having furnished the disease we also furnished the remedy. It was discovered that the roots of the American vines were hardy enough to resist the microscopic pest and the homeopathic dictum "like cures like" was vindicated.

"Plants Americains" are advertised in this region for their insect resisting powers.

Every station was filled with wine casks and there were scores of tank-cars with huge tuns, one or two to a car on every sidetrack. There was a boom in the wine region. Prices were up and wine was being rushed to the markets. The tank cars resembled those of the Standard Oil Company but smelled differently.

Thanks to a pure-wine law passed a few years ago, the lower quality wines bring seven to eight times the prices of five years ago.

At Narbonne we were within a few miles of the Mediterranean.

Having an hour at Béziers before taking the train to Millau we ate dinner at the station. We were served by one of those waiters who know what you want better than you do, one of those suggesters. They always arouse antagonism in my breast and often force me to eat something

I dislike merely because they fail to suggest it. I will turn down my favorite dish if its name is whispered to me by one of this tribe.

This one at Béziers suggested one thing after another and said, "Ah-no-no-no-no" at each negative like a released ratchet. I ordered ham and eggs. He was disappointed and evidently disapproved. He brought me cold ham, and when remonstrated with, swore there were no eggs on the carte. He yielded when they were pointed out indisputably legible even in the poor penmanship employed on continental bills of fare.

Béziers has over fifty thousand people and we saw a little of it later in our trip but this time we made use of our leisure in passing our order over successive vetoes of the waiter

The town dates from Roman times when it had a longer name and a shorter polling list than at present. It was the center of Montfort's activities against the Albigensians. To-day it finds it more profitable to be a center of the red wine and brandy trade.

We went to Millau, headquarters of the kid glove industry, in order to get an early start for the source of the Tarn and a view of its Gorge or Cañon, as well as a sight of the Causses or plateau region of France, a desert in the midst of the most fertile country in the world.

It is a seventy-four mile ride to Millau and the

time allowed for the trip is five hours. As usual we started late and arrived on time. Our car was lighted before we started. We knew that meant tunnels. Finding ourselves the sole occupants of a compartment, we made a couch of one side by drawing the cushion up to form a pillow. One of us lay down but not for long. B. soon commenced to give her scenery gasp as we passed rock formations rich with promises later fulfilled when we reached the Causses.

Soon twilight dimmed the scene and we tried to read by the miserable little oil lamp in the roof. No use. We lingered at Bédarieux for an hour and twenty-one minutes with nothing to do except to stare at a deserted depot where even the news-stand was locked up. We were late into this village and pulled out of it fifteen minutes ahead of schedule, but no one seemed to care.

The mountains here are terraced and cultivated as far up as there is a skin of earth over the rocks; above that they are battlemented with strata standing on end. This is the region of olives, almonds and figs; also of tunnels and viaducts. The grape vines were white with sulphur. A laughing peasant woman pointed her bellows at a soldier on our train and fired a white salute.

By pure accident we gazed out the left side

of our car and behold, a new moon, with as dainty a bow as Diana ever drew. We had only a glimpse of it between hills and then it disappeared only to reappear and play peek-a-boo with us, first from one side of the train and then the other, and then straight ahead as we wormed our way through the mountains.

We had intended to go by train from Millau to Banassac-la-Canourgue and then return by carriage and boat. Arriving at Millau, we went to the Hotel du Commerce and tried to leave a call for the early train and go to bed. They convinced us, the hotel people, that it would be wiser to take another hour of sleep and go by carriage to La Malène. The cost was not much more and we were willing to pay well for that hour of sleep after eleven hours on a creeping train.

But you should have heard them! It was like a grand opera fugue. It would start with a tenor solo, the soprano would inject shrieks followed by a rumbling obligato by the bass and contralto mingled, after which the chorus would be rendered by the full strength of the company, including maidens, villagers, etc. Finally the tallest pirate, the tenor, he of the long mustache and liquid eyes, shouted to the basso to procure a candle, and led us all into the parlor where a map was hanging. Never has parlor so well

vindicated its etymological descent from *parlez*, to talk. They parleyed for a few minutes after we had surrendered, simply because of acquired momentum.

They asked us who planned our trip and showed very flattering surprise when assured that B. did it. But how? We pointed to Baedeker as our assistant. Then you should have heard the full diapason of Gallic scorn. "Ah! Bay-decker" with strong accent on the second syllable. Baedeker did not make Millau the center of all excursions but chose Banassac for some of them. Hence the chorus! We voted for Millau although it cost a little more, because we preferred to command our own time and ride in a carriage rather than on a railroad train.

We had a good night's sleep. We might have thought there were too many fleas had it been our first night in France, but our cuticle has been so marked off by flea explorers, followed by claim-jumpers, that the Millau prospectors found little but abandoned claims.

Fleas are everywhere, as might be expected in a non-bathing country, and so numerous that even the number carried away by us will hardly make a dent in the invisible supply. I make this single reference to a disagreeable subject and drop it. You can insert this paragraph in every chapter if realism appeals to you.

One could spend weeks in this neighborhood and find a new dream spot each day. Our purpose is to mention just a few in a much neglected locality, as a favor, not to the locality but to the American tourist. Frenchmen know and love the Cévennes and will not thank me for coaxing Americans here. Once in awhile a lover of the beautiful, like Robert Louis Stevenson, crosses these mountains and illumines them with the light of his genius, but so great is Stevenson's power that people believe that the beauty is in his pen and not in the subject. At any rate they couple the Tarn with Modestine and forget that the mule has been replaced by transportation facilities which, bad as they are, are superior to the burro.

Frenchmen visit such spots as Gavarnie and the Causses and the Gorge of the Tarn in droves but an American or an Englishman is a rarity. Therefore, you need to learn French, but the trip is worth even that effort. We saw no Americans and only one English couple between Mont St. Michel and Millau.

We drove for a mile or so under sycamore shadows and then into the country, following the Tarn. It was early morning. We started at seven, and farmers were coming into town. There were many loads of fagots and countless old women. We stopped at Aguesac to mail a

post card, thereby giving the local postman something to puzzle over for several hours, we suspect. Even in this remote village there were soldiers. They were just making their toilets. They looked every inch the soldier as they peered over the stone wall but their red trousers neatly folded and lying on top thereof made us glad the wall was there.

We saw many bicycles, few automobiles and no motor cycles. Once in awhile we passed a diligence.

After Rozier the Causses begin. Rocks become chateaux, hilltops change to castles and the mountains are crowned with fortified towns, all of nature's handiwork. Turrets, battlements and machicolations are reproduced on a scale that shames man's feeble efforts.

The Route Nationale is a triumph of road building. Miles of it were blasted from the mountain and the fragments built into a wall on the opposite side. There are cables running to the mountain tops and used for bringing wood down to the valley. The road passes through many doorways and short tunnels in the rock. The green, foaming Tarn runs always beside it. It was far below us but so clear that the fish were plainly visible.

There are balanced rocks, chimneys, pulpits and other curious formations sufficient to equip a hundred Gardens of the Gods.



DROMEDARY ROCK - GORGE OF THE TARN

At Pas de Souci the river left its bed and bored into the rocks, almost disappearing from sight. This is the point where our return boating trip terminated.

Most of our drive to La Malène was divided between admiring the mountains and looking for Les Etroits (The Straits). Three times B. found narrows that looked like they might be *the* straits but were not. I told her that three of a kind were better than a strait, but she kept hoping to fill her hand.

The road continued to wind under rocks hundreds of feet high, sometimes curving over us like shells. Do not be disappointed if things do not meet your expectations the first few miles. Wait for the big show farther on. The road is arcaded for hundreds of yards by leaning or shelving rocks. We almost feared that the jar made by our carriage would loosen some of them. We consoled ourselves by the reflection that if it did we would have a grander tomb that Napoleon or Grant, achieved with much less labor and bloodshed. Still we were in no hurry for that distinction.

The basic rock of the Gorge is red like that in Colorado, topped by gray limestone. I remember how hard it was to explain the significance of geology to me when a boy on the Kansas

prairies. The meaning of it all was clearer in the presence of those dog-eared leaves of nature's turning.

Chameleons ran about on the sunny surfaces of the rocks and nearly "bust themselves making good," so varied was the coloring.

We grew hungry in the invigorating mountain air. The question "Where do we eat?" had not been answered—at least not in English. Since seven o'clock nothing had passed our lips but ejaculations and adjectives. We were glad when we rounded the last curve and sighted the chateau at La Malène.

Cakes and lemonade stayed our surging appetites temporarily for we were not to lunch until we reached Les Vignes on the return trip.

We were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of a director of this and several other hotels who was making a supervisory visit to the property. He told us much about the neighborhood and to him we are indebted for the suggestion that we visit the Grotto Dargilan.

In the boat with an expert navigator at each end we floated down the crystal-like water of the Tarn. The skill of our boatmen made shooting the rapids seem a simple operation as they drew us out of danger with one thrust of their long poles. The river is from two to twenty-six feet deep and our boat floated on it like a leaf.

It seemed to graze the larger rocks as suddenly they started up from the bottom. Fishing is free and abundant. Where the river flows through private property it becomes private property, but for most of its course it is open to the humblest disciple of Walton. Big white fish darted out of deep, dark pools, disturbed by our poles. They doubtless mourned the days of the ancient regime when fishing was not so common.

We entered the Strait, which at the point of entry was a split strait owing to the low water. Doubtless the fall rains will fill it.

The Amphitheatre, a little beyond, is enormous. We did not catch the name of the next cliff where, according to the legend, some one was thrown down hard. Neither did we learn whether he stayed down or formed a third party.

An immense crevasse on the left splits the whole mountain from summit to base. These grand scenes were emphasized and given their due proportions by a farmhouse or tiny "maisonette" here and there clinging to the mountain side like a swallow's nest.

Our boatmen were talkative and told us much, from which we extracted considerable and understood some and remembered a little. At any rate, they tried, which was more than our driver did. He was like the fifth little pig on our once

rosy toes. He simply said, "Oui, oui, oui," all the way home.

One ingenious farmer built a home by using the natural cliffs and shelves for three walls and the roof. All he had to do was to put up a front. But that is all that lots of people do who ostensibly own their own homes in America.

The boatmen pointed out "Louis XIV courting a woman with a parasol" and "The Court of the Monks" and "Bismarck in Helmet" and other formations more or less living up to their names.

Then we killed a swimming snake. This was done enthusiastically and adroitly by placing the pole under him, tossing him onto the bank and finishing him with a rock.

"The Mushroom" was formerly the "Arch of Triumph" but the road builders needed part of the space and gnawed away one leg of the arch. The Dromedary needs to hump himself. He scarcely looks the part. The Bunch of Asparagus is better, but the Creamer and Sugar Bowl are immense.

The Hermitage of St. Hilaire is now a chapel perched so high up on the mountain side as to resemble a halfway house to heaven rather than a place of worship.

We passed some more fairly difficult rapids and then side-stepped Pas de Souci by making a landing. We gladly and liberally tipped our



THE MUSHROOM—GORGE OF THE TARN

boatmen, for they had been companions rather than servants. One of them aptly characterized it as "un voyage des amis."

The carriage was waiting for us and we drove to Les Vignes. We ate lunch under a walnut tree to the music of locusts and the deep roar of the Tarn. Our lunch had been ordered by telephone from La Melène and was ready for us. It was mostly grown on the premises, crawfish, whitefish, eggs, ham, bologna, fruit, almonds and cakes, all excellently prepared and seasoned with our morning's rides in the carriage and boat.

Of the three windows on the end of the inn, two are painted on the wall. Ventilation by suggestion. The third is the attic window with a pulley over it. Some day fire escapes will be made obligatory in France and they will probably paint them on the buildings.

Our driver required an hour and a half to bait and cool his horse, so we were late in starting for Le Rozier. At the latter village we hired another carriage for the Grotto Dargilan, one of the finest in Europe.

The road leads up the valley of the Jonte between the Causse Noir and the Causse Méjean. This was a less exciting drive than the other, except for the musical bells on our horses. The river was smaller and not so swift, and we were sleepy.

From a small platform at the end of a shaky walk one obtains a fine view of the Gorge. It is a pocket edition of the Grand Canyon bound in green. The road is not as well made as the Route Nationale and lacks retaining walls for most of its course. There are many sharp turns and we recalled grimly Opie Read's story of the stage driver who was asked if people went over a certain cliff often. "Only once," was the reply. We looked *down* at terraced mountain sides. One thing we noted with a blush. France has no turnstiles guarding her great natural scenery. She is freer than America in this respect.

After driving along this white, dusty road until we resembled millers the driver pointed to something suspended halfway between us and the nearest fixed star and make a remark. "What?" we yelled. "Oui, monsieur-dam," he said, "that is the entrance to the Grotto." This apparently profane title is the vernacular condensation of "Monsieur et madame" and is used in all parts of France by the serving classes.

Sure enough, that was it. We took individual elevators in the shape of burros and started. B's beast was in the lead. His name was Trumpeter and his first name began with A. At least the guide yelled "A-a-a Trompayter" all the way up the zig-zag path. My mule was nameless, or at least I will not tell you what I called him. No

sidesaddles were furnished. We were half eaten by flies. My mule had no bit in his mouth. My idea of zero in recreation is to ride a willful donkey with only a lead chain when that donkey has an appetite for the grass on the extreme outer edge of the path. The price agreed on for the donkeys was one and a half francs each. Now was it not reasonable to suppose that that meant for the round trip? Who would be foolish enough to hire a donkey for half the trip? As well expect to dicker for the return trip on an aeroplane. Nevertheless it cost us another franc each for the ride down the mountain.

We arrived at the top and donned costumes before entering the Grotto. These costumes were of white duck and of no sex. We visited one of the five rooms, the most beautiful and most accessible one. It required a descent of eighty feet into the mountain. The deepest room is three hundred and fifty feet below the entrance. Two names will suggest the appearance of the principal chambers, the Church and the Mosque. Stalactites and stalagmites range in size from spaghetti to small cottages and in color, through the entire prism. The grotto is lighted throughout by electricity assisted in spots by candles and strips of calcium. There are natural and artificial steps and iron railings wherever necessary. The guide yelled at us, not because the acoustics

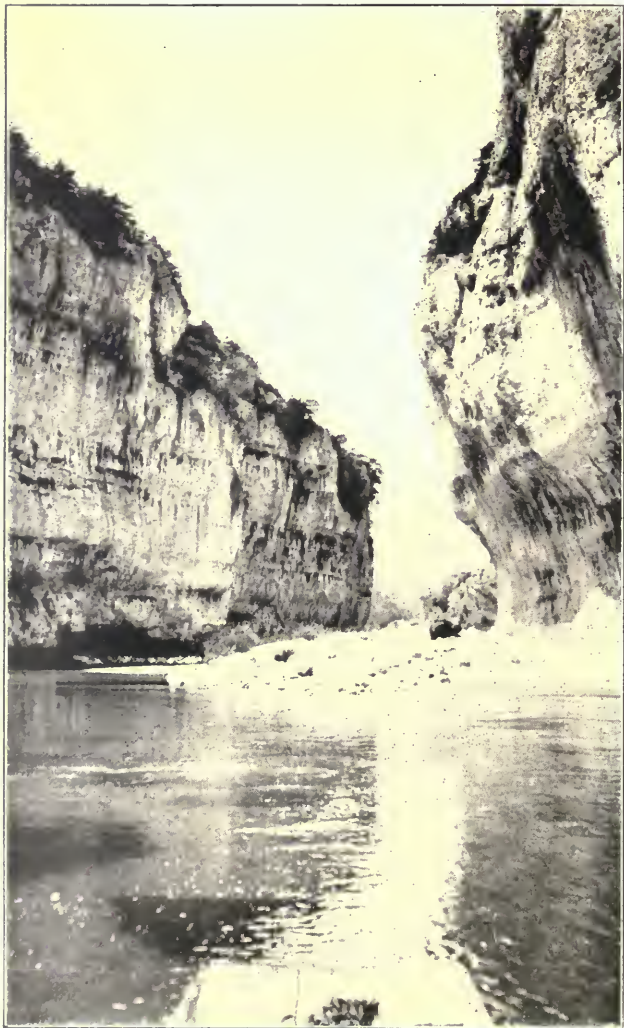
were bad but because we were foreigners. We have done the same thing ourselves. The Grotto deserves all the good that can be said of it, and we advise every one to visit it in spite of its inconveniences.

Grottoes are the slow growth of centuries, or at least the stalactites and stalagmites are. Kingdoms rise and fall, dynasties totter to their doom, you could almost say tariffs are lowered while an inch of this alabaster is being made. Even government buildings are built more rapidly. I can imagine no better position than that of supervising architect of a good grotto at a fair annual salary during the progress of the work.

We returned under a new moon through startled villages whose people were eating *al fresco* and other things in the streets in front of their houses. We lolled back in the carriage and picked out fancied resemblances in the silhouettes made by the rocks against the sky.

We reached the Grand Hotel du Rozier and sat down at a small table adjoining a larger one where ten or twelve young couples from Millau were dining. They had come out in motor cars and after dinner they danced. The tables were out of doors and candles were placed thereon for the convenience of the insects which otherwise might not have found us.

Our commercial minds revolved the questions,



THE STRAITS -GORGE OF THE TARN

“Why is not the Grotto Dargilan better known? Why is it not organized and systematized? Why are not better facilities provided for getting to it?”

A two hours' ride on a dusty road, followed by a climb on the back of an unguided mule discourages any one but an enthusiast. No effort is made to arouse your interest. The Grotto converts you at once but that is after you are in it. It is not assisted by any advance work whatever nor by much co-operation on the ground. Only pride and obstinacy kept us going up that hill. Anticipation had little to do with it.

It is true that the Grotto is well lighted for a grotto and equipped with steps and railings, but you don your costumes in a boarded-off shanty and the attendants are poorly dressed and ignorant.

Grottoes at best are not abodes of comfort. The roofs always leak. In Ireland it rains inside a thatched cottage for a week after it stops outside. That is, it would if it ever stopped outside. In a grotto you are splashed by drippings of rains that fell before the reign of Louis XVI fell. The sidewalks are sure to be wet and the air clammy.

You have only one comfort as you clamber around twenty or a hundred meters below the surface, and stumble over vermiform appendices

in the bowels of the earth: there is no danger of fire.

Actuaries' statistics show that the fire loss in grottoes is practically nothing. There are no hand grenades on the stalactites and you are not nervous when the attendant drops matches all over the premises.

Dargilan has all the features of Han-sur-Lesse in Belgium except running water and, as I said, grottoes are not good for light housekeeping anyhow. In place thereof, it has the most marvellous formations, the most delicate tracteries, the greatest variety of colors and the most fascinating translucencies imaginable.

But it has not a single descriptive booklet and one must depend on totally inadequate post cards to refresh one's memory. Grotto illustrations are always disappointing and, strange to say, artistic and beauty-loving France is the home of the least satisfying post cards of the most beautiful scenery on the planet.

Usually France adorns everything she touches. There was in our hotel dining room at Millau a fresco painting of U. S. Grant and Andrew Carnegie shooting ducks. The likenesses were unmistakable. The picture was a good one. It was full of atmosphere—and ducks. Below the picture were arranged some shelves with canned goods on them. The significance escaped us for

a moment. Then it flashed on us. The gentlemen were shooting over their preserves.

France is the heaven of travelers. We have not had a hard bed nor a poor meal in the entire republic.

XIV

Béziers, Cette and Nîmes

THERE were only five people in line at the ticket window when we reached the depot but two were women and the train pulled in before we bought our tickets to Béziers. We might have used round trip tickets to Millau. It was our first and only chance and we forgot it!

Tournemire is where you change cars for Roquefort if you are curious to know what cheese can do to a grotto. Most of the Roquefort cheese is ripened in grottoes. All you need to do is to get off the train at Roquefort and follow your nose.

We passed a few wheatfields that were not visible on our ride to Millau. The fields were small and the sheaves looked like inlaid work. Such a thing as aggregating sheaves into a shock would be out of the question. They would scatter out like jackstraws.

The lady who was the principal cause of our delay at the Millau ticket office occupied part of

our compartment in company with her son, a stalwart youth of seventeen, large enough for twenty-one. He had not been in evidence during the ticket buying episode. On the train, his mother smoothed his locks and patted his hand in a way that would have embarrassed an American boy of his age and size. He seemed to like it. At one of the stations she left him in the car while she went into the buffet for a box of lunch.

This was not our only example of the puerility of the French boy. We saw many a big boy in his 'teens being caressed in public by his doting mother.

It proved the truth of what we had read in Max O'Rell's "*Jacques Bonhomme*" regarding the ultra-supervision of the French youth of both sexes, while his remarks regarding personal cleanliness were similarly verified by observation.

O'Rell says that "the average French schoolboy allows himself five minutes to wash, dress and get out of the dormitory, giving himself a dry polish 'à la Squeers.'

"From this you will easily infer that a pint of water goes a long way in a dormitory of French boys. Never will an usher make a remark to a French boy over twelve because he is dirty, not even in the refectory. Provided he has a cravat on, nobody will scold him for having a dirty neck.

"He plays little, walks solemnly up and down his grassless school yard, steals whiffs from a cigarette hidden under his coat, promenades in silent pairs on half holidays to the country, plays, walks or sits on the grass in the presence of the usher and files solemnly back to town. Result: a little prig."

If there is any truth in the generally credited tradition that the sons of ministers turn out badly, it is not because they are the sons of ministers but because they are super-supervised until they reach what should be maturity and then told to use their untrained, undeveloped, undisciplined senses. The whole French nation, the educated portion, is suffering from being kept in blinders until twenty years old and then thrown, not into the sunlight but into the calcium.

Continuing his keen analysis, O'Rell says: "Good society is much alike everywhere—like hotels. It is a question of more or less manners in the former, of more or less fleas in the latter!"

(It is a joy to have Jacques Bonhomme at your elbow. Things that are unsayable at first hand give an air of erudition when quoted.) "If you wish to study the manners of any people, take third-class tickets. There is little or nothing to be picked up in a first-class carriage." (Obviously our sprightly commentator is confusing manners with fleas.) "He (the Frenchman) is convinced

that good wine was given to man by God to rejoice his heart; and to spoil it by adding water to it is in his eyes nothing short of a sin." (Just why *le bon Dieu* gives us water is not so clear to him, but evidently not for oblations nor ablutions. Possibly it is to lay the dust of the perfect French road or to nourish the root of the vine.)

"There is no country about which foreigners talk so much and know so little as France. With the exception of Mr. Hamerton's, I do not know of any foreigner's writings on home life in France that are worth the paper they are written on. Looking at Paris and calling it France is the mistake which most of our would-be critics make."

Looking at Paris at all, and trying to write a book afterwards is difficult, but the Frenchman, like the Chicagoan, has in his literature and in his press so emphasized his faults that he can hardly dodge responsibility for the misconception by saying with a shrug of his shoulders "But I am so impulsive, so childlike, so filled with caprice, such a mendacious liar, that I cannot be believed, even when I plead guilty."

Another still more naïve defense of French literature is that its pruriency, when prurient, is due to the craving on the Frenchman's part to read of things which he never has experienced or witnessed. The very innocence of the French creates a demand for sensational literature!

The unattached gentleman in our compartment had a box lunch. He kept all the fragments and empty bottles in the box, and put it under the seat, explaining that there were men to clean up the cars at every terminal, while to throw it out the window would muss up the landscape.

The patriotism and love of harmony carried into the smallest minutiae of life is further illustrated by the claim of O'Rell that "So strong is the feeling for art, the eye for effect, in the Frenchman that it would never occur to him to turn out in his trap to go to the races in the stream of carriages that flows through the Bois de Boulogne on race days. Even the small bourgeois who takes a cab for the journey goes by another route so as not to spoil the show."

We changed cars at Béziers and had three hours in which to eat luncheon and walk about the town. So we left our suit cases at the "consigné" and walked through the Jardin des Poètes, stopping occasionally for a picture. Finding that Number 12 had been shot off we sat on a bench under the cool shade of the ever present sycamore and changed films.

Past the Garden, we walked up the hot and dusty Allée Paul Ricquet adorned with a statue of that engineer-philanthropist whose benefaction to the world took the form of the canal Midi connecting the Atlantic and the Mediterranean when



ANCIENT STATUE NIMES

pieced out a bit by the Garonne. In utter disregard of the fact that it could not have his name emblazoned on it, he paid the entire expense of construction, equivalent to about seven million dollars in the money of to-day. This was done in the seventeenth century. The canal is one hundred and forty-eight miles long, thirty-three feet wide at the bottom and six and a half feet deep.

Street sprinkling is rarely done in France. Along this beautiful old boulevard a hand sprinkler was being pushed and it was intended to moisten the inner promenade only.

Here is another paradox. These most courteous people will hold the sidewalk and force a woman to walk in the gutter, and will almost take a note book out of your hand to read what you are writing.

The Hotel Glacier looked particularly inviting with the atmosphere of the street anything but glacial, so we went into its cool garden and ordered lunch.

I had scarcely opened my Baedeker when the waiter brought me a dish of ice for my glass of water. Evidently there was no need for me to wave a flag in order to proclaim my nationality.

After lunch we walked past closed doors with big iron knockers and open portals hung with beaded portieres, that being as far as B  ziers has progressed in the solution of the problem of keep-

ing out the flies. It is another surface sewer town with all that is implied in that statement. Water was running in all of the gutters.

We were looking for the cathedral of whose location most of the inhabitants were ignorant. Noting on the map that it was near Le Mairie or City Hall, we changed our question and found plenty of people who could help us. Evidently Béziers is more political than religious.

The view of the valley from the front of the cathedral repaid us amply for the difficulty experienced in finding it.

Two or three men were playing at some kind of street bowling with stone balls. We saw the game in progress in other towns but did not fathom its processes.

It will pay you to visit the interior of the cathedral for a look at its stained glass. The west rose window is especially beautiful.

We walked back through the dustiest town of our trip except Cette, which we visited on the same day. There was more real-estate activity in those two towns, more movement in really fine real estate than in any other towns that we visited.

Leaving Béziers we soon sighted the blue Mediterranean on our right and all the way to Cette our track ran in sight of the most beautiful large body of water on earth. Scores of lateen sails dotted the surface.

Azde our second stop, is an old town. She has been robbed by Vandals, Visigoths, Saracens, Franks and Crusaders. She got it coming and going.

The ride was cool, thanks to the sea breeze. On the left were miles of salt marshes with salt works along their banks and white crystals bounding every side.

There being nothing to see in Cette, we bargained for a drive around the town. We picked the youngest and most persistent of the drivers. He had a mettlesome looking team. His first price was three francs for an hour's ride, terminating at the depot. We shrugged our shoulders and spread our palms, speechless. He dropped to two and we climbed in and told him to go ahead. As soon as we spoke he tried to advance the price but the market was closed. We drove up and down the water front, past cafes, "English" dance halls and the usual lures for sailors. Then we visited the clam market and the fish market. We thought that nothing could smell worse than the clams until we struck the fish and then we apologized to the clams.

Cette is much more Italian than French in appearance. It would be hard for a man ignorant of the language to determine the nationality of any of the people of these Mediterranean ports, whether French or Italian. Dark-eyed

women, swarthy men and bewitching, dirty, half-nude children crowd about you at every step.

The jolly impudence of the boy with vegetables who held up one hand as a signal to our driver to wait until he pushed his cart across the bridge was more Italian than French.

We paused at a beautiful spot on the seashore with scores of sailboats like sand flies all over the surface of the water. Our driver at once commenced to dilate on the beauty of the Corniche Road and to argue the merits of a long drive. We told him we had not the time for it. Then he started to drive out the Corniche Road anyhow. Our perfect accent saved us. We said "Return to the city instantly." He gave his whip an angry crack, whirled his horses with an entire disregard of the law of gravity and how we did burn up that road on our way back to town!

We said: "Drive to the Grand Hotel at 5:40."

He said, "Yes, but that will be more than an hour. You started at 4:30."

We said, "Very well. Go to the hotel at 5:30. We have smelled everything in this town anyhow."

Another whirl, and as I look back with my mind's eye, I cannot see how we did it, but we dashed up the narrow street to the hotel between

a double row of curses not loud, but deep, without injuring anyone.

Dinner would not be ready until six o'clock, but bless you, that made no difference to the head waiter. We were shown into the dining room where in five minutes the opening course of an excellent dinner was put before us. Was there an extra charge? On the contrary, we were not required to pay the full rate because a course or two was missing.

In France, the hotel guest is a customer who must be satisfied, not a humble petitioner awaiting the pleasure of a potentate. A criticism is investigated and always the attitude of respectful service is maintained. It is not taken for granted that fate has thrown you an unwilling and transient victim into the power of the hotel keeper to be kept in your subordinate sphere, snubbed and charged the maximum for haughty service grudgingly rendered. You are regarded as a guest, a source of present profit and future good-will, but always as the one whose wishes must dominate.

After dinner we walked to the depot through a dust storm that would have turned western Kansas green—with envy. It was positively blinding.

At the station, not finding a licensed porter, we turned our claim checks over to a picturesque

brigand and he carried our suit cases as far as the gate-man who told him that he must have a ticket. We were embarrassed. Not he. He borrowed a ticket from a friend, hustled us aboard and returned the borrowed ticket in ample time to permit his friend to catch the train. So human were we, that we paid the rascal an extra tip because he was to a degree outlawed.

This is the heart of the wine-growing district. Four provinces of which Pau and Bordeaux are centers produced from two hundred and fifty to three hundred million dollars worth of wine last year and present prospects are for a larger crop at better prices this year.

That means that the wine growers will have more money to spend than ever and they will spend it, not like lords, nor like sailors, but like wine growers. For when it comes to getting nothing for something, a jack tar in from a six months cruise is a Napoleon of Finance compared to a wine grower who has sold his crop.

He gambles and loafes around his provincial cafe, drinking, carousing, and singing. He frequently visits Monte Carlo. But whatever he does, he has nothing to show for an income of five or ten thousand dollars by spring, except some jewelry or furs for his wife, and some ornaments for the parlor mantel. He does not bank his money but if he saves any, it is either con-

cealed about the premises or invested in government bonds. Modern banking is almost unknown in France.

As long as the wine growers are willing to borrow on growing crops at a good rate of interest, the lenders see no use in encouraging savings banks. Paying bills by check is almost unknown.

Another illustration of their short-sighted, childish pride; they are wine growers and consider it beneath them to raise any other crop or to own or care for stock of any kind. Consequently they will not even keep milk cows. They buy milk, cream, butter, and cheese. You can ride for miles through the vineyard regions and never see a four-footed beast near a wine grower's house.

In 1907, two million people marched quietly to Montpellier as a protest against the manufacture of adulterated wines. Their leader, a wine grower, was permitted to present his argument before the Deputies in Paris and a law was passed, a sort of pure-drink law, as a result.

I like to think of Montpellier as the headquarters of fearless peasantry. For it was the home of many Camisards and here it was, Stevenson tells us, that a prophetess was hanged because blood flowed from her eyes and nose, and she

declared she was weeping tears of blood for the misfortunes of the Protestants.

The 1910 riots were in the Champagne district and were due to adulteration also, in a way. The growers objected to the practice of bringing outside white wines into the district, treating them and selling them as champagne. Many warehouses were burned and many vines destroyed.

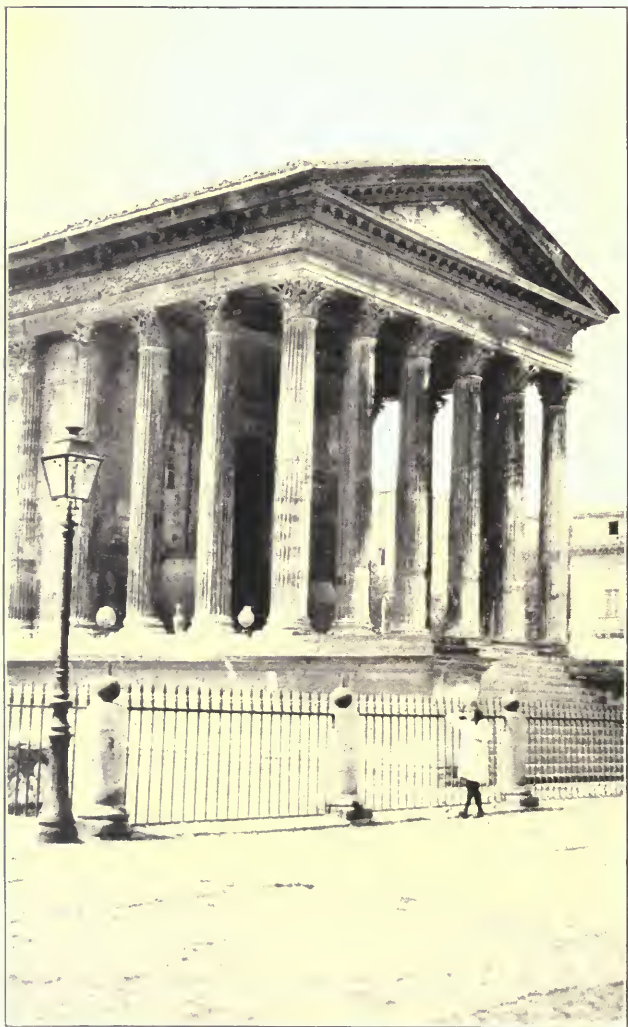
You can build a warehouse in three months but it requires three years to bring a vine to fruitage, so the Champagne neighborhood still feels the effects of the 1910 riots.

These are the people who paid a large share of the Franco-Prussian War indemnity. They work about four months each year and reap a harvest of five or ten thousand dollars from fifty to a hundred acres of vines. Pointing out the car window at the sea of green, reaching the horizon in every direction our informant said: "In three months, that will be money."

Is it any wonder that land hereabouts is almost priceless and vineyards are largely in the same families which bought or acquired them at the time of the French Revolution?

For all that, the wine grower remains a peasant, ignorant, unrefined, distrusting his neighbor and distrusting the banks.

The Minister of the Interior is the big man in the French Government. The President of



LA MAISON CARRÉE NÎMES

the Republic goes to the banquets, lays the corner stones and kisses the babies, but the Minister of the Interior appoints the Prefects of the eighty-seven departments.

The patriotism of the French politician reaches a height that sounds like an iridescent dream to an American. There are in the present cabinet three men who have been prime ministers and are now willing to serve their country in subordinate positions.

The President is elected by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies for seven years. There is no law against his re-election, but the practice is to retire gracefully at the expiration of the term.

If there are any Jews in southern France, to quote William Dean Howells, they do not show their noses. As a matter of fact there are thousands of them, but they have lived here for over seven centuries and are difficult to distinguish from their Christian neighbors either by features or accent.

On the contrary, the Jews of Paris and the north came in with Napoleon and can easily be known. As a rule their names are German rather than French.

England is still severely criticised by well-informed Frenchmen for her treatment of Napoleon after Waterloo. The same Frenchmen ad-

mit that from Moscow on, Napoleon fought not for France but for his own glory. But they think that after Waterloo he was too sick a man physically to have required the isolation of St. Helena.

At Nîmes, with a cupola over the "i," we found an up-to-date hotel with an electric-lighted room and a bathtub resembling a small natatorium. The rates were American, but so were the surroundings plus French service. The hotel employs an auto-bus to convey its guests to and from the station. The Nîmes' cornet band was discoursing sweet music from the center of the public square. This was mentioned as an inducement but the manageress, seeing our faces change, instantly said, "But it stops at ten sharp."

The whole town apparently was at the sidewalk cafes surrounding the square. They were a well-dressed, orderly crowd and seemed to be enjoying the music and the wine to the fullest extent.

Baedeker speaks of Nîmes as having 80,600 inhabitants "including about 20,000 Protestants." This manner of listing Protestants is so much like our "paupers, Chinamen and Indians, not taxed" in the census at home that we at once disliked it.

The town is full of antiquities. I will not mention the name of the town with great fre-

quency for fear of running out of "i" shades, but you will remember where we are.

That is why we came here. We revel in antiquities. Anything that has been dead for several centuries is a safe subject for eulogy. You can depend on it that anything adverse has died down in that time.

Rome did a great deal for Nîmes and when Rome did anything for or to a community, she did it well. She embellished the city with a number of public buildings, many of which are still standing. Some of them have stood more than others. The Coliseum is an example of the latter. Bull fights are now held there on Sundays in the summer time. If the spirits of those who formerly staged the combats could survey the scene to-day, with Christians in the seats applauding the slaughter of innocent cattle, they might regret that they had not done their work more thoroughly.

The Maison Carrée is a beautiful Roman temple that looks enough like a Stock Exchange to make you feel for your watch. It has thirty Corinthian columns, beautifully fluted and with ornately carved capitals. The capitals should be studied. The building was coincident with the Christian religion and is considerably less changed. It stands alone amid the débris of the magnificent edifices which once surrounded it.

One is curious to know the name of the contractor. But what is the use? He is probably dead.

There are many other Roman remains here, some of them in the magnificent Public Garden. When Baedeker stars a Public Garden, you are safe in assuming that it is a wonder, and Baedeker stars the Jardin de la Fontaine. If he had not such a judicial temperament he would double star it. It is worth it.

Jean Nicot who introduced tobacco into France was born at Nîmes in 1530. I would have said "here" and saved that portico, but I did not want you to think that Nicot was born in the Jardin. Nicotine carried him off in 1610, a victim to its lingering but fatal caresses at the age of eighty. If he could revisit France to-day and see some of the amber-tipped cigarette smokers walking the streets he would probably say "I introduced tobacco into France—not cigarettes."

Guizot, the historian and Daudet the writer are among those whom Nîmes is proud to call her sons.

There is a large Protestant cemetery on the hillside, largely filled by Catholics, especially after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That is, the Catholics filled it with Protestants.

The Edict of Nantes was the sop thrown by Henry of Navarre to his former co-religionists in 1598. It gave to Protestants liberty of conscience



THE GARDEN OF THE FOUNTAIN—NÎMES

and liberty of worship in their own castles and in towns where worship was already established. Under it Protestants could hold office and teach school. Certain towns were given to them in guarantee and chambers equally divided between Protestants and Catholics were to give judgments in the parliaments of Paris, Toulouse, Grenoble and Bordeaux in cases where Protestants were parties. They were also allowed to assemble every three years by representatives to present complaints. All of this was revoked in 1685 by his Most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV.

Hotel rates in France are low. Of course we paid the top-notch but native commercial travelers can get a room and three meals at most of the first-class hotels for \$1.70 a day while members of the Road Club or Touring Club pay \$1.80 for the same accommodations. We paid on an average \$2.40 a day each for corresponding service.

Tickets to bull fights cost from sixty cents to three dollars each. The amphitheatre is in front of the Hotel Cheval Blanc right in the heart of the city. Although we did not stop at that hotel, nevertheless B. tackled the concière thereof for permission to photograph the amphitheatre or Coliseum from an upper window, and obtained it. If we never get to heaven, nine chances out of ten, we will borrow a harp from some good-

natured angel and have it passed over the jasper walls.

Inside the immense arena, with its seating capacity of twenty-four thousand they were putting up a temporary stage with a few hundred chairs in front of it. We inquired and found that a vaudeville performance was to be given that night. Shades of Nero! No wonder the old stone seats were in tiers!

We had an opportunity to study the arrangements of a first century place of amusement and slaughter, including the royal box, the gladiators' entrance and the hundreds of vomitoriums or exits.

Inside the *Maison Carrée* is an interesting museum of ancient and modern antiquities. Perhaps the greatest curiosities are some United States gold pieces donated by wealthy New Yorkers. The name of the donor is prominently displayed beneath each coin. A real curiosity would be an anonymous donation from the same source. There is none. We donated a French coin of the second Empire, value fifty centimes, but withheld our name and the *concièrge* placed it in his private collection.

There is a twenty dollar gold piece given by Senator Clark, of Helena, N. Y., from his scanty store. I resisted a temptation to list the names but most of them are in the Newport cables to

the Paris edition of the New York Herald at least once a week. It is a good thing that there are other ways of getting into the newspapers than by committing crimes. Else we fear that crime would increase among our very best people.

There are many other exhibits in the museum, including coins of all ages and countries.

We went past the statue of Antoninus Pius who died in 161, a member of one of the first families. The statue is a copy and was made in 1874.

We left our carriage at the Jardin gate and walked to the Fountain, placed in the center of the ancient ladies' baths. Louis XV embellished this fountain in flamboyant style with cupids, nymphs and others of the great unclothed.

The original marble of the old baths is in the Louvre. Formerly a canopy supported by four columns covered the space occupied by the fountain and here was where the bathers gossiped as they dried themselves.

The fountain is fed by a spring from the hill above. One of the original columns is in the temple of Diana to which we next wended our way through a blinding sand storm.

Baedeker says this was probably a Nymphaeum, which reminds us of Samuel Johnson's method of defining a word by using less known words. We hazard a guess, however, that the nymphs from

the baths came here for afternoon tea. They were probably dryades.

Within it is a curious Byzantine bas relief of the head of Christ, dating from the sixth century. The roof of the temple is on three levels, thus admitting the light (some) and excluding the rain (a little).

We returned to the hotel in time to pay our bill and catch the bus for the train. At the last moment we inserted Remoulins in our schedule in order to visit the Pont du Gard. This was part of a twenty-five mile aqueduct built 19 B. C. by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus Caesar. The part now used as a bridge is 880 feet long and 160 feet high, resting on a triple tier of arches diminishing as they ascend. There are six, eleven and thirty-five arches respectively in each tier. It was built entirely without cement except in the bed of the canal on top, through which the water was conveyed to Nîmes. The structure was damaged in the fifth century by barbarians. It is pretty well initialed now by later barbarians. It was restored in 1855-8 by that great restorer Napoleon III.

Arriving at Remoulins we left our train to its sole other occupant, the postman, and deposited our baggage in the check room. Carriages for the Pont du Gard meet every train. It is a fifteen minute ride and on July 19th was a very dusty

one. Our driver went half a mile out of his way to accommodate a non-paying friend, after which we resumed our course to the bridge.

Our drive terminated at a wayside inn, where in spite of heat, dust and weariness we were obliged to walk another quarter of a mile to the bridge, up hill all the way. We took a rather steep path to the top. There is less climbing but more walking if you cross the river by the lower bridge and ascend the steps on the opposite side. We thought it a stiff bit of Alpine work until we started to explore a descensus Averni on the other side of the bridge which was anything but facilis.

First we must tell you that we encountered a sergeant of Zouaves at the top of the bridge. He was such a picture of a Chasseur d'Afrique that we made bold to ask him if he would pose for us. He would be enchanted but would madame include the baby also? Mystified, we acquiesced and he disappeared in the bush with that distinctly paternal call that distinguishes the male parent. Soon he reappeared with a smiling mother and a fearless big-eyed infant. The soldier took the child in his arms and the two made a charming picture. Then the baby proceeded to work on his next tooth with the "big sou" handed to him. He said what his fond mother assured us was "merci" and as we left,

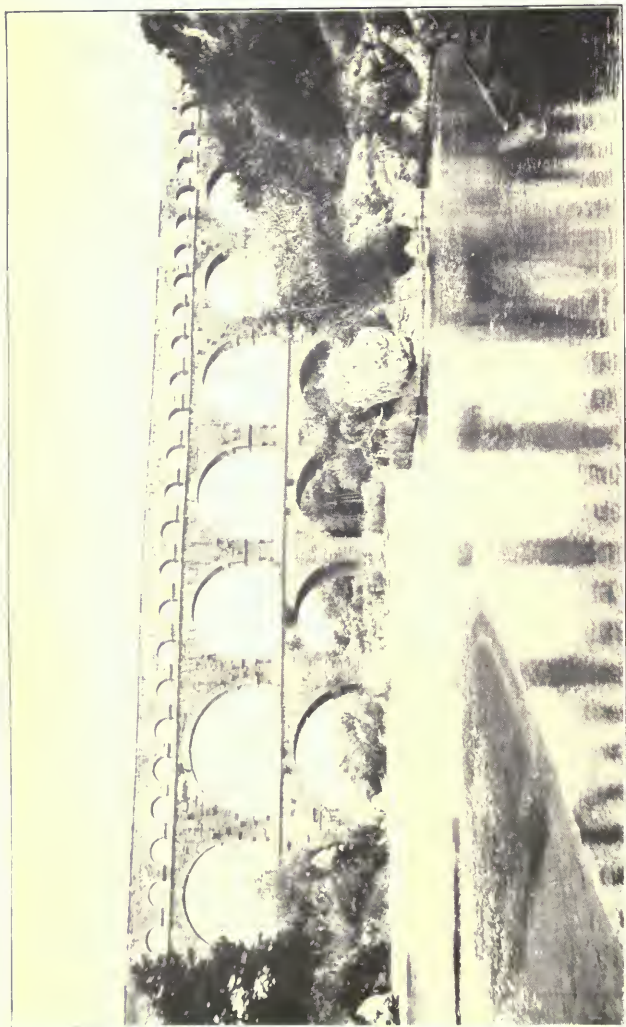
“bonjour,” using the same sounds. However, the mother understood him, God bless her, as no one but mothers ever understand us.

Then came our descent! We thought it a path but it must have been the dry bed of some unusually reckless mountain brook. No goat, at least no four-legged goat—had ever attempted it, for there were no mangled remains at the bottom.

After we had scraped along over loose rocks and slippery leaves for several yards, holding on by roots and branches, we concluded to return. Rash conclusion! To descend was difficult, to go back was impossible. The path behind us had closed as if by magic. Steps that had been three feet down were six feet up.

We resolved to record names and address in our journal and take a final plunge. Writing thus in the first person robs the narrative of its due amount of thrill, for you know that eventually we reached bottom, but the difficulties really were formidable and the distance, one hundred and sixty feet, too great for a comfortable drop. Not only were there sticks and stones to break our bones, but brambles to tear our only clothes. But we emerged finally with eyes and outer integument intact.

We ate lunch under an arbor at the little inn. Everything was home grown and delicious. We



PONT DU GARD—REMOULINS

were entirely surrounded by hungry chickens which ate off our hands and almost ate our hands off, if we were slow in waiting on them. One turkey, half-grown, finding the floor service inadequate jumped upon the table and had to be removed by the waitress.

A bull dog and a French poodle joined our merry throng, coming in with the meat course. A party of six wine growers on a fishing excursion made merry at an adjoining table. Occasionally my empty hand would hang down at my side and in every instance it would receive an admonitory peck from some hungry hen. Later when chicken was served, we felt almost like we were eating a member of the family.

XV

Marseilles

OUR conveyance reached Remoulins forty minutes ahead of train time but we were not permitted to buy our tickets to Marseilles until twenty minutes had elapsed.

We passed through Beaucaire and crossed the swift flowing Rhone to Tarascon on the opposite bank. At the latter town, the track for Marseilles crossed the other at right angles and we changed cars. A multitude of signs made mistakes impossible.

The guide books mention Daudet and his romance of "The Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon." France joins the rest of the world in laughing at this typical braggart of Southern France. Except to furnish a name for the hero of Booth Tarkington's cameo delineation of a brave French gentleman, Beaucaire does not figure prominently in literature.

We skirted the Rhone all the way to Marseilles, but not close enough to wet our skirts.

After Rabele we went though a lot of scrubby looking prairie country with long sections of the track protected from the mistral by closely planted cypress trees. The mistral is the cold, raw wind that sweeps down from the mountains almost any time of the year, but in the winter it brings snow in its trail.

Just before entering Marseilles, the railroad passes through the longest tunnel in France, three miles of unventilated darkness. After emerging we sighted the islands of Pomeguis, Ratonneau and If, the latter Monte Cristo's island.

Steamboat excursions run from Marseilles out to Isle d'If, where gaping tourists are shown the Chateau d'If and Monte Cristo's cell, with as much impressiveness as if he had really existed. It is a wonderful tribute to the impressive realism of Dumas. They even show you the place where Monte Cristo's body struck the water. It is still wet. Monte Cristo is much more of a reality to most tourists than Mirabeau, who actually was imprisoned there.

Marseilles has the most prominent harbor in France. It is the principal port for Algeria and excursions run over there two or three times a week.

At the depot we landed in a queer jumble of French, Turks and Italians. We auto-bussed to a hotel on the harbor and just off the Cannebière.

The Cannebière is one of those unfortunate streets that suffers from too much press agency. The Marseilles citizens say "If Paris had a Cannebière it would be a little Marseilles." If it had nothing more impressive than the Cannebière it would be a very little Marseilles. The boast damages a street which if not dragged into the limelight is a very fair avenue, not extremely long, nor extraordinarily wide, nor very brilliantly illuminated, nor markedly gay, but a perfectly good street on which to walk or drive.

We motored down it, found our hotel and secured a room with an iron-railed balcony and there we sat with the busy city beneath us and the Old Harbor in front filled with masts and having the setting sun for a background. Boats for the Chateau d'If with bunting flying were ready for the morrow's excursions. Autos honked past. The jangle of street car bells mingled with the rattle of cabs. Carts rumbled along more slowly. Pedestrians used either sidewalk or street as the mood struck them. An occasional motor truck disputed the crossing with a half-dozen triple tandem teams. Newsboys and girls called their wares vigorously. Marseilles is not an anti-noise city.

A huge transporter bridge swung lazily back and forth across the harbor. Two soldiers paused beneath us to light their cigarettes. A



THE OLD HARBOR—MARSEILLES

bearded priest in long black gown strolled leisurely across the street. France has broken the hold of the church and some day will lessen the drain of the army. When she does the imagination halts in its efforts to conceive her prosperity.

Marseilles is a big city with half a million people and a history going back twenty-five hundred years. It was not our intention to "see" it at all. We planned to sample its bouillabaisse at one of its celebrated restaurants, see an act or two of vaudeville and have a good night's rest before visiting the French Riviera. It was out of season for bouillabaisse and the vaudeville was a disappointment, but we slept nineteen to the dozen.

Marseilles antedates Roman civilization. It was a Greek settlement. Julius Caesar took it in 49 B. C. Christianity is said to have been introduced here by Lazarus, brother of Mary and Martha.

It was conquered by all the usual conquerors in regular order: Visigoths, Franks and Saracens. It did not become a part of France until a few years before America was discovered and was always rather independent in its attitude towards the powers that sought to govern it. It was loyal to Louis XVI when his troubles commenced, or rather, it was against the government, whatever the government might be.

Its gang was conspicuous at the attack on the Tuileries and sang de l'Isle's "Marseillaise," which, born an outcast, is now the French national air.

Algeria and the Suez Canal have each added to the importance of Marseilles as a port.

The great engineer Vauban, who engineered things for Louis XIV, built the big gray fort to our right. On the other fort, the newer one, is a plate bearing an inscription placed there in 1899 in memory of Marseilles' twenty-five hundredth birthday.

We ate at the Restaurant Basso and Brigailon, famed for its bouillabaisse, but alas it was the closed season for bouillabaisse. They only bite in cold weather. We were also told that artichokes were bad form after July 15th. Later we disproved this and found that they were not only good form but excellent taste all through the summer.

Every child whom we saw in Marseilles and nearly every woman and a great many men had beautiful eyes. But for the language we would have sworn we were in Italy.

Our waiter was so efficient that we gave him a liberal tip. To our disappointment he put it in a tin box where it became part of the common fund divided weekly.

Some details of a first class Marseilles restau-

rant may interest you. We dined à la carte and accepted the suggestions of our middle-aged waiter both as to items and quantity. First he brought us a fried sole, smoking hot, which he skillfully dissected in front of us, removing the bones, or you might say separating sole from body, without leaving a bone with the fish or very much fish with the bone. Then came an excellent beefsteak which was apportioned with proper recognition of the superior demands of the masculine appetite. With this course were fried potatoes, puffed like young dirigibles, and peas seasoned as only a French cook can season them. There was, of course, bread and butter and salad, the latter wisely left in the waiter's hands to prepare.

He wanted us to stop after the salad, but we asked him for fruit, notwithstanding the warning of traveled friends as to the price of peaches in France.

A basket was brought heaped with plums, apricots and peaches and left on the table to do its deadly work. We limited ourselves to a peach, a plum and an apricot, each a giant of its species and of perfect color and flavor. Our total bill was \$1.76 figuring francs at twenty cents each, which is about four per cent too high. This included a charge for bread, butter and "covers." Our waiter had figured on giving us a good din-

ner at four francs each. Our request for fruit had added sixteen cents to the bill. This was in one of the best restaurants in Marseilles.

Our walk down the Cannebière after the vaudeville was interesting but not exciting. The street was well, but not brilliantly, lighted. The advertising man had not come to the rescue of the municipality in the matter of illumination as on Broadway. The sidewalks were filled with strollers.

Altogether the proverb regarding the Cannebière has little justification and only serves to illustrate the good-natured egotism of the Provençal and to prove that bragging about the home town is not exclusively a characteristic of a new civilization.

Cabs are forty cents an hour. Taxis are not—do not exist in Marseilles. Car fare is two cents anywhere within the city and no transfers are given.

We drove down to the transporter bridge and were wafted across like so much small change in a cash railway. The charge for carriage and party was ten cents.

Our cab horse was formerly in the cavalry. He paused at uncertain intervals. He did not exactly balk, but went through a sort of time-marking operation. His military habits cost us

an extra franc and nearly caused us to miss our train.

We had been delayed in leaving the hotel by a Scotchman who was attempting to tell the French lady in charge how to make porridge. Consequently we were additionally embarrassed by the manoeuvres of the cab horse. As always, we found that we had plenty of time and that our hurry was more a matter of habit than necessity.

XVI

Monte Carlo

FROM Marseilles to Monte Carlo the railroad goes between the mountains and the sea, with the Corniche Road running like a white ribbon between us and the Mediterranean.

This part of the country witnessed Napoleon's start and finish. We passed Toulon where his suggestion as to the disposition of the besieging artillery led to the capture of the city and attracted the favorable attention of the Convention.

Here also was his point of departure when he set sail for Egypt, May 19, 1798. His star of destiny was in the ascendant. He bade Josephine good-bye "for two months." Five hundred sail set forth on the Mediterranean with forty thousand soldiers and ten thousand sailors. If the enemy had stumbled onto this over-loaded fleet, Napoleon's star would have set right there. His ships were so crowded with men and artillery as to make manœuvring impossible. Even a victory would have ended his expedition. A smooth sea

and complete immunity from attack were necessary. It was a 100 to 1 shot and Napoleon accepted the odds. His confidence was contagious. A squall on May 19 drove the English fleet into the offing and it took Britannia until June 1 to make repairs and resume her rule of the waves. By that time Napoleon was twelve days on his way.

Napoleon landed at St. Raphaël, a little farther along the coast, when he returned from Egypt and hastened to Paris, maddened by jealousy, to investigate scandalous rumors affecting Josephine repeated to him by his brothers.

Convinced of Josephine's loyalty, he did not divorce her until satisfied that she would never bear an heir to the throne. From their estrangement dates his gradual downfall.

Fate played him a sorry trick, for his son by Maria Louisa died at twenty-one, while a grandson of Josephine in the person of Napoleon III sat on the throne of France for twenty years.

At St. Raphaël, Napoleon disembarked for his brief sojourn at Elba. Still farther along the coast, near Golfe-Juan-Vallauris, a column marks the spot where he landed on his return from Elba.

Napoleon was everything from a vain, egotistical demagogue to the greatest military leader the world has ever known. He played on the

vanity of the French people and they gave all to the man who confirmed their belief that they were the greatest people on earth.

The French are courageous innovators. The novelty of an idea invites rather than frightens them. Having made a choice, that choice is right because they made it, and they support it to the death.

Thus they are often more consistent than wise, as in the rejection of the Reformation and the acceptance of the Napoleonic légende.

French virtues are therefore national while her vices are largely individual.

They are supreme in the reign of pure intelligence. They worship reason. Thus in '93 all church holidays were done away with. The Goddess of Reason was enthroned in Notre Dame.

The Revolution abolished anarchy in weights and measures and established anarchy in politics and religion. They instituted a decimal system which lived and a calendar which died. They divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each with five festival days except in Leap Year, when there were six. The months had poetical names which, freely translated, mean Vintage, Foggy, Hoarfrost, Snowy, Rainy, Windy, Budding, Flowering, Pasture, Harvest, Hot and Fruit. Each month had three decades. There was a scheme to decimalize the hours and



THE SHORE LINE—MONTE CARLO

minutes but it was dropped. Probably if it had succeeded, they would have tackled the heart-beats. There were no Sundays, but in place thereof, three holidays per month "for contemplation and commemoration of abstract ideas." Napoleon restored Sunday and in 1805 the senate restored the old calendar in toto.

It is the national characteristic to act on what we could consider mere theory, providing the theory seems to them true. The Frenchmen dissociates the proposition from the proponent. He does not ask if Voltaire is a deist or if Darwin is in conflict with Holy Writ. He treats the proposition by itself. Is it true? If so, no matter where it leads, he follows.

With us the man who sees quickly frequently does not see clearly. He is agile rather than accurate. He displays presence of mind rather than quick-wittedness. He adapts himself adroitly to an unforeseen circumstance whereas a Frenchman would be more likely to foresee the circumstance.

The "alert American" prides himself rather on his ability quickly to correct a wrong "guess" than on the accuracy of his first estimate. He is "smart" rather than intelligent.

Brownell (French Traits) quotes an Italian traveler: "The trouble with the French is that they can leave nothing alone. They charge you

more for potatoes *au naturel* than for potatoes served in any other way."

You pay for the self-control exercised, just as Jerome K. Jerome says you pay for the things left off a bonnet.

We stopped at none of the towns we have named. Toulon was sacrificed for the Pont du Gard at Remoulins. Neither did the villas at Cannes or Nice lure us from our advance on Monte Carlo, although they looked cool and inviting in the bright sunlight.

The Mediterranean is blue and green and much of the coast is of a Colorado red.

Le Muy has a tower from which some Provençals shot *de la Vega*, the poet, whom they mistook for Charles V because of his sumptuous dress: a warning to all poets.

Monte Carlo is situated in Monaco, the smallest principality on the planet and the wickedest. It once was a world power containing fifty-three square miles, but in 1861 the reigning prince, not caring to cultivate so much ground, sold all but eight square miles to France. It is not clear why he retained so much. Five acres would suffice for the productive part of Monaco, which part is the percentage in favor of the house.

This percentage pays all the taxes and in return for this immunity the citizens are not allowed to play the games. No doubt many expatriate

themselves in order to return and sit around the tables in the Casino.

In much the same way Lord Guinness, of Dublin, refuses his brewery employes the right to drink beer. Like the poor but proud colored waiter in the cheap restaurant they can say, "Yes, suh, ah wuk heah but ah don' eat heah."

Therefore there is an air of discontented prosperity among the soldiery of Monaco. Apparently every male inhabitant is a soldier, fireman, croupier or bouncer.

There are two towns in Monaco, Monaco proper and Monte Carlo which is not. Altogether fifteen thousand people live in the principality.

Just why Monaco is permitted to exist is a mystery. It is segregated vice with a vengeance and immensely profitable. In fact, it is so remunerative that we commenced to ask ourselves how the rake-off was spilt up among the powers. It is all within French territory but it does not necessarily follow that France is the sole partner in the business. It is too rich a morsel to be held so long by one small house without a "gentlemen's agreement" of some sort and it would be interesting to see the real books of Monte Carlo.

There are many tunnels on the road to Nice and it is a very trying trip if you need to consult maps or time tables. We went through Nice and

left our baggage at the Monte Carlo depot, returning to Nice to sleep. It is only a forty minute ride and our plan enabled us to catch an early morning train to our next stop.

The hotel runners and cabbies at Monte Carlo make the rest of the world seem dull and quiet. Compared to these gentry, a Coney Island ballyhoo is coy and shrinking. Apparently they believe that they must get quick action ahead of the gaming tables. The average visitor to Monte Carlo carries ready money and ready money excites a hotel runner. They were at our elbow during every operation at the depot, when we alighted, while we sought a porter, when we handed our tickets to the gate man, when we left our suit cases at the *consigné*. Every moment a babel of hotel names filled the air, whispered in our ears by the nearest, shouted at us by those on the edge of the crowd and always running through it as a sort of motif the words "Anglish spoke."

We walked two or three blocks from the depot, chartered a carriage after the usual bargaining and drove along the lower road, watching the Mediterranean at play. Like a huge cat it would lie on its back and tease the shore with curling breakers. Then it would dash and gnaw at the sandy beach, driven back repeatedly, but

always returning frothing and biting its way into the land.

There is a fine bathing beach but only two or three children with their nurses were availing themselves of it.

The Mediterranean was striped with all the colors, at least with all the water colors. Gray, pale green, black, emerald, topaz, navy blue—all listed as we saw them and not dug out of a paint catalogue after reaching home—striped like a French farm or a gigantic *pousse café*.

We drove about the town along climbing, curving streets, between immaculate white and ivory villas with beautiful lawns where the owners can gambol on the green without leaving their own premises. Every part of the town is as clean as a hound's tooth. The motto of Monaco might well be "We clean everything in sight."

The Grand Casino is right in front of the depot at the top of a long line of stairs, a sort of *Scala Maledicta*, not to be ascended on your knees, but frequently to be descended on your uppers. There is an elevator for the weary. Everything is made easy for the easy. No one needs to ask for the Casino when alighting from the train. It is right in front of you.

A fine orchestra was playing selections from ancient classics and modern Hebrew as we sat under the trees in the beautiful garden. The

usual high wind was blowing. Ultra fashionable people strolled by trying to pass the time away between games. The Casino is open from ten in the morning until midnight. A uniformed attendant assists occupants of carriages to alight at the front door. It is the policy of the management to relieve you of everything possible. Everything is organized beautifully. The infernal regions themselves can be no better systematized. If Monaco can avoid foreign wars she ought to continue prosperous. Her army is on a peace footing and her navy is tied to a stake down in the harbor. And all the time as the gold clinks and the plucked gulls slink back to the depot the question keeps popping into my mind: "How is the graft pro-rated?"

There were two sorts of games going when we were there, five tables of roulette and one of trente-et-quarante. The stakes at the former range from one dollar to twelve hundred while at the latter the range is from four to twenty-four hundred dollars.

The soldiers or policemen or messenger boys or whatever they are wear white cork helmets, blue coats with silver buttons and white trousers. They look like light opera naval lieutenors the first month of the season.

There were hundreds of tame pigeons flying



THE CASINO—MONTE CARLO

about the grounds, exempt like the native featherless bipeds from being plucked.

To get into the Casino, you first present your visiting card at the office and receive a ticket admitting you for the day. You are required to give your nationality and the name of your hotel. Then you check your hat so as to leave both hands free to pull in your winnings and enter the palatial rooms.

"Palatial" is an over-worked word but a weak one. We saw no palaces in France that compared with the Casino in modern conveniences and comfort.

When we entered, all of the six tables were crowded and a fringe of retail gamblers stood back of the chairs. Evidently "the season" at Monte Carlo is like the rainy season in Ireland where a native assured us "it begins to rain about the first of June and is purty well over by the thirty-first of the following May." But in the winter, we were told there were five rooms open and twenty-five tables in full swing.

There were young men and old, richly dressed and shabby women, people of all nations, athletes, cripples and invalids. They had one thing in common—an exhausted, depleted expression. There is no gayety, no joy, in Monte Carlo. The faces are stamped with the strain of one obsessing appetite, the passion for gambling.

We did not even know the rules of the games and learned little by watching the players. We asked a young Englishman to explain the significance of the roulette "lay-out." He told us the varying odds. I mention this to show how ignorant we were and how innocent of any pre-conceived "system."

I changed some gold and separated six five-franc pieces—about the size of silver dollars—from the rest of my money and agreed to limit my plunge to six bets, win or lose. The bets centered around number 16. The first wager was intended to cover the combination 16-17-18, the odds eleven to one. The coin lit on Number 16 and before I could make my intention clear "Rien ne va plus" was called and the money remained on 16. Number 17 won and I lost. Had the money landed where it was aimed, I would have won eleven dollars.

This is much more fascinating in the doing than in the telling, so I will hasten to add that three more bets were lost. Then I tossed a dollar toward the 16 square. Again I was misunderstood and the money rested on the intersection of 16, 17, 19 and 20. Nineteen won and I was handed eight dollars that I did not intend to win. This made a three dollar winning, net, and I recklessly played the final wager on 16. The little ivory ball spun around and around,

slipped onto the inner disk, hesitated and fell into 16. Money, the equivalent of thirty-five dollars, was pushed over to me and I quit. That is the only part of the system that I can recommend unreservedly.

We wandered out into the garden and bought some post cards of an old woman whose booth was back of the Casino.

"Do you play?" we asked her.

"It is not permitted to me," she said with a sigh.

We planned to ride on the funicular railway to La Turbie, a village at the top of the hill, sixteen hundred feet above the town. The view from there is superb and they serve you a good meal, out of the tempter's reach. We bought tickets and climbed into the car but a rain storm came up and we were satisfied that the view would be obscured so we returned to a cafe near the Casino for dinner.

In the evening we again went into the gambling rooms. It looked very much as it did in the afternoon. The personnel had changed but not the general facial appearance. It was as if a slightly different group of people had stepped in behind the same expressions.

There is a lot of good sculpture wasted on the ceilings of the gambling rooms, for very few people look up.

Almost every player has a system elaborately

worked out. The superstition that a system exists that can break the bank is the bulwark of Monte Carlo's success. These system players have pencil and paper in front of them and record every winning number. When the psychological moment arrives they place their bets and if they win, the system is vindicated—temporarily. If they lose, there must have been an error in the calculations. The system cannot be mistaken.

One-fourth of the players were women. At intervals in the evening attendants passed wine around free of charge to all in the rooms, whether players or not.

About nine o'clock, the orchestra started to play. We sat around and listened to the music and studied the faces about us until it was time to take the train to Nice.

At the depot, we were joined by others who found it desirable to sleep at Nice. One motherly looking lady of sixty passed us as we sat and she was in an unusual predicament for a lady of sixty. She had a bundle in one hand, an umbrella and newspaper in the other and an unlighted cigarette in her mouth. She succeeded in striking a match on the box and walked on puffing in a very determined manner.

I am glad I do not smoke cigarettes. It is too effeminate.

XVII

The Goulets

HALF of Nice goes out of business in the summer time. More than half of the hotels and pensions are closed. That fact does not alter the clean loveliness of its pink and creamy villas as they circle the terraces above the bay, like strands of corals and pearls.

At Cannes the train stood for ten minutes beside a trainload of long-horned, fawn-colored cattle voicing their criticism of the railroad management and their displeasure at being transferred from Cannes to cans.

A good deal of France was storm-swept the day we were at Monte Carlo. We had a high, cold wind which we were assured was unprecedented but we are so used to breaking meteorological records that we paid no attention to it. The cold wave lasted long enough to get us out of the southern part of France and we were grateful for that.

At Marseilles we stopped for twenty-five minutes but that was not enough time for us to eat lunch so we bought a box lunch and ate it on the train.

Our compartment had seven of its eight places taken and every one had a box lunch. Besides ourselves there were three ladies, a child and a young colored man who spoke French fluently and English imperfectly. The two ladies took up every inch of room in the racks with their packages and we were obliged to find storage under the seats for our baggage.

We again passed through Tarascon but this time we did not change cars. We were crowded worse after picking up the Paris passengers at Tarascon. All places were taken and the corridors were full. More passengers were admitted than there were places, thus rudely shattering another tradition of the Continent. Luckily French trains are never in a hurry to start and eventually every one was placed, some gentlemen surrendering their seats and standing in the corridor.

We looked out the car windows at Avignon, the capital of the Roman hierarchy and residence of the popes in the fourteenth century. The ancient palace of the popes is its star attraction. Here is the headquarters of the Brotherhood founded by Frederic Mistral, the

poet, whose purpose it was to revive the Provençal language and literature. And as we mused over the labor this good man had expended from pure love of country, we bought the morning paper and read that Frederic Mistral was dying. A few days later he passed away at the good old age of eighty-two.

Every depot was thronged with people and we were puzzled at first but later recalled that it was Sunday. The practice of seeing the Sunday train pass through is not limited to rural communities in the United States.

The town of Orange interested us because it gave the name to the house of William the Silent, and was subject thereto until the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 gave it and its small territory to France, leaving only the title, Prince of Orange, to the house of Nassau.

We arrived at Valence late and made a quick change to the train for Romans. A porter ran into the depot and bought tickets for us. If you try to pass through an exit at a French depot without a ticket you are required to pay first-class fare from the terminal of the line. If you ride in a higher class than your ticket calls for, you are assessed the difference, if you are detected in it, providing there is a vacant place in the class in which you belong. A great many

people ride out of their class and are never found out.

At Romans we changed to a tram for Pont-en-Royans. There were only six first-class places, all taken, so we sat in the unupholstered second-class end of the car. The ride was a rough one and it lasted two and a half hours.

The rural towns through which we passed seemed given over to street bowling as a Sunday recreation.

Our little train of one car went up over a ridge and down into a green valley with here and there a village. Some towns were of a considerable size and all were in their Sunday garments and well represented at the depots.

St. Jean-en-Royans is a busy looking place whose only communication with the outside world is by this little tramway.

It was twenty minutes after eight when we arrived at Pont-en-Royans and the moon was shining brightly. The lights of the town were visible and they were a mile from the depot. There was no carriage in sight and no hotel porter. Evidently the eight twenty train from Romans was not a popular one. A little four and a half foot man with a breath that would have done credit to a six foot grenadier volunteered to carry our suit cases. I lugged the carry-all and B. led the march with the camera. We made



TUNNEL IN THE GRANDS GOULETS

several pauses to rest the little man, who was growing visibly shorter under the weight of the luggage until we feared his shoe strings would get into his eyes. After twenty minutes our rapidly vanishing porter commandeered a push cart from a neighboring yard and for the rest of the way we took things easy.

We had had nothing but a box lunch since our early breakfast and it was nine o'clock when we sat down to a good country dinner.

Pont-en-Royans looks like a hornet's nest plastered against the cliff. The Hotel Bonnard marked "unpretentious" by Baedeker is better than some marked "good," except that it should send a carriage to the evening tram.

We woke up after a comfortable night and found a clear cool day just taking down its shutters and getting ready for business. You can take a diligence and see the Goulets at less expense but the exigencies of kodakery demand special favors in the way of stops so we ordered a carriage for the day. This, with two horses and bells galore, cost us four dollars.

We drove up and up and up over a winding road protected by walls at the turns only, past a few tandem truck teams hauling big logs or telegraph poles into the town. There is not much grain hereabouts. It is a grass country. Later we could look down at our road zig-zagging for

miles below us where the landscape was like a map drawn in many colors of green, while above us towered seamed and riven rocks.

We passed through five tunnels into the Petits Goulets and rode through it for an hour or more before we reached the Grands Goulets. Then came grander sights. We passed through a chalky tunnel under white, overhanging rocks into another and shorter tunnel. The air was very cold in the shade but the sun was quite warm. A rain coat felt comfortable on the ride. Our progress was by short stages with many stops for photographs and many tunnels. The name "goulet" means the neck of a bottle and is applied to the narrow entrance to a harbor. It fits this cul-de-sac admirably.

There are miles of tilted strata where one gets a faint conception of forces once at work and now not dead but sleeping, that make the labors of man seem very puny. Whole mountains are tilted like fallen layer cake cooled too suddenly. The fine road over which we drove is merely nibbled from the rind. Here and there a grand cascade roars down for a great distance. The tunnels become almost continuous.

We emerged into a green valley with farms or pastures wherever there are fifty feet square of level ground. There were little caves and a

tiny brook so clear that it magnified the pebbles at the bottom.

The Valley of St. Martin leads to the little town of St. Martin where we ate luncheon. A funeral service was being held in the tiny old church. The town was filled with farmers. They had gathered to honor the memory of a neighbor, a good man and a popular one. Two or three hundred people streamed out of the little church and into the graveyard behind it in the wake of a coffin borne on the shoulders of half a dozen men. Six mourning children showed how much the father would be missed.

The cortège returned, some to the hotel but most of them to the village pump, where they loitered awhile and talked of the virtues of the deceased in subdued voices. The priest removed his robes of office and mixed with his parishioners. It was evident that the Republic of France when it put up that label on the church "R. F. 1910" took over nothing but the building.

A touring party in an automobile honked through the crowd, intending no irreverence but grotesquely out of the picture.

It was too cool to eat in the garden so we adjourned to the second floor dining room, made splendid by a chandelier wrapped in tin foil.

The regular boarders took their places at the large table and proceeded to discuss the funeral.

The man who dies in these rural communities is a public benefactor.

Two dogs entered undeterred and trotted directly to us. Even a French dog detects our accent and attempts to work us. It is but just to add that all of the boarders handed occasional bits to the dogs. Napkins were unblushingly placed under chins.

The claims of equal rights for the sexes are allowed in France except at the polling booth. The fair sex is supplanting the unfair sex in every line of endeavor. You frequently see cows yoked up and hauling wagons, depriving honest oxen of their legitimate means of livelihood.

The return ride was unexciting. There was an hour of steady upgrade, not very steep but affording an excuse for walking the horses. The ride could be made in half the time without hurting the team, but that would make it too brief for the amount charged.

The drive through the lovely valley of the Bourne was delightful. The road was good and the views were grand, but not so impressive as those in the Gorge of the Tarn or on the way to Gavarnie.

Our departure from Pont-en-Royans was more impressive than our entrance. We drove down its clean, narrow street, responding to the salutations of its neat-looking citizens and with



PONT-EN-ROYANS

prancing steeds and cracking whip, wound up and around the hill to the depot.

There is a large tunnel in the mountains on one side of the Bourne, tapping the source of the Vercors and supplying electric power. This proud, champing little stream is pointed into large tubes and becomes simply a gigantic hose. The holes made in the mountain side to permit the discharge of *débris* from the tunnel look very peculiar from the drive-way for there is nothing leading to them except a very tenuous plank walk from the adjacent holes. Until the mystery is solved and you learn the inside facts, you wonder how men ever reached the holes.

We chose first-class accommodations on our return to Romans, largely because of the cushions. At St. Nazaire we loaded three empty casks which acted as if they were full, rolling into the cars, upsetting men and delaying our departure considerably. Below St. Nazaire we had our first view in France of a steam thresher at work.

When we reached Romans the tram first backed into a freight yard and transferred its more perishable burden, a work of a little more than ten minutes, after which we were taken to the depot.

We piled our baggage in the middle of the street and I stood guard while B. searched for

a hotel porter. There were neither porters nor carriages at the station, so she went to a near-by hotel and presently a waiter emerged and assisted us with our baggage to the neat but unpretentious hotel where we found a good room. We thought this preferable to hunting for a starred hotel in a remote part of the town.

Carriages meet the regular trains but we came from Pont-en-Royans on a tram between train-times.

In Romans we spent the quietest morning of our trip, largely because the real town is a mile from the depot. At eight o'clock only a few shops in our neighborhood were open, although there are more than seventeen thousand people here. We slept better, surrounded by the noises of tram and railway than we did in some villages so quiet that when a citizen a block away turned over in bed we both sat up and asked, "What was that?"

The Touvard is a comfortable hotel, and if ever you are stranded overnight in Romans you will be well taken care of there at a very slight expense.

The usual statue is at the corner of the street. This one is to the soldiers of the Dauphiné at the time of the Revolution. President Carnot laid the cornerstone in 1888.

XVIII

Chambéry

RURAL France does not seem to have grappled with the fly problem at all. "Frappez la mouche" has not yet become a slogan. There are no screens and not much sticky fly paper. Here and there are narrow strips of gummed paper on which only a skilled fly-aviator could make a landing. You fight for your food inch by inch. The journals see only the humorous phase of the subject and publish cartoons regarding the pests. A favorite toy represents a baby's face with a fly on its nose. "The Fly" was one of the prize pictures in the Salon of 1912. The French need some good American Board of Health secretary to give them a scare. Evidently they do not dream of their peril.

A Society for the Protection of the Young Girl had women agents with badges on their sleeves at many metropolitan depots visited by us. At Rouen B. was ten feet ahead of me and was almost protected without her knowledge or

my consent. I rescued her from her rescuer who to this day has her suspicions of me, I have no doubt.

Rural mail bags are small and made of flimsy material. They look like laundry bags that have grown suspicious and put on locks.

We found an unoccupied second-class compartment to Chambéry and were happy. We repeat and affirm that third-class compartments in France are unspeakable. Half dressed soldiers and unwashed citizens spread themselves over uncushioned benches or ooze out of car windows. Some one is eating, drinking or smoking all the time.

St. Marcellin on our left gives a glimpse of its thirteenth century tower from the railroad and its clean looking city pinned against the hillside. Dauphiny is a mixture of vines, farms and orchards.

Voreppe is a cement town with a huge mountain back of it waiting to be chiseled down, ground up and laid low in pavements to be trodden underfoot of men. Beyond these high mountains lies Italy.

We stopped for twenty minutes at Grenoble, a busy city, the first one of any importance to open its gates to Napoleon on his return from Elba in 1815. It is a favorite summer resort as well as a center of the cement industry.

At Brignoud a lovely cascade leaps down the mountain side on the right. Then come snow-clad mountains on the left, after which more timid ranges hide their tops in clouds.

Almost every town in this region has a statue of Bayard, le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. His birthplace, the Château Bayard is just beyond Le Cheylas-la-Buissière on the right. This is likewise the birthplace of Chartreuse, the famous cordial of the Carthusians, also sans reproche. Since 1903 it has been manufactured in Italy. In spite of persecution and expulsion these old fathers still keep the best of spirits.

At Chambéry we left our luggage at the depot and took carriage for Les Charmettes, the home of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens from 1736 to 1741.

Francis Gribble says in "Rousseau and the Women Whom He Loved" that he has seen the lease and it commenced in 1738. Rousseau in his "Confessions" says 1736. Rousseau's general reputation for truth and mendacity would lead us to accept Gribble even without the lease.

Rousseau was born in Geneva in 1712, grandson of a preacher and son of a clockmaker. He was a political combination of preacher and tinker, a man of genius in contrast to the talented encyclopedists. He was one of the foreigners who have greatly affected French his-

tory. He was sincere in his philosophy but unreliable in his facts. He would cheerfully lie to support a truth in which he believed. He studied Rousseau and founded his philosophy on an introspective self-analysis. He was a queer mixture of Swiss works in a French case. He was a theist. He had to believe in God to account for Rousseau. Who but God could have created Rousseau?

He was not orthodox nor bigoted. He was Calvinist or Catholic as he found it convenient, but never an atheist. He was a preacher of the simple life, a lover of nature. He would have been for the initiative, referendum and recall. He believed that the people were to be trusted until you trusted them with something: then recall them. He believed in pure democracy, in popular assemblages. He thought that a people which delegated its legislation was as unpatriotic as one which employed mercenaries in war. To him the ideal life would have been a perpetual corner grocery with everyone advising and no one permitted to execute, with a central stove and equal rights to expecorate but with no one allowed to stir up the fire.

We drove out on the Boulevard de la Colonne past the famous and unique Elephant Fountain, with a statue of General de Boigne, who acquired a large fortune in India and bequeathed it



LES CHARMETTES -CHAMBERY

to the several benevolent institutions of his native town. He died in 1830.

Our road goes up, up, up a narrow and winding way. The driver climbed down and walked for half a mile. Then he signified that he would go no farther. We remonstrated. We were over two hundred yards from Les Charmettes and the road was still ascending. We had been so frequently cajoled or bluffed into walking when we had paid for riding that we resolved to fight it out right there. The driver said that he could not turn his vehicle farther up the hill. I promised to help him take it apart and put it together again if necessary. Finally we compromised by permitting B. to stay in the carriage while he led the horse and I walked beside him. We found a wider turning space in front of Les Charmettes than the one we had left. We said "Aha!" and pointed to it. He said, "But yes, m'sieu, it is for automobiles."

Within the house everything is interesting. We were in the birthplace of a good deal of the Declaration of Independence. We were shown through the reception hall, dining room and parlor on the ground floor.

There is a door painted on the wall of the dining room leading to nothing but embarrassment if you try to take hold of the handle. This

is another instance of the practice of painting in the necessary ventilation.

Upstairs we were admitted to the bedrooms of Rousseau and of his benefactress Mme. de Warens. At this time Rousseau was a Catholic. Mme. de Warens' bedroom was filled with religious pictures, including one of the Magdalen. Outside her door was a small chapel. It is evident that here Rousseau was in a severely religious atmosphere so far as externals were concerned. Religious pictures and a crucifix depend from the walls in his bedroom. His servant's bunk is let into the wall above Rousseau's bed.

There are holes at the bottom of all the doors for the ingress and egress of the family cat. The steps leading to the upper floor are of stone, the floors are of wood.

Outside in opposite corners of the front yard two artists were making sketches of the house.

There is a beautiful view of the mountains from the east windows and not far away is Switzerland, the land of his birth and a frequent refuge in time of trouble.

Rousseau's life was just one refuge after another. He had a wonderful power over women and priests.

A too close study of the life at Les Charmettes, which was shared by other admirers of Mme. de Warens, rather shatters the romance. Perhaps

we had better leave details to Rousseau's biographers with the feeling that any reader of his biography will be less easily perturbed than one who peruses a travel book.

The lady artist in the front yard folded up her easel and walked over to where the man was sketching and knelt at his side. Husband and wife perhaps or maybe kindred souls affected by the environment. The old hall clock of Rousseau struck three, a reminder that three are a crowd. We said farewell to Les Charmettes, the dream spot, and returned to our dusty world.

We drove down the rue de Boigne with a few arcades and past the statue to Joseph and Xavier de Maistre. Then we loafed through the park and watched some soldiers at target practice. We photographed what is standing of the Château and also the old carved wooden doors of the cathedral.

Chambéry is a good town and has covered sewers and makes a feint at sprinkling its streets.

XIX

Annecy

AT the Chambéry railway station a “commissionaire” took possession of our suit cases and placed them on a truck which he pushed half the length of the depot and turned us over to another porter. The first man scoffed at the tip given him. It was not large but as a matter of fact he owed us a little for delaying our progress in order to share us with another porter.

We made a long stop at Aix-les-Bains, a fashionable and expensive watering place. It has warm sulphur springs which were known and used by the Romans, those indefatigable bathers. The climate is delightful and the water when coupled with regular hours and a restricted diet has been known to do wonders for invalids. The treatment is especially efficacious for rheumatism and skin diseases. Drinking fountains supply the water gratis to the public.

We jested merrily at the long stop we made

at Aix-les-Bains. I even went so far as to suggest that we were being given time to take a bath. Occasionally a train guard or a station employe would shout something in our window which we could not understand. We approved the voices but criticised the phrasing. Altogether we had a jolly time at Aix-les-Bains at the expense of the natives.

At Culoz we found that the long stop had been to enable us to change cars for Annecy and that those poor, overworked railroad employes had been begging, urging and ordering all passengers for Annecy to get aboard a train on another track.

We rode back to Aix-les-Bains, madder but wiser, and were charged nothing for our stupidity. Our return ride gave us another opportunity to study placid Lac du Bourget which is eleven miles long and almost five hundred feet deep. It is a beautiful blue in color and as smooth as a mirror.

Our mistake caused us to be an hour and a half late into Annecy, but we were amply compensated by having as traveling companions between Aix-les-Bains and Annecy a typical wine grower and his wife.

Picture to yourself a woman with hands and face burned brown by the sun, in a blue silk dress of the best material, from the bottom of

which projected a pair of substantial feet encased in low shoes. A timid glance showed above the shoe tops blue stockings matching the dress. She had four rings on one hand and five on the other, one being a quintuply entwined snake extending from knuckle to knuckle. Any of her rings must have cost more than six manicure sets and she needed at least six. Her finger nails were long and in mourning. Her hair was frizzed in the highest form of the art. She gave every evidence of being the owner of easy money coupled with ignorance of what to do with it. She had a bracelet on each arm and a neck chain yards long. She had so many breast pins and brooches that when she sneezed she rattled. Part of her equipment was gold, part of it was gilt. That any of it was gold shows that human nature is not utterly bad, for she doubtless had as little discrimination between things that glistened as a Fiji bride. Topping it all she carried furs on this warm July day.

The male member of the party wore a celluloid collar, a dark blue serge suit, no jewelry, boots that had never been polished and an air of uneasy suspicion. He was dimly conscious that the beautiful being by his side offered too strong a lure for our frail sex to withstand, and he kept his eye on her all the time.

Annecy is very much like a Holland town. It



AN ARCADED STREET—ANNECY

has only been French since 1860. It formerly was a part of Sardinia. We walked out in the evening and staked out several claims for the next day's snapshotting. There are blocks of arcades in addition to the pretty canals, and all of these things add to the quaintness and attractiveness of the town. But it was so cold that we concluded not to stay a second night in Annecy, but to hasten to Chamonix, cutting out the lovely steamboat ride on Lake Annecy.

In the morning we drove out into the old town with its narrow streets, arcades and canals. A barber shop displayed a sign announcing not only Marcel waves but "Schampooings." A book stall where we loafed awhile displayed a book in French giving one hundred and fifty recipes for American drinks. Nick Carter is widely read by juvenile French. Thus does the newer civilization corrupt the older.

We drove down to the shores of the beautiful lake bounded by mist-clad hills, and almost rescinded our early leaving plans. Two steamers were waiting their time of departure for a two hours' trip around the lake and they looked very inviting.

Southern France needs a new Baedeker. Cab fares are nearly all a half franc higher per hour than is given in the 1907 edition. This leads to argument and a demand for "le tarif" invariably

vindicates the cabby. In Annecy the rate is sixty cents per hour. The increased cost of living in France has forced this advance in prices.

Rousseau was a chorister in the cathedral at Annecy but found that he was a soloist by nature. We photographed a group of washerwomen who were comparing linen from the different hotels and making pungent comments on the owners of some of the garments they were beating up.

The old prison projects into the canal, increasing the difficulty of escape and creating an unsanitary condition. A prisoner must know how to swim if he wants to break jail in Annecy.

We were involuntarily reminded of the double lynching from the Missouri river bridge, a legend of early days. The first noose came untied and the prisoner fell into the water, swam ashore and escaped. As they were putting the rope around the other man's neck he said, "For heaven's sake, tie it right, boys. I can't swim a lick."

We drove past the home of Mme. de Warens where Rousseau lived in 1729 before entering à la Maîtrise (Number 13 of the same street) where he developed his taste for music. The street is now called the rue J. J. Rousseau. Over the door of Number 13 is a shrine.

There is a quaint old fountain in front of the cathedral. There are lions at the base and the central column rests on the backs of four tor-

toises. A modern touch was given the scene on the morning of our visit by milliners trimming hats on the sidewalk while their customers sat around and waited for them.

The home of St. Francis de Sales is on the rue du Pâquier. His tomb is now in a new chapel at the foot of the mountains. It was removed in 1911 because the law says that no cemetery can be maintained within the limits of a city. We approve of sanitary legislation but believe that any danger from infection from a corpse that became a corpse in 1622 is so small that it can be risked with impunity.

There is a fine bust of Sommellier in the Public Garden. He was one of the engineers of the Mt. Cenis tunnel.

We had a difficult time finding out whose monument decorated the entrance to a certain beautiful avenue named after the same man. The driver said it over a dozen times, growing more emphatic and consequently more indistinct at each recital. "You Jensu" was the nearest we could come to it for awhile. Then he added "A great writer." Suddenly it flashed on us. Eugène Sue. We thought of the young woman in the Tennessee mountains who was "most growed befo' she knowed dam Yankee was two words."

We drove the length of Avenue Eugène Sue, beautifully shaded, to where we had a good view

of his chateau, overlooking Lake Annecy from the foot of a green hill.

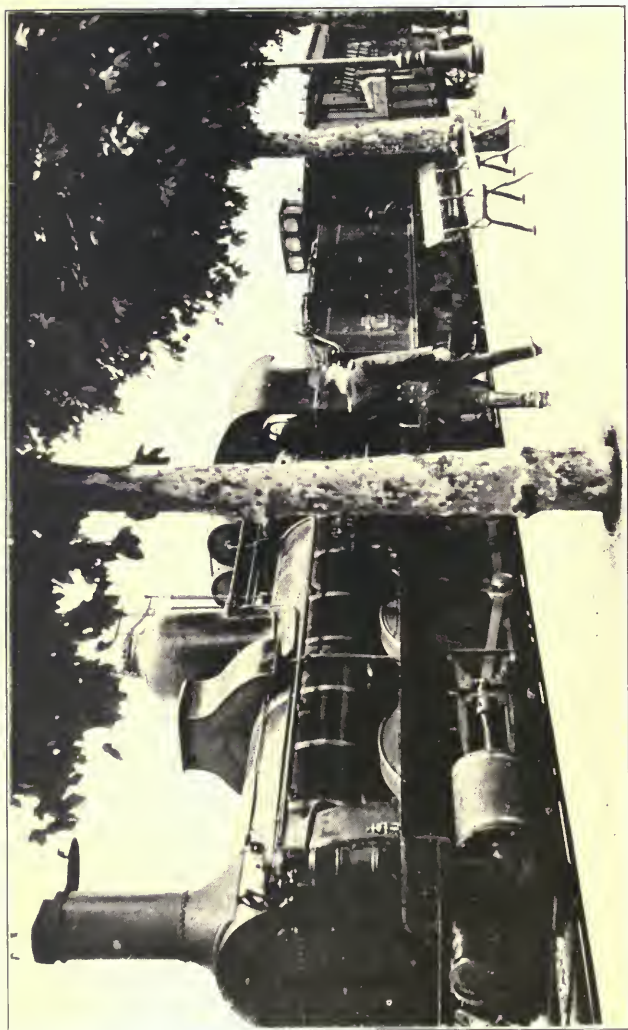
Sue was one of a long and illustrious line of physicians, lured from the scalpel by the call of the pen. After the death of his father left him rich he quitted the army and the practice of surgery and devoted his life to literature. "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew" are the best known of his many romances.

At the Coup d'état of Napoleon III in 1851 he left France and came to the beautiful chateau on the banks of Lake Annecy, which was then in Sardinia.

Annecy is all green and silver with linden trees and no more ornamental tree grows than the linden. We drove through the court of the Hotel de Ville into the splendidly arranged and highly cultivated Public Gardens.

The theatre is beautifully located on the curving arm of one of Annecy's many canals. It is closed in the summer except when a "troupe de passage" comes along.

The little village at the end of the Avenue Eugène Sue makes Catholic church bells for the whole world. They claimed to have made recent shipments to the United States. They should make more musical chimes for Annecy. The quarterly striking of a dismal clock throughout our first long, cold, sleepless night in Annecy was one of the factors which hastened our departure.



A FRENCH LOCOMOTIVE

XX

Chamonix

THE ticket agent said we would not change cars before reaching Chamonix. Warned by past experience we asked the hotel porter, who assured us that we must change at La Roche to a tram. The porter was nearly right. The ticket agent was entirely wrong. I mention this to illustrate the amount of official misinformation that an industrious and inquisitive traveler can pick up.

We ate luncheon in the diner and had an opportunity to confirm a suspicion that had been crystallizing and taking form ever since we first observed French people at their meals. Travelers frequently err in describing something as a regular practice which may never have occurred before in a century. One day I was walking down a busy Chicago street with an English friend. An old time emigrant wagon towed by oxen came slowly toward us. It was part of a Wild West parade that had lost its bearings. My English friend whipped out his note book and

said: "How interesting. I supposed that sort of thing had been done away with." With that lesson in mind I have sought a repetition of anything bizarre or unusual before listing it as a prevailing practice. But I feel that I am safe in asserting that well dressed French men and women at the table use their bread for a mop and remove from their plates therewith every trace of egg or gravy, eating the mop when the plate is cleaned.

By the table d'hote method one waiter can serve thirty-six people in a dining car. The removal of used plates is simplified by the mopping process above described.

We had snow-clad Alps all about us. At La Roche we did not change cars, but the consensus of opinion was that we would do so at Le Fayet.

Our train was partly filled with mountain climbers, professional, amateur and imitation. You can tell the first by their complexions, the second by their alpenstocks, and the third by their hats.

We were in Swiss France now just as we had been in Italian France when on the Riviera. Chalets, cliffs and waterfalls made the scene more suggestive of William Tell than Napoleon. Great citadels of natural rock were lifted high in the air above the snow line, but too steep for the snow to find permanent lodgment. Strata of

granite were twisted in cooling like the remains of some giant candy pull and then—

Mont Blanc!

Unmistakable in its majesty and not perceptibly dwarfed even by the mass of clouds swathing its summit.

At Le Fayet we did change to a tram and after eighteen minutes started our climb to Chamonix, in little wooden cars with narrow wooden seats apparently veneered with marble. The natives secured the shady seats while we were doing some altogether useless and unnecessary chasing of our baggage up and down the platform.

When our train arrived at Le Fayet the porter ran alongside pushing a truck and accumulated hand baggage as it was sloughed off the side of the train. Gradually he acquired it all. He needed no assistance from us but we hung around all the same. Then he distributed the luggage to its owners who had calmly seated themselves in the tram, on the shady side, and awaited his pleasure. There was absolutely no reason for us to worry but unless we worried occasionally we might as well be traveling in the United States.

The view of Mont Blanc is from the right side and we were on the left. But Mont Blanc is too large to be monopolized and we had a good enough view. We crossed the rushing torrent

of the Arve, a part of which is diverted and led more slowly down by means of a cement ditch, and like a giant in chains it turns the wheels of our trolley. The water is a dirty gray in color.

The glaciers come far down into the Valley of Chamonix. At the bottom of the Glacier des Bossons the blue ice peeps through the dirt and rock. The side of our car took on the semblance of a grotto with pointing figures for stalagmites.

At Chamonix a line of porters was awaiting our train. Back of them in serried ranks stood a row of hotel busses, all syndicated. There are no individual hotel conveyances. Your porter puts you into a syndicate bus and you settle your fare with the hotel.

At the hotel, a musical voiced woman made us a price of eight francs per day for a room. We had hardly nodded our acceptance when a man appeared and said the price was ten francs. We said we had already entered into a mutually satisfactory arrangement with mademoiselle. He gave her a ten franc look but acquiesced in the lower price. Later he tried unsuccessfully to recoup himself by adding three francs to our bill for lights and service.

A notice in our room stated that each guest is taxed four cents a day by the Committee of Embellishment for a fund which is used for improvements which will add to the comfort of visitors.



NEARING CHAMONIX

The mere statement of the fact sounds cheeky enough after you get home, but it is done with so much aplomb that you accept it as a matter of course, and commend their consideration in making the charge so small.

It was nearly four o'clock when we concluded our arrangements, not enough time in which to visit the Mer de Glace, but too much daylight to waste. We ordered a carriage and drove out to the village of Argentière, along a panorama of loveliness on every side, the boiling Arve at our feet and clouds and peaks above our heads. Back of us, framing the scene, towered Mont Blanc. We passed hundreds of pedestrians who were doing the thing properly. A sign board pointed the road to Paradis and coaxed a smile to our faces by the further statement that it was "interdit aux automobiles." It added a new attraction to Paradise and made us then and there resolve to lead better lives.

We passed the Mer de Glace, more like white and green marble than ice. At four o'clock the sun had set for the dark pines on the slopes to our left. The road was smooth, the air was clear and we had a good horse. What more could mortal ask?

Far out in the country, a dry goods store on wheels, a sort of van, convertible into a long

counter, displayed cheap wares to rural customers.

The village of Argentière is huddled near the end of the glacier of the same name. So far, we pride ourselves on the fact that not a single town in this book has "nestled." We do not consider a glacier as an object which invites nestling.

We had our binoculars and by their use could discern that what we had taken for insects on the side of the glacier were men wielding axes. We hastily assumed that these were guides engaged in cutting steps. Later we discovered our error. The color of the glacier of Argentière is a pale bottle-green, shading into a mushy white, flecked with just plain dirt. It is quite a walk from the road to the glacier but we were shamed by the army of pedestrians who had walked from Chamonix and, tired as we were, we started. We reached a point near enough the foot of the glacier to discover that the men with axes were cutting ice and shooting it down a chute over a mile long to the railroad track where it was loaded into cars for distribution to American tourists on demand.

Then we paused. We could have walked all the way and never felt it. But we thought that to stand around those hard working men and flaunt our holiday merriment in their faces would be inconsiderate. So we returned to our car-

riage, stopping at one or two inviting cafes to sip lemonade. The walk back to the village was shorter despite delays. We passed many old ladies toiling along under large baskets of hay.

The little guide book on Chamonix becomes enthusiastic when it tells you of the "refreshing breeze from the glaciers which deliciously fans your face" and later changes to a more conservative tone when it says, "the delighted eye will rest upon eternal ice and snow to which the rising sun imparts incomparable purple hues; a sight which once seen, will scarcely ever be forgotten." I like that "scarcely ever." It indicates a conscience potent, if belated, in the bosom of the chronicler.

The ride to Chamonix along the cold waters of the Arve was a delight. Whenever our road crossed the stream it was as if we had passed into a refrigerator. Every householder along the way was eating dinner under the trees in his yard.

Chamonix was "discovered" in 1741 by two English travelers, Pocock and Windham. The fact that the valley had a history dating from the eleventh century did not embarrass these discoverers. It was not on the map until they put it there.

The Bishops of Geneva visited it in the fifteenth century and St. Francis de Sales stayed forty-eight hours in Chamonix in 1606, twenty-four

hours longer than our record, but we saw more of it than he did.

Nevertheless in 1741 Pocock and Windham assembled a small arsenal at Geneva and struck out for Chamonix armed like a modern Englishman when he visits Tombstone, Arizona. At Mer de Glace they discovered that the supposed brigands of Chamonix were merely guides and porters and "by that time," in the language of Mark Twain, "it was too late to shoot."

In 1760 the mountain climbers broke into the game. It was not until 1786 that the summit of Mont Blanc was reached by Jacques Balmat. Now an average of two hundred tourists climb to its top every season. There is a monument in Chamonix to de Saussure, the physician-geologist who in 1787 was dragged and pushed up Mont Blanc by Balmat and seventeen assistant guides.

We asked that a fire be built in the grate in our room in order to take off the chill. There had not been a fire therein since April. As a result the room filled with smoke and we had to open door and windows to get rid of it. That made the room colder than ever. Finally the chimney warmed up and the smoke returned to its proper channel.

It was very cozy sitting in front of a popping wood fire writing post cards and talking over our nearly finished trip.

There were many German visitors at the hotels and in the streets. Americans were not so numerous and most of them betrayed by the most fascinating of all accents that they were from south of Mason and Dixon's line. The Germans marched in parties and frequently wore uniform hats. They were all vigorous walkers. The Americans, principally women, seemed more interested in buying and carrying off some proof that they were really here than in sight-seeing or mountain climbing.

The next morning the barometer pointed to "Variable" and a heavy mist obscured the mountains. Mont Blanc had become Mont Blank. The sidewalks were wet. Nevertheless we bought round trip tickets to Montenvers, the station for the Mer de Glace. This famous glacier is a mere icicle beside some of those in our own country. It is only nine miles long but is noted for its swift movement, that is, swift for a glacier. In the summer and autumn it rushes into the valley at the rate of two feet a month and frequently a hotel waiter is overtaken and crushed.

The sun rewarded our faith by coming out while we were at breakfast and our French-German-English waitress thought it would be a "très schön day."

It is not laziness but modesty which compels

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me to substitute the guide book for my feeble pen for a description of the ride to Montenvers.

"The view over Chamonix now becomes admirable: The aspect of the valley of the 'Arve' with its storied chalets, its many woods, its torrents, changes and amplifies as you mount. The view reaches its highest intensity when the last viaduct with five arches (1852 metres) is crossed. Finally after turning a sharp angle of the line you suddenly perceive the prodigious 'Mer de Glace' with its framework of celebrated peaks. The crossing of the glacier is not, as before mentioned, connected with any danger, but a guide is necessary."

Even though you may not need the guide his need is so obvious and insistent that you employ him.

His mission in life is to select the most difficult path that a tenderfoot can tread. Without a guide, a blind man with a stick could cross the Sea of Ice dry shod. With a guide you require an alpenstock and a pair of quarter hose. The guide costs six francs and the quarter hose are marked down to twenty cents. You draw the hose on over your shoes and the guide draws you on over slippery, steep and narrow paths, with crevasses yawning at your feet. The wonder is that they do not laugh at your feet, encased as they are in yarn socks. After the first ten yards



MER DE GLACE—CHAMONIX

your feet commence to get wet and at the top of the first fifty foot climb they begin to get cold and you inquire anxiously for a short cut to the moraine. The guide finds this easily and conducts you back to Mother Earth whence you gaze down at a procession of knowing ones who are tramping sedately across the practically level glacier.

Our guide did all the regular things except to rope us—which he had already done when we accepted his terms. He cut steps with his axe and pulled us up them. He jumped across crevasses two feet wide and ten feet deep. He lied to us about the number of times he had climbed Mont Blanc and finding us receptive, added a couple of ascents of the Jungfrau to his conversation. He was a conscientious worker and earned his six francs, together with one franc *pourboire* which we added for the Jungfrau trips. He promised to look us up when he comes to Chicago. If he does we will sell him the Masonic Temple and recover our seven francs.

The curtain of mist descended as our train pulled out. There was no performance that afternoon for those who came on the late train. They had to be satisfied with the orchestra of cascades and the moving pictures of clouds. Possibly the clouds lifted. Clouds are as temperamental as

prima donnas and this is a region of sudden changes.

The first tunnel as you descend is longer than the second and makes a complete turn under cover of the mountain. Consequently you should draw your car curtains before entering it to keep out the stifling gas from the engine. Its length and its conformation make ventilation impossible.

When you emerge, the Valley of Chamonix has been picked up and carried to the opposite side of the track. At least, it seems to have been. The landscape below is a relief map with patched farms and toy villages.

We reached Chamonix five minutes ahead of a mountain thunder storm. It rushed up the valley with great speed. We ran up the street with less rapidity but our time allowance enabled us to beat the rain to the hotel. Within three minutes it was pouring down and we sat at our window and enjoyed the play of lightning and the music of the thunder.

More people walk to the Mer de Glace than ride. They think nothing of an all day jaunt and rather look down on those who use the cog and pinion railway.

The ascent of Mont Blanc requires two days. The night is spent in a small hotel midway to the top where the descending guests are threatened

with sunstroke while those on their way up are being treated for chilblains. The charge for guides for the round trip is one hundred francs. We concluded it was too steep. There are so many less expensive ways for an awkward man to commit suicide which do not involve mourners in a half-century wait at the foot of a glacier for the delivery of the body.

On leaving the Chamonix hotel we encountered our first claim for "extras." The practice seemed so generally to have been dropped in France that we had grown careless and when given the rate we had failed to ask if it included light and service. If we had asked, no doubt we would have been given the same shrug, the same pained look and the identical "Certainement, m'sieu, tout compris."

We knew we would be expected to pay for the fire in our room. A fire in July is a legitimate "extra." But we objected strenuously to one franc for lights, especially since our electric light was not on in the morning. We dressed by the "Alpine glow" but did not feel we should be charged for it. The clerk assured us that the charge was universal in Chamonix, nevertheless if m'sieu objected—m'sieu did—and the item was canceled. The tax of eight cents for local improvements was included and paid. Travelers submit to it because it is a trifle but can you

imagine an American resort taxing its patrons and getting away with it?

It rained as we were leaving Chamonix, our third shower in three weeks. Not one, except the rain at Monte Carlo, interfered with a single plan.

There is hardly a stable in France. They have all become garages, with the facility of a bar room changing to a drug store when an American community goes "dry."

There are many horses in use and we noticed one unusual attention paid to work horses. When blanketed the blanket is passed under as well as over the animal.

XXI

Lyons

AT Le Fayet, we tried another experiment. Our railroad tickets required us to change cars at Bellegarde, a frontier town on the Swiss border. This meant an hour's delay in reaching Lyons. We took a Geneva train changing at Annemasse and awaited the outcome with interest.

At Annemasse we changed cars in a blinding rain and with no porters in sight. Neither train was protected by a shed and the people were deadly deliberate in leaving the car which we wished to enter. The French who were waiting with us were impatient but silent, so I called out to a man whose descent was delayed by a broken umbrella "Vivement, monsieur, s'il vous plait." The tone probably carried more conviction than the accent and he hurried off while I received the admiring thanks of my fellow travelers for my bravery.

The buffet was only ten feet from our car. A waiter was signaled and he crossed the interven-

ing space with a well packed lunch box which was soon spread over our two laps.

At Bellegarde we changed cars again, thereby partly vindicating the railroad ticket. It was becoming a habit. An extra frill was added. Although we had not consciously been out of France we were passed through a custom house and our luggage was opened and rummaged.

The local guide books refer to Chamonix as being "neutral ground" but geographies and encyclopaedias agree in placing it in France. We sought a solution of the mystery of the customs inspection at Bellegarde but our inquiries had no other result than to arouse suspicion and make the investigation more thorough.

It was after eleven o'clock when we reached Lyons, the city of saints and silks. It is also called the French Moscow because of its geographical situation at the junction of the Rhone and Saône, whose names are pronounced so as to rhyme. Lyons produces one-third of the world's silk, but its output of saints is not in the same ratio. Its first martyrs were killed in 177 on Fourvière Hill. The basilica of Fourvière is worth a visit. It is not quite as high as Mont Blanc but much warmer in July. There is a fine view of Mont Blanc from its summit.

The old Hotel Dieu or hospital was founded in 542 by King Childebert. All hospitals in

France are supported by contributions and revenues and pay taxes on donations and legacies.

Lyons still mourns the fact that she was the innocent scene of the assassination of President Carnot in 1894. He was killed when leaving the Palais de la Bourse et du Commerce, the Stock Exchange of Lyons.

Lyons is almost as old as Marseilles, but was a sickly child. For the first five hundred years she watched other cities pass her in the race and said "No booms for me. A steady growth is much better than a boom." Consequently she could hardly stand alone until about 43 B. C.

Her name was changed to Commune Affranchie by the Convention and later there were orders issued to wipe out the city altogether. Robespierre's "removal" saved Lyons.

In the morning we ordered a carriage. The usual advance per hour was added for our accent. We were firm, and we secured the carriage at the legal rate but the driver was angry. We asked to have the top lowered. He said he would lower it at the first stop. We said, "Lower it NOW." He did so but muttered things which our French instructor had never thought necessary to teach us. We drove to the Church of St. Martin, paid him the single trip fare and dismissed him. We were crowded for time but

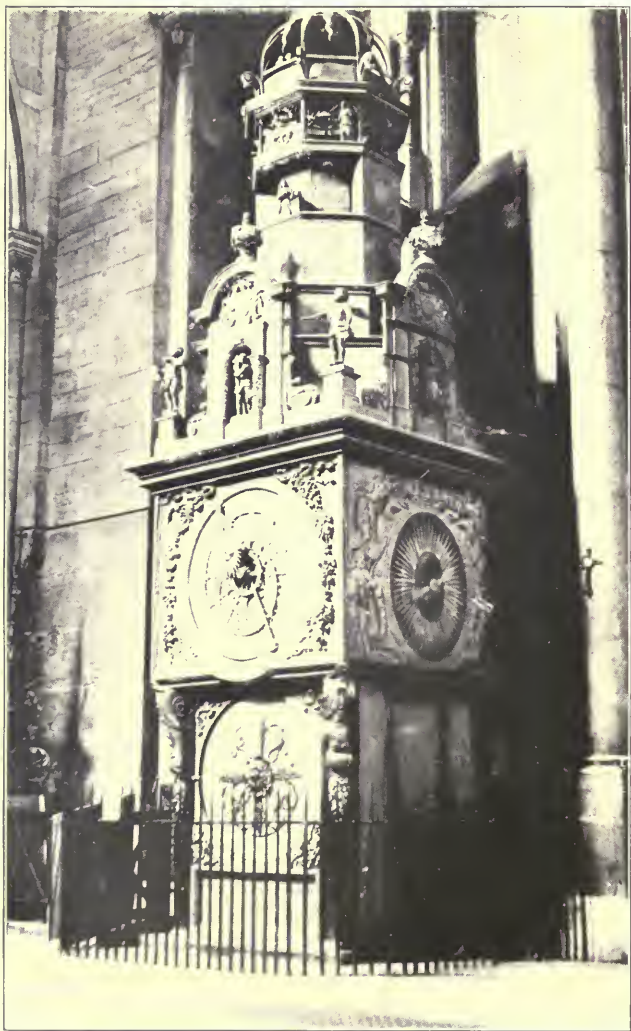
felt that we must have either honesty or courtesy. We never demand both.

Within the church there were a few at prayer. This always embarrasses us. We have not yet mastered the correct tourist attitude toward native worshippers. We tiptoed about, located the sixth century door, studied the restored mosaic floor of the choir and wondered why Baedeker starred it.

A tram leads to Place Bellecour, one of those popular promenades so frequently encountered in French cities, abundantly supplied with trees but as bare of grass as a billiard table. A band plays here during the summer evenings while the people walk about, gossip, sit on the stone benches or sip wine at the near-by cafes and look at the equestrian statue of Louis XIV and thank heaven his days are over.

One is apt to get an exaggerated idea of the amount of drinking in France by seeing the crowds at these sidewalk cafes. As a matter of fact, a party can and frequently does spend a whole evening and not over thirty cents at a table.

There is a good view of Notre Dame de Fourvière from the Place Bellecour. It makes a very striking picture as it stands on its high hill overlooking the city. It is easily recognized by its Byzantine lines and the abundance of gilt fig-



OLD CLOCK AT LYONS

ures on its towers. It is only sixteen years old and hence is "bizarre." After a few centuries have worn away its youthful gilt it will become "an interesting example of nineteenth century architecture."

Again on the tram and still breathing defiance of cab drivers, we went west on the rue Bellecour, across the river to the Cathedral of St. Jean. It has some beautiful windows but its most interesting exhibit is a clock of the sixteenth or seventeenth century which strikes five times a day, not often enough for a clock and too often for a brick-layers' union.

There are two processional crosses at the high altar which have been in use since 1274.

We tried to photograph the clock. It required a five minute exposure and the moment we placed our camera, the hitherto deserted space in front of us filled up. First a priest and then two women manifested a sudden interest in horology. Then some other bystanders discovered something interesting about us. We outwaited them eventually and secured a picture.

The Choristers' Building to the south of the main entrance of the cathedral is time-gnawed and interesting.

Lyons has a fine art gallery and museum occupying an old Benedictine monastery on the Place des Terraux.

We walked across the Saône on the Pont du Palais de Justice in front of the Palais de Justice for another view of Fourvière Hill with its cathedral-crowned summit. We then snapped the Palais with a foreground of washerwomen, chattering, soaping, rubbing and rinsing in the river.

Another tram ride down the rue de la République to the rue des Cordeliers and a short walk took us to the Bourse, on the steps of which President Carnot was assassinated. Then we returned to the hotel via the rue de la République in a street car whose two cent passengers are not provided with seats. We have paid five cents for the privilege of standing up in American street cars so the incident lacked novelty.

The shopping district of Lyons showed well groomed, handsome women, but no large stores. Many goods were displayed on the sidewalks. Bread was very much in evidence here as in all France. It is carried nude through the streets on the heads or in the hands of the buyers. One form of loaf, shaped like a life preserver, is especially adapted to the head-carrying method. It is never wrapped up. If you are finicky and demand paper, a piece of paper large enough to interpose between your hand and the loaf is given you.

XXII

The Forest of Fontainebleau

OUR hotel at Lyons was within two blocks of the depot, so we dealt our final blow to the cab drivers by walking to the station accompanied by the concierge who carried our bags to the turnstile where they were taken in charge by a railroad porter.

The train pulled out across the Saône, through a long, hot tunnel and past neat suburbs contrasting strongly with the ragged edge of most American cities.

We passed a gang of railroad laborers one-half of whom were stripped to the waist and burned to a dark brown. There are miles of vineyards between Lyons and Dijon where we ate luncheon at the depot.

The buffet at Dijon deserves more than passing mention. It was the best railroad eating house of our trip. Our seats were in full view of the shining kitchen with the immaculate, fat cook all in white and working in front of a

roaring wood fire. Everything was seasoned, cooked and served to perfection.

Dijon was the capital of Burgundy when that duchy was more powerful than France. Its dukes were feared and respected more than some kings in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Charles the Bold was the last to hold out against the Kings of France but the family came back in the person of Charles V after three generations.

Louis XI of France obtained possession of Burgundy from Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, by a combination of begging, borrowing and steam-rolling. Mary's tomb is in Bruges and is a miracle of brass work as was also Louis XI. See Quentin Durward for an easy way to learn more of Charles V.

Dijon was Catholic during the religious wars and offered stubborn resistance to Henry IV. The Germans occupied it during the last two months of 1870.

It disdains any architecture more modern than the time of Louis XIV. Most of the churches date from the eleventh century.

A lady writer who visited Dijon in 1868 noted the absence of "fiacres." If she had said "carriages" it would have spoiled the page for her. Oh, the detestable habit of using your Ollendorff instead of your Lindley Murray to express an idea or suppress it. The same class of writers

spell rue with a capital R—but alas! so does Baedeker. But Baedeker is German and has a weakness for French capitals.

The lugging in of foreign words and phrases is especially prevalent among women who write travel books, as if one tongue were not ample for any book or any woman. The only time I use French superfluously is when I want to mention the Creator without swearing. Then it is very handy.

Dijon was taken from the Germans by General Crémier and later held by Garibaldi.

We wanted to stop longer but only one day of our three weeks remained and this belonged to Fontainebleau.

We took a slow train to Fontainebleau. We were ten hours in reaching it from Lyons. This gave us ample time to debate the question, Resolved: That it would have been better to take the Paris Express and return to Fontainebleau by local train.

At Tonnerre we waited forty-five minutes while the Paris Express went by us with a shriek of triumph. This gave fresh impetus to the debate.

A shower overtook us at Tonnerre which by the time we reached Sens had become a soaking rain. We unpacked rain coats, rubbers and umbrellas. When we reached Fontainebleau, not

a drop of rain had fallen and the stars were shining. The drive from the depot to the village is half a mile long. At the hotel we awakened a sleepy maid who took a heavy suit case in each hand and preceded us to a room. We were soon asleep and dreaming a mixture of cathedrals, chateaus and cascades.

Fontainebleau is a town of about 14,000 people entirely surrounded by forest and tourists. Its two attractions are the Wood and the Palace. No matter what sort of a day it is, you can enjoy yourself at Fontainebleau. If the sun shines you can hie yourselves merrily to the Forest. If it is cloudy, walk across the street to the most interesting palace in France.

Francis I made it the splendid thing it is in the sixteenth century and two hundred and seventy-five years later Napoleon I came along and stole all his thunder and replaced it with plunder. Most of the living interest to-day centers in the places where Napoleon did things or had things done to him. Here he first mentioned the subject of divorce to Josephine in 1809. After he had secured an heir for his empire he had no empire for his heir.

Here Napoleon attempted suicide April 12, 1814, before his first abdication. Here he entertained Pope Pius VII and later imprisoned him. Napoleon restored religion to France after

the Revolution but like most restorers he remodeled it to his own tastes and purposes.

Here he drank the cup of expiation to its dregs; here he said, "It is right; I receive what I have deserved."

Francis I brought da Vinci and other great artists from Italy to decorate the Palace. He entertained Charles V here in 1539. How its brilliancy must have contrasted with the gloomy Escorial.

Here in 1685 was signed another important paper, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which Louis XIV hoped to correct his moral average with one stroke of the pen.

Baedeker warns you to price everything in advance. Nevertheless we found the rates at the Cadran Bleu very reasonable and the service satisfactory. Our breakfast was eaten in a half garden, half dining room arrangement which spoke eloquently of the erratic nature of summer weather in the neighborhood of Paris.

Notwithstanding the clouds, we ordered a victoria for a day in the Forest. The lady clerk at the hotel shrugged her shoulders in disdain at the barometer whose warning arrow was a trifle to the left of Variable. With equal eloquence would she have indicated its confirmation of her prophecy if it had marked "Dry" on the circle.

The Forest is a tiny thing of 42,500 acres left

untilled that B. and I and a few thousand others might wander about and picnic to our hearts' content. It is the most beautiful bit of woods in France. Further than that, deponent, with his memory filled with the Wood at The Hague and the Forest of Assen, doth not say.

The Seine hereabouts is wild and wanton, a sparkling rural beauty and not the boat-carrying drudge she is in Paris.

The Forest abounds in dry gorges, rocks and shady nooks. A fire in 1897 destroyed acres of trees. Now signs, beginning at the hotel, and spreading all through the Forest warn visitors to be careful with their matches.

At least that is my interpretation but I am sometimes unreliable. I dropped a coin into a box in a certain cathedral which I thought would bring temporary relief to my friends in purgatory only to discover when B. returned that "les âmes" meant "the souls" and not "the friends." So my ten sous will be spent on a lot of perfect strangers.

Our first stop was at the foot of the Tour Denecourt, once a fort, and later the headquarters of M. Denecourt, who spent his patrimony in putting the Forest into shape. There is a medallion of him at the top of the tower. The medallion is almost covered by ivy. That is proper. He would have loved the ivy more than the medallion.



A ROAD IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

There is a good view of the Eiffel Tower from this point.

Our way lay over smooth roads, with dust laid by rain which fell the night before after we were safely in our hotel. The road curved in grand avenues of old trees flanked by green carpets marked into most entrancing patterns by sunlight and shadow.

So far as eye or ear could determine we were alone in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Not even the note of a bird broke the silence. We inquired the reason for the entire absence of birds and were told that it was due to the lack of water. There are no running streams and only a few springs. The roots of the trees tap a subterranean supply. The fallen leaves of centuries have formed a lush mould of great depth in which everything grows luxuriantly.

The Cross of Calvary occupies a prominent point from which there is a good view of the village of Fontainebleau in the heart of the Forest. Here and there are brown scars in the green, cicatrized after the big fires of the past. The most recent fire was in 1911.

We paused again for a view of the race course and field of maneuver for cavalry beyond which lie the Rocks of St. Germain.

Fontainebleau compared with the Park at

Versailles is the work of God placed alongside that of Louis XIV. It is nature vs. art.

One of the rare springs in the Forest is near the Rock which Trembles. This is part of a group of rocks and has been made the headquarters of a souvenir dealer. The spring was discovered in 1624 and the water is clear and cold. The trembling rock is one of a group of boulders which rests on the others by three slender points of contact. It weighs many tons but is so delicately adjusted that a man can make it move by standing on it.

We passed many famous old trees, with here and there the prostrate trunk of some giant which had fallen after a battle of centuries with the elements. The oldest tree now standing is over fourteen hundred years of age.

We started shopping for wooden nut crackers. The first one offered us was marked twelve francs. At the next stop, near Jupiter, a titan six and a half metres around, the market broke to ten francs and a half. Jupiter is twenty-five metres high and is the largest and most impressive oak in the forest. We felt that its proximity had affected the price of nut crackers, and waited.

There was no booth near the Chêne-charmé, or charmed oak, and hence there were no nut crackers. Here are two trees, an elm and an

oak, in a centuries-long embrace which has gradually hugged the bark from the latter.

Luncheon time found us near the Restaurant Franchard. We had been warned to ascertain prices before ordering. Either because of a scarcity of food and water (both must be brought from the village) or the scarcity of tourists, the figures are nearly Alpine. You can almost pick edelweiss from some of them. They have no table d'hôte and the carte du jour is silent on the money question. We named over a simple luncheon for two. The price was fourteen francs. Fourteen francs would not buy much food in New York but it is the price of four dinners in France. We proceeded to eliminate until we reached ten francs at which point our sharpened appetites called a halt. The luncheon was well worth the price.

Stevenson has tried to describe the charms of the Forest and failed to satisfy himself, so why need a humbler scribe make the attempt? We can heartily endorse his statement that the Forest, although of considerable extent is hardly anywhere tedious. We like his reference to the "cruising tourist" on the broad white Paris road. He puts much in a sentence when he says that Fontainebleau "is not a wilderness; it is rather a preserve."

But like a wise painter, he does not attempt to

place a whole county on canvas, but selects pretty spots here and there on which the searchlight of his genius pauses with illuminating effect.

The spell of the Forest is indescribable. It lies in its deep shadows, its silences, its hoary trunks, half clothed in moss, its dark, dank soil of leaves softer than the richest carpet, its perfect roads and its towering trees that are belittled by the term "monarchs," so proud and lofty are their heads.

We tramped through the Gorge Franchard in the wake of fifty American women, one discouraged looking man and a small boy to whom some one with more heart than head had given a cuckoo whistle. We walked under a broiling sun past many curious boulder formations, one of which was named by the possessor of a good imagination, Napoleon's Hat. Chameleons scampered for cover, disturbed by our invasion.

Our walk ended at the Fountain of Hermits, a most disappointing finish to a prostrating walk, for the water therein is not potable. It was discovered in 1169 and in 1192 there is on record a letter from Brother William, third hermit of Franchard to his superior, Stephen, in which William says: "The water of your fountain is neither beautiful to look at nor good to drink." Apparently it has not improved with age.

Our horse having been fed and rested, into the woods we plunged again past every form of tree sculpture and arboreal contortion and delirium imaginable; past miles of trunks as straight as telegraph poles, with here and there a gnarled and twisted giant writhing in the agonies of vegetable rheumatism in its most acute form.

Then we paused for a moment at the portal of a great cathedral boundless in extent, embodying every form of column and arch and with the sunlight sifting through windows, leaded by leaf and branch into a thousand graceful outlines a hundred feet above our heads.

A short walk took us to the Desert, a paradoxical quarter section in the heart of the woods without a tree on it, nothing but rocks, sand and bunch grass. It was hot in the Desert, cool in the Forest. Most of the paving stone in Paris comes from Fontainebleau, possibly from this desert region. The only hotter pavement district is the one where good intentions are used.

Another walk and a stiff climb brought us to the Brigands' Cave. Here, of all places, we found nut-crackers at six francs and a half at a booth conducted by a degenerate son of a robber sire. Two or three hundred years ago sixty brigands lived in this cave. To reach it we followed mysterious red marks on the rocks suggesting b-lud, up a path made easy by a network of

interlacing roots, to the mouth of a dark, dismal cavern, traversible with the assistance of a small boy and a candle. A couple of lemonades refreshed us for our return trip, which was outlined by blue marks on trees and rocks.

We drove to Barbizon past the medallion of Millet and Rousseau, and almost missed it. It sits well back from the road and is placed in the natural rock, nearly hidden by trees and other rocks.

The street of Barbizon is lined with dozens of picturesque and tiny villas, many of which are the homes of painters. The hotel where R. L. S. wrote his notes on Fontainebleau proudly emblazons that fact on its sign board. We wonder if it is still conducted as it was in his day.

“Siron’s Inn, that excellent artists’ barrack, was managed upon easy principles. At any hour of the day or night when you returned from wandering in the forest you went to the billiard room and helped yourself to liquors, or descended to the cellar and returned laden with beer or wine. The Siron’s were all locked in slumber; there was none to check your inroads; only at the week’s end a computation was made; the gross sum was divided, and a varying share set down to every lodger’s name under the rubric; *estrats*. The whole of your accommodations, set aside that varying item of the *estrats*, cost you five



MEDALLION OF TH. ROUSSEAU AND MILLET - BARBIZON

francs per day; your bill was never offered you until you asked for it, and if you were out of luck's way, you might depart for where you pleased and leave it pending."

It is a question whether Millet or Siron was the more potent magnet in drawing artists to Barbizon.

The humble home of Millet contrasts strongly with the sumptuous abode of Rousseau.

School was just letting out and a dozen beautiful children, each an artist's model, came trooping into the sunlight.

Leaving Barbizon we went through a pathless wood out into a woodless path where for a mile or more there was not a tree within fifty yards of the road.

We followed the "broad, white causeway of the Paris road; a road conceived for pageantry," writes R. L. S., "and for triumphal marches, an avenue for an army."

We passed the scene of the big fire of 1897 and found the Paris road a better avenue for an army than for a carriage, for it was full of ruts and sadly needed mending.

The Cross of the Grand Veneur is a famous rendezvous for hunters. The Route of Louis Philippe leads past the Tree of Louis Philippe. It is one of the grandest avenues in the forest. We left it by the Route of Gros Fouteau.

We wasted an hour tramping through the woods, searching for The Eagle's Nest. We left the carriage with a vague idea that it was a real nest or a rocky eyrie of some sort, or possibly a view point for surveying the surroundings. Anyhow, it was one of the sights of Fontainebleau, and we wanted to see it. It never occurred to us that it was a magnificent group of trees with a fancy name, so we walked a mile or so, mostly up hill, past interesting boulders, watching for blue marks on the trees and stones and accumulating a few on our persons. We admired many groups of trees and may have seen the Nid de l'Aigle but we were not looking for trees and our walk was in that respect a failure.

On our way back to the carriage we heard several halloos and when we reached him our driver was quite perturbed by our long absence and more disappointed than we were over the outcome.

XXIII

The Palace of Fontainebleau

WALK up the main street of Fontainebleau on Sunday morning gave but slight evidence of the day. The shops were open or opening. Work was proceeding on a building in course of construction. That is, two men were pounding a chisel held by a third, and gradually, very gradually, cutting a steel girder in two. At the rate they were progressing, an American contractor would erect a story of a steel structure in less time than they would take to amputate the end of that girder.

Only the Market was closed. Its bright, clean stalls looked as if they had never been used. A great many neatly dressed women were on their way to early service at the churches. Here and there one of them stopped to look in at the tempting door of a dry goods store or milliner's shop. A few carried loaves of bread or other breakfast necessities.

A mournful statue of President Carnot erected

by popular subscription, depressed the neighborhood of the rue Grande between our hotel and the Hotel de Ville.

Our hotel, by the way, is an ancient structure, as its name, the Blue Dial or Cadran Bleu would suggest. No one knows the origin of the singular appellation but the house claims an antiquity of several centuries. It has one striking peculiarity: Henry IV never slept there.

The Palace is across the street and a few doors down. It was a delightful surprise to find anything within walking distance. We went early and loafed around the Cour du Cheval Blanc or the Cour des Adieux, as it is sometimes called, because it was the scene of Napoleon's heart-rending farewell to the Old Guard, April 20, 1814. Eleven months later he returned from Elba and reviewed his troops on the same spot before marching to Paris. He had an instinct for the spectacular unequalled for almost a hundred years.

We went around to the left of the main entrance, past the old gate and into the Palace yard, then through two iron gates and into the parterre, dating from Louis XIV. We strolled down the Avenue de Maintenon, midway of which we paused to photograph the Chateau Maintenon.

Mme. de Maintenon was the flame of the later

years of Louis XIV. She appealed more to his intellect than his passion. In 1682, when he "reformed," la Vallière had been Sister Louise for eight years and Mlle. de Fontanges had been dead a year.

Republics may require ages to polish up and refine a "gentleman" but the time is much better spent than in desiccating manhood until it can admire and condone such a character as that of Louis XIV. Coupled with his defiance of everything but God, it was considered a virtue that he would kneel humbly before an obscure priest, thus proving the tyrant to be a coward at heart, the slave of superstition. He was always a religious hypocrite. He never missed mass even if he had to tear himself from the arms of one of his mistresses to attend. After his final reformation he did penance by paying more attention to his wife, Thérèse of Austria, his cousin German.

Mme. de Maintenon was the widow of Scarron, a paralyzed and crippled poet. After his death she became the governess of la Vallière's children. Louis was matrimonially ambidextrous. Most of his marriages were left handed. Mme. de Maintenon realized that there is a tide in the passions of men which taken at its ebb leads to reform. At this period, Louis was forty-four. He had seen one mistress take the veil, a second

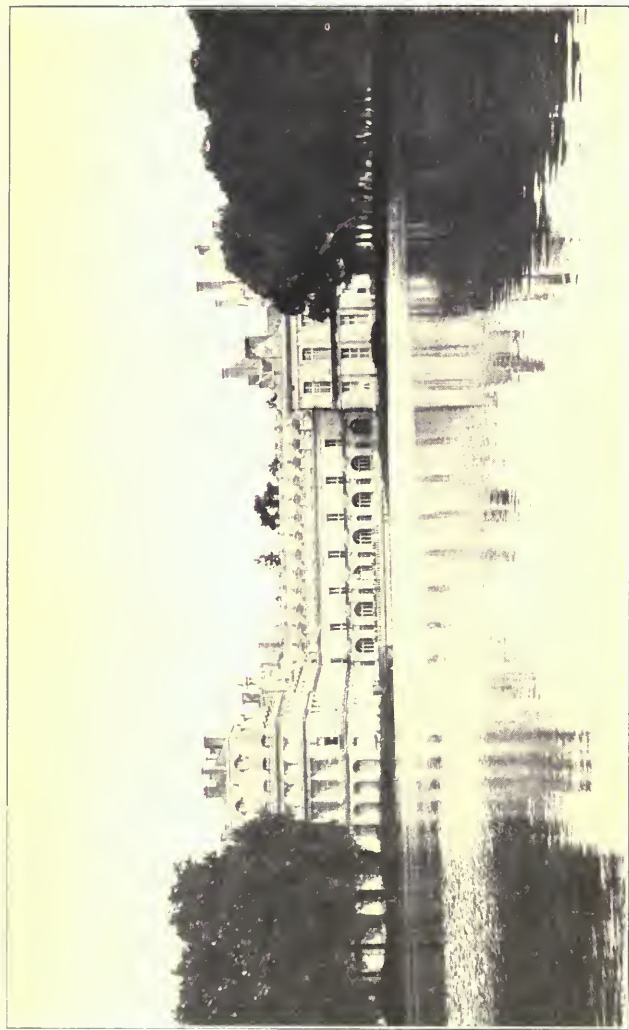
die in childbirth and a third, unhappiest fate of all, grow old, and his neglected wife slip into her grave. When they married the widow of Scarron was fifty. Louis was forty-seven. He loved her, she did not love him. He had done too much for her to inspire love.

In 1794 his body with others was taken from St. Denis and thrown into a pit. The lead of his coffin was melted into bullets for Revolutionists.

We walked to the southern extremity of the big pond in the Cour de la Fontaine and photographed the Chinese Museum. The park was filling up with Sunday visitors from Paris.

A soldier with a hare lip gave us much information and we engaged him in a prolonged conversation. We could not deny ourselves the pleasure of listening to a Frenchman whose accent was worse than our own. From him we learned that the rules of the park were enforced rationally and that "Keep off the Grass" signs did not forbid your stepping from the path to find a better spot for your camera.

We went with a large crowd through the rooms of the Palace, the best furnished royal residence we have ever visited. Its especial pride is in its tapestries, Gobelins and Flemish. They rank second in the eyes of the public to one exhibit only and that is Napoleon's hat which he tossed into the ring once too often after Elba.



THE PALACE AT FONTAINEBLEAU

The hat is in his former apartments to which has also been removed the cradle of his son, the King of Rome. We wonder where the cradle of Napoleon is and whether it still lulls to sleep an occasional Corsican infant.

A large plan of Fontainebleau hangs on the walls of his secretary's room. Our hearts went out to that faithful secretary Bourrienne who had to be at the elbow of this very excitable gentleman every hour of the day and night.

Napoleon's bathroom is adorned with beautifully painted mirrors brought from the apartments of Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon at Versailles. How different must have been their reflections after their removal to Fontainebleau. Splashed by the Corsican upstart who had wiped out the Bourbon dynasty of a thousand years and who sat on the throne of France by the practically unanimous consent of the people!

The next room is the one in which Napoleon signed his first abdication, the one that did not take. The table on which this historical document received his august signature would not bring two dollars at a second hand store, dissociated from its history. It is plain, small and utterly disproportioned to its great purpose. And yet dramatically, the effect is heightened by the contrast.

Napoleon's study has a handsomely decorated

ceiling representing Law and Justice—up in the air. We saw his much neglected bed, and in the same room is a clock with a beautiful cameo bedecked case which Pope Pius VII gave to him on his, the Pope's, first visit to Fontainebleau. On the second visit no presents were exchanged.

In the Council Chamber we particularly admired the tapestry of the furniture. In the center of the room is a large table, whose top is made from a single slab of wood.

The Throne Room is magnificent. The throne is draped in royal blue with golden bees embroidered on the cloth. The guide showed his appreciation of our presence by saying "Busy bees" in English. You will hear more of that guide later on. The chandelier in this room is of rock crystal. There are many glass chandeliers in the palace but this is the only one of rock crystal. It requires an expert to distinguish it from the others.

Marie Antoinette's apartments formerly held the cradle of the King of Rome which is now in the bedroom of Napoleon. But there is still much to attract the eye in Marie Antoinette's boudoir. The furniture is upholstered in gold and blue with a blue and white satin panel set in each chair, not where it is sat in, but in the back. It resembles Wedgewood pottery.

The library is over two hundred and fifty feet

long and contains thirty thousand volumes collected by the two Napoleons. There you can also find a facsimile of Napoleon's abdication. The original is probably on exhibition in Berlin. You can buy other facsimiles of this document printed on post cards.

Henry IV built this part of the Palace. Napoleon restored it. He did not restore many things, but he did the Palace.

From the windows of the large Reception Rooms there is a view of the first chateau built by Francis I. Then come more acres of Gobelins and a room adorned with Flemish tapestry illustrating the myth of Psyche whose name in French rhymes with Vichy.

In the rooms built by Francis I we again encountered herds of salamanders and dozens of capital F's. Portraits of Henry IV and Louis XIII, marvelously executed in tapestry, are framed and hung on the walls, but the two miracles of weaving are a pair of flower pieces in the same room.

This being a busy day, with hundreds of sight-seers roaming through the palace, the regular trip ended in the Vestibule of Honor with its six beautifully carved doors, two of which are of the time of Louis XIII. When the doors are closed the carvings blend into perfect designs and resemble solid panels.

We were desperate. Our time was up and we had not seen the apartments of the Pope. Our guide was sorry but on account of the crowd it was impossible to show those rooms. We acquiesced in the reasonableness of the rule, explained how disappointed we were and told him how far we had come. The Frenchmen were handing him coppers and ten sou pieces. We made a plunge and pressed two francs into his hand. His fingers grasped the coins and his mind grasped the situation simultaneously. His lips formed the word "Wait," although no sound issued therefrom.

We lingered at the top of the Horse-shoe Stairs until our crowd had all gone. The door opened a few inches, we stepped inside and were given a private view of the closed apartments, including the rooms which are associated with Napoleon's most reckless act, the imprisonment of Pope Pius VII, for over eighteen months. These latter are hung with tapestry. The couch of His Holiness is less ornate than the others in the palace and is without hangings of any sort. The upholstery of the chairs smacks more of Napoleon than of the Pope for it is embroidered with soldiers of the First Empire in their various costumes.

The next room is a veritable curiosity, for Louis Philippe, that devotee of the soup tureen,

has decorated its walls with plates of all sorts. Some of these are ornamented with American scenes. One hundred and twenty-eight plates were used in carrying out the royal whim, and the effect would warm the heart of a restaurateur.

Fontainebleau is the most complete and interesting palace I have ever seen. It links three great rulers, Francis I, Henry IV and Napoleon. Its furnishings have been marvelously preserved from the violence which has rocked France so tremendously in the past century and a quarter and which centered in Paris and its environs. The Tuileries and St. Cloud fell but Revolutionists, Communists and Prussians all passed over Fontainebleau and left intact within it perfect pictures of the reigns which have held court within its walls.

It shows the handiwork of that great builder, Francis I, although not at his best, but more engrossing than that is the nearness to which it brings Napoleon, whose development and downfall it witnessed.

If you cannot visit both Fontainebleau and Versailles, choose the former by all means. Versailles is a tomb. Fontainebleau lives.

The Chinese Museum standing beside the palace is worthy of a longer visit than we gave it.

It is more Siamese than Chinese. Its exhibits are fascinating and unique. They will repay a long and careful study.

You will hardly leave the park without paying homage to the carp in the lake. The books do not say whether or not they are German carp, but if they are the French have taken them to their hearts. No one comes to the border of the lake without buying a few sous' worth of bread to throw to them, enjoying the mad struggle of the already overfed fish to capture the last morsel.

We returned to the hotel dining room now filled with holiday seekers, the majority having come from Paris. Nothing was allowed to interfere with our comfort and we climbed into the bus for the Paris train, amidst the hearty farewells of a small retinue of servants. Our train was as usual very long, having sixteen coaches and one baggage car. It moved slowly through miles of the Forest of Fontainebleau and in a few minutes whistled for Paris.

We closed our note book with a sigh. France, linked to us by the strongest of ties, political and historical, had more than realized our dream of her great natural attractions.

Equipped as she is with excellent railroads, comfortable hotels, magnificent scenery and cen-

ters of historical interest, she is a model host that all the world might copy to great advantage and profit. Whatever is worth doing, is, to France, worth doing well. The entertainment of travelers is worth doing. Therefore she does it well. She has brought to bear on the subject her intense attention to details and the result is an almost perfect system of caring for the stranger within her gates.

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